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PUBLICATIONS
OF THE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
OF
Southern California

VOLUME III

(Annual Publications of 1893-94-95-96.)

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY

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6/6/98.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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(Annual Publications of 1893, 1894, 1895 and 1896.)

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HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OF

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

LOS ANGELES, 1893.

PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

E. W. JONES.

[Delivered January 9, 1893.]

Ladies and Gentlemen:

In what I am about to say I assume no superior wisdom. Mind you, I am required by the by-laws to suggest to you tonight what I think the society should do during the coming year ; that is one excuse to offer, and another is my intense desire to see this society take a high and prominent stand as an educating and enlightening influence in this community.

I doubtless shall suggest nothing new to any of you, and shall be as terse and brief as possible.

Without further ado, then, I wish to urge that the work of this society should hereafter be almost altogether in the field of history. Our society has heretofore had other subjects for consideration ; especially has it made scientific subjects prominent in its deliberations. But now, that a scientific society of considerable prominence has been formed here, let us relegate those matters mainly to the care of that body, especially such of them as are entirely foreign to the realm of history. As it may properly come within our province to deal with the history of our plants and animals, our rocks and 'fossils, to some extent—as well as that of our people—so we are necessarily thrown, more or less, into contact with scientific questions ; further than this, however, we should, I think, turn over to the Scientific Society all subjects properly pertaining to it. Let that body make history for ours to transcribe and enter on the general roll in its proper order ; and let this one, from now on, devote itself especially to gathering together the material for a history of this region and community. The labor and its result will be unique. There is no account, so far

as I know, of its ever having been done, or of its being done today anywhere else, and yet, among chroniclers, the complaint is always that contemporaneous testimony, intelligent and abundant, is so scarce. Let us begin to prepare a record of the origin, rise and progress of all our important enterprises. The material can be had from those who own or conduct them, and from their advertisements, pamphlets, circulars and from personal observation and authentic report.

Not long ago a wonderful event occurred among us, affecting especially the region in and about Los Angeles. It could not have been more wonderful, nor of greater benefit to us, had a shower of precious stones and coined gold—like manna to the Israelites in the desert—to the value of millions descended among our people, and yet it has almost passed out of recollection; no account has been written of it; its particulars and details are fast being lost beyond recovery. An army “like which the populous North poured never from her frozen loins” and to which Xerxes’ Persian hosts were a handful; like the sands of the sea, for multitude, was devastating our terrestrial paradise, and the ingenuity of man found no means to stay its progress. A courier was dispatched around the world to see if beneficent Mother Nature herself could not furnish some remedy, some power to save her suffering children. He returned, and brought to our relief a little company of mail-clad warriors in scarlet and black, and the enemy, ten thousand to one, melted away before them like snow flakes under a summer sun. Who will write the wonderful story of the great war between the *Vedalia Cardinalis* and the *Icerya Purchasi*?

The story of the terrible blight that destroyed many of our vineyards should be written; the story of the growth of our wine, brandy and raisin industries, of our citrus orchards, of our fruit industries generally—all should be written and made as complete as possible. We should also keep a correct record of local current events. Diaries kept with that object in view would hereafter be invaluable from a historical point of view. The brightest glimpses of the time in which our ancestors lived are given by some of the diaries then written. There is scarcely anything that transpires within our experience that is not worth making a note of when possible. Let the man who erects a building and he who buries a friend, or he who plants a tree, write the story of the event, and, with a coin or other token, seal it in glass and place it where, beneath the wall or in the grave, it will make its revelation to the future discoverer.

The complete history of a people cannot be written without delineating their character, and their character cannot be shown

except by describing the things which are of trivial, as well as of vital, importance and interest to them. It is only within the present that these minor matters can be correctly and accurately described. I therefore especially urge attention to local, civil, social, religious and political contemporaneous history.

Says one writer : " History reposes on contemporary witness of the fact related ;" and again, " History only attains its full stature when it not only records, but describes in considerable fulness, social events and evolution."

Our field of research in ancient history is not as interesting as one of an older population, but still it is one offering considerable reward to the worker, and I would not suggest that it be neglected. With regard to our people, the races, nations and communities from which they were derived will be matters of much future interest. Our Committee on Ethnology, I hope, will see something profitable in that direction to occupy its time, as well in the modern as in the more ancient phases of its subject.

Our Committee on Archæology has an ever widening realm to explore. The vestiges and relics of the earliest life of this region, human and otherwise, are constantly being brought to light in increasing quantities. In geology and meteorology our domain of investigation is always practically unlimited.

" The proper study of mankind is man." It is the best way in which he can study his Maker—the all comprising theme. From man's acts we detect his motives, as well as from the events which generate those motives. We can not be accurate in our knowledge of him, unless we know accurately what happens to and is done by him. By the lessons of history much of his conduct is guided ; the lessons of his own experience and that of others. Without those lessons we can imagine how unfortunate his condition would be ; like that of apes in tropical forests—creatures of instinct only. Had these lessons been more thorough and accurate heretofore, he would be much better off than he is today.

Another matter to which I wish to urge the attention of the society is the collection of materials for a museum and library. This society can do much to save for our own people the material that we all know is so rapidly being taken from us ; there are among us many large and small collections and isolated pieces of Indian relics, fabrics and other remains, of fossils, petrifications and curiosities of many varieties ; many manuscripts, documents, maps, portraits, pictures, weapons, tools, implements, ornaments, decorations and costumes ; many curious botanical, geological, conchological, entomological and archæological collections and specimens, which

ought to be held for the benefit of our own country. They are being carried off in large quantities, mostly to arrest a passing notice in a rich man's galleries, or to load the shelves of some great public curiosity shop, far from the home where they would be loved and appreciated. The raiders, who carry them away, get praise for their enterprise and intelligence, and the people who permit them to be taken get the opposite kind of a compliment. It is lately reported that the purchase of a very rich collection in our vicinity has been made for the purpose of enriching the collection of a great State 2,000 miles away. It is to be shown to all the world at Chicago next summer, to the great glory of others and not at all to ours. Another collection, close by, is being bargained for to go away across the continent, and how many more will meet a like fate, unless the foray is stopped, we can imagine. I hope that this society will devote a great share of its energies to securing and retaining these treasures, especially that part of them which has any sort of historical interest. Let this society take up the work of cataloguing, or at least making a list, of all the collections and isolated specimens of historical, literary, artistic, scientific, or curious interest in Southern California, and appoint a strong committee for the task. I know of no one way in which it can aid in the establishment of a museum here to better advantage. There can be no doubt that there is enough material here to stock an institution worthy of an educational center. Object lessons are the best of all means of instruction. With young and old they appeal to the intelligence more vividly and lastingly than any other form of lessons. Each object in a well provided museum furnishes a many sided lesson, and illustrates some phase of existence. And such an institution should be provided for every central community, and made available and accessible to the whole people; nothing approaches a good museum for furnishing object lessons. A part of the public school fund should be devoted to the building up of such an institution; the Public Library should be associated with it. The worth of a school, whose silent teachers exemplify facts in every branch of science and art, that demonstrate the wonders of Nature, that illustrate the progress of our race from its birth, and the character and vicissitudes of the Earth, our Mother, is beyond all estimation.

I suggest that this organization ask the co-operation of the Science Association, the Board of Public Library Directors, the Board of Education, the school teachers of the city and country, and all this section of the State, and all other good citizens in a harmonious effort to establish a Southern California Museum. Grant to each his share of the glory of the result; let all the bodies participating meet and select a board of intelligent and responsible citizens as per-

manent trustees; let them co-operate with that board in securing a suitable building. The building for the purpose should be centrally located and fire-proof. It should be adapted, if possible, to the purposes of a public library also. When the building is provided for, if that can be at not too late a date, there will be no difficulty in filling it with objects which will attract and instruct multitudes, old and young—our own people as well as others—others as well as our citizens.

At the next tax levy a sum should be provided, both by the City Council and the Board of Supervisors, for the construction of the building; it is a common cause and will be a common pride of our people.

I have devoted this address to the especial advocacy of effort in two fields of labor, viz:—Southern California History and the establishment of a museum. The regular committee work in other specific lines need not be hindered, and, indeed, should only tend to the same end.

In the first field, historical treasure, inestimable and incomparable, up to this date, so far as I know, can be laid up; and, by the second, a great educational treasury and power-house can be constructed, where the rich collections of the different societies, and those loaned to them, will be as safe as possible from loss. By the trusteeship suggested, the material will be in the best hands, and beyond the power of mercenary persons to make use of for their own selfish purposes. As it is now, such persons may, at any time, get control of this society, and appropriate or dispose of its property, as has already been done.

This state of affairs can not be too soon remedied; nothing can impair our usefulness like want of confidence in our ability to protect and preserve the articles entrusted to us. Such a trust is a sacred one, and in many cases it is far more so than that of money, or anything that money can purchase.

There may be other plans better than I have suggested. I earnestly hope, having a deep and abiding interest in the welfare of the society, that some course will be soon taken by which the Historical Society of Southern California will merit and attain the high position among our highest institutions, which it ought to occupy.

EARLY GOLD DISCOVERIES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

WHERE, WHEN AND BY WHOM WAS GOLD FIRST DISCOVERED IN
CALIFORNIA?

J. M. GUINN.

[Read November 3, 1890.]

If asked to locate the place where gold was first discovered in California, probably nine out of every ten of the intelligent residents of the State of the more recent arrivals would give Sutter's mill race at Coloma as the location. Even among the Argonauts of '49—those searchers after the golden fleece of Phryxus' ram—who are popularly supposed to know all about

“ The days of old,
The days of gold,”

probably no larger percentage could give a correct answer. If the anxious searcher for historical truth were to consult the ordinary run of histories of California, he would find in them repeated and repeated, with slight variations, the old, old story, of Sutter's mill race and Marshall's wonderful find therein.

Yet, with all due respect to the historians—good, bad and indifferent; with all deference to the opinions of the Argonauts, and with patriotic regard for the wisdom of the conscript fathers of the State who reared a statue to the memory of Marshall, the so-called first discoverer of gold, I here enter a protest against the iteration and reiteration of the story that Coloma was the place where gold was first discovered in California, that Marshall was the first discoverer, and 1848 the year of the first discovery.

Outside of Bancroft's voluminous history and the published reminiscences of pioneers who lived in the country previous to 1848, it is very rare indeed to find, in any compilation dignified by the name of history, any mention of the fact that gold had been found and extensively mined in California previous to 1848.

Even Bancroft, voluble enough on most subjects connected with California history, and sometimes tediously prolix in his details of the petty quarrels and bloodless revolutions of California rulers, disposes of the first gold discovery very briefly. He calls it a “local item that merits brief mention.”

The fullest and most reliable account of the first discovery of gold in California is that written by the first president of our society,

Colonel J. J. Warner, a pioneer of 1831, and published in "An Historical Sketch of Los Angeles County" (a work now out of print). I quote from this sketch :

"While statements respecting the existence of gold in the earth of California and its procurement therefrom have been made and published as historical facts, carrying back the date of the knowledge of the auriferous character of this State as far as the time of the visit of Sir Francis Drake to this coast, there is no evidence to be found in the written or oral history of the missions, the acts and correspondence of the civil or military officers, or in the unwritten and traditional history of Upper California that the existence of gold, either with ores or in its virgin state, was ever suspected by any inhabitant of California previous to 1841, and, furthermore, there is conclusive testimony that the first known grain of native gold dust was found upon or near the San Francisco ranch, about forty-five miles north-westerly from Los Angeles city, in the month of June, 1841. This discovery consisted of grain-gold fields (known as placer mines), and the auriferous fields discovered in that year embraced the greater part of the country drained by the Santa Clara river from a point some fifteen or twenty miles from its mouth to its source, and easterly beyond them to Mount San Bernardino."

The story of the discovery as told by Warner and by Don Abel Stearns agrees in the main facts, differing, however, materially in the date. Stearns says gold was first discovered by Francisco Lopez, a native of California, in the month of March, 1842, at a place called San Francisquito, about thirty-five miles northwest from this city (Los Angeles). "The circumstances of the discovery by Lopez as related by himself are as follows: Lopez, with a companion, was out in search of some stray horses, and about midday they stopped under some trees and tied their horses out to feed, they resting under the shade, when Lopez, with his sheath-knife, dug up some wild onions, and in the dirt discovered a piece of gold, and, searching further, found some more. He brought these to town, and showed them to his friends, who at once declared there must be a placer of gold. This news being circulated, numbers of the citizens went to the place, and commenced prospecting in the neighborhood, and found it to be a fact that there was a placer of gold."

Col. Warner says: "The news of this discovery soon spread among the inhabitants from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles, and in a few weeks hundreds of people were engaged in washing and winnowing the sands and earth of these gold fields." Warner visited the mines a few weeks after their discovery. He says: "From these mines was obtained the first parcel of California gold dust received at

the United States Mint in Philadelphia, and which was sent with Alfred Robinson, and went in a merchant sailing ship around Cape Horn." This shipment of gold was 18.34 ounces before, and 18.1 ounces after melting, *fineness* .926, value \$344.75—over \$19 to the ounce—a very superior quality of gold dust.

It may be regarded as a settled historical fact that the first discovery of gold in Alta California was made on the San Francisco Rancho, in the Santa Feliciana Cañon, in the County of Los Angeles. This cañon is about ten miles northwest of Newhall and forty northwest of Los Angeles.

It is also an established fact that the first discoverer was Francisco Lopez, also known by the name of Cuso, a herdsman living at that time on the Piru Rancho. Lopez had been for many years previously mayordomo of the San Fernando Mission. The time of the discovery is not satisfactorily settled. Col. Warner, usually very reliable, gives June, 1841, as the date, and quotes Don Ygnacio del Valle, on whose rancho the discovery was made, and who was appointed "encargado de justicia" to preserve order in the mining district, as one of his authorities for that date. Don Abel Stearns gives the date March, 1842; Bandini, April, 1842. Coronel, who spent some time in the mines, and employed Indians in mining, asserts positively that it was made in 1842. Bancroft is contradictory in his dates. In the context of his history, he gives March, 1842, evidently following Stearns' statement. In his "Pioneer Register" he states that, "Antonio del Valle died in 1841, the same year that gold was discovered on his ranch." In his Bibliography of Pastoral California he refers to a manuscript by Alvarado, entitled, "Primitivo Descubrimiento," in which is an interesting account of the discovery of gold placers in the San Fernando Valley in 1841."

Wm. Heath Davis, usually one of the most reliable chroniclers of pioneer events, in his book, "Sixty Years in California," gives the date of the discovery 1840, and the discoverers a party of Sonorians traveling to Monterey. He evidently has confounded the discovery of *tepusite* (a variety of pyrites supposed to indicate the presence of gold) made by the Mexican mineralogist, Don Andres Castellero, with the real discovery of gold by Francisco Lopez, a year or two later.

Alfred Robinson, a pioneer of 1828, in his book, "Life in California," published in 1846, two years before Marshall's discovery, mentions a mine at Alisal, near Monterey, from which considerable quantities of silver ore had been taken. "This," he says, "was the first mine discovered in California." "At one time," he adds, "the mania for mining was so great that every old woman had her specimen of what she called ore." "Finally," he says, "rich mines of

placer gold were discovered near the Mission San Fernando." Evidently the gold fever had been epidemic in California long before the days of '49.

Robinson does not fix the date exactly, but from dates of events given in this connection, I infer that he intends to locate the event in 1842. Cornise, in his "Natural Wealth of California," reputed to be a standard work on the resources of the Golden State, informs his readers that the first gold known to have been found in the State was obtained in 1833, in the Valley of Santa Clara, Los Angeles County. Historically and geographically Cornise is years and miles distant from the truth. Powell, in his "Mineral Resources of the Golden State,"—another standard work—evidently has never heard of the discovery of gold in Southern California. He gives the story of Marshall's find, with a few sensational accompaniments not given by others. In the dialogue between Sutter and Marshall, Sutter remarks, "James you are lying," and James with none of the spirit of an old-time Californian neither shoots the top of Sutter's head off, nor offers to bet his pile that Sutter cannot prove him a liar, but coolly pulls his sack of gold dust instead of his revolver, and Sutter goes into ecstasies instead of eternity. We have had the shot gun episode, and the soap kettle addenda, but Powell's fabrication caps the climax for absurdity.

But to return from this digression :—From this mass of contradictory dates it is impossible to decide which is the correct date of the discovery. The strongest evidence seems to decide in favor of March, 1842, as the correct date.

In this connection, allow me to give an illustration of how false statements creep into historical narrative, are copied by one author after another, and often pass current for years as veritable history. In the last report (1888) of Hon. Wm. Irelan, State Mineralogist of California, a work of nearly a thousand pages published by authority of the State, and stamped with the great seal of the State of California, in describing the "San Feliciana Placer Diggings," he makes this remarkable statement :

"During the period from 1810 to 1840, Jose Bermudes and Francisco Lopez superintended the Mission Indians in working this gravel deposit. In 1842, finding that those deposits, though worked in a crude manner, paid exceedingly well, the Mexican government was petitioned to consider the territory between Piru Creek and the Soledad Cañon, and extending west to the Mojave Desert, mineral land, and that no grant be extended taking in this territory. This petition was granted by the government."

In Lewis Co.'s History of Los Angeles County, a publication

endorsed by a committee of this society (of which committee the writer was a member), this misstatement is copied as true history, but copied without credit to the source from which it was taken. In my inaugural address, delivered before this society last January—believing that the State, like the Church, ought to be infallible—I stated that gold was discovered and successfully mined in cañons of the Sierra Madre nearly forty years before Marshall found nuggets in the “Mill-race a Coloma.” And this misstatement has been published in our Annual, by the authority and with the approval of the Historical Society of Southern California. I hereby acknowledge my error, and retract the statement. The remarkable historical discovery of the State Mineralogist has found its way into the newspapers, and is traveling the rounds of the Pacific Coast, seeking whom it may deceive. There is not, so far as I can find, a particle of evidence, written or oral, to confirm his statement that the Mission Indians mined gold from 1810 to 1840, under the superintendency of Bermudes, Lopez, or any other man. It is pure fiction, palmed off upon him for fact by some garrulous fabricator.

It is said that Republics are ungrateful. Whether this be true or not, it is true that they are often unjust in the bestowal of their favors. Lopez, the real discoverer of gold in California, lived in obscurity, died in poverty, and sleeps his last sleep in a nameless grave. Marshall, the reputed first discover, obtained celebrity—world wide,—in his later years drew a pension of \$3,000 a year from the State, and after his death the grateful Republic erected a statue of bronze to his memory. Very little merit attaches to the discovery in either case. In both cases it was purely accidental; but whatever does, belongs to Lopez, not to Marshall, and still less to Sutter, who was also pensioned by the State.

Lopez did not attempt to conceal his discovery, nor did he attempt to gobble up all the gold in the mines. Sutter and Marshall are accused of attempting to do both. Failing to conceal their find, it is stated that they started off, post haste, to Monterey to obtain a grant of the land where the discovery was made from Gov. Mason. The Governor had no authority to give grants. It is claimed that after their return to Coloma, they called a council of the Indian chiefs in that vicinity, and obtained from them a lease for twelve years of the lands where gold was known to exist, then they levied tribute on the miners—at first one-half, and later one-third of all the gold obtained from the diggings. The miners did not respond promptly with their tithes; they were not long in discovering that Sutter and Marshall were attempting a piece of sharp practice.

Sutter did not own the land where the famous mill was located. It belonged to the public domain.

Sutter, in all probability, had heard of the gold discoveries in the south, and the incredulity with which he tells us he received Marshall's story, was probably an afterthought to give a dramatic effect to his narrative. He had been in Southern California with Micheltorena in 1845, and was present at the bloodless battle of Cahuenga, where that governor was forced to abdicate. Marshall was a member of Fremont's battalion. He was one of Captain Gillespie's garrison, and claims to have unspiked the cannon with which Gillespie repulsed the assault of the Californians, during the siege of Los Angeles, by Flores, in September, 1846. He spoke the Spanish language, and no doubt heard of the discovery of gold in the mountains near San Fernando. From the published reminiscences of pioneers, I should judge that every intelligent resident of California at that time, had heard of the discovery.

As to the yield of the San Fernando diggings, it is impossible to obtain any definite information. Don Abel Stearns puts it at from six to eight thousand dollars a year up to the time of American occupation, in 1847. Wm. Heath Davis gives the amount at eighty to one hundred thousand dollars for the first two years after the discovery. He states that Mellus at one time shipped five thousand dollars' worth of dust to Boston, on the ship *Alert*. Bancroft states that "By December, 1843, two thousand ounces of gold (worth about \$38,000) had been taken from the San Fernando mines, the greater portion of which was shipped to the United States." There was a great scarcity of water in the mines. The processes used in extracting the gold from the earth were crude and wasteful. Panning out was one of the principal. To pay even two dollars a day by such a process, the mines must have been quite rich. In 1854, it is stated that Francisco Garcia took out of the Santa Feliciana placers in one season, \$65,000 in gold—one nugget, worth \$1,900, was found in this gold belt.

Los Angeles is not classed among the mineral counties of the State, yet the yield of her placers has amounted to a considerable sum. The San Gabriel placers were very rich. As late as 1876 two companies were working them. One company reported a yield of \$1,365 for a run of twenty-six days, working five men, an average of \$10.50 to the man. In all the mountain creeks tributary to the Santa Clara and San Gabriel Rivers prospects can be found. In 1854 the Santa Anita diggings paid five dollars a day to the man. The great drawback to successful mining in our county is the scarcity of water.

Ben Truman, in his "Semi-Tropical California," a book written in 1874, says :

"During the past eighteen years Messrs. Ducommun and Jones, merchants of Los Angeles, have purchased, in one way and another, over two million dollars' worth of gold dust taken from placer claims of the San Gabriel River, while it is fair to presume that among other merchants, and to parties in San Francisco, has been distributed at least a like amount. The statistics of the San Francisco mint show that in one year nearly forty thousand dollars' worth of dust was sent from Los Angeles County for coining purposes."

There are a few specimens of gold taken from the Santa Feliciana placers, in 1842, still preserved (in jewelry and ornaments) by some of the native Californians of Los Angeles. The State should procure a specimen to put with the famous Marshall nugget in the museum of the State Mining Bureau.

HISTORICAL NOTES OF OLD LAND MARKS ON THE WESTERN SLOPE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

CANTONMENT LORING.

WM. F. EDGAR, M. D.

[Read June 3, 1891.]

In August, 1849, the writer arrived, as medical officer, with a battalion of the U. S. Mounted Rifles, at a point on Lewis' fork of the Columbia or Snake river, near the Hudson Bay trading post of "Fort Hall," in latitude $40^{\circ} 1' 30''$ N., longitude $112^{\circ} 29' 54''$ W., and altitude 4,800 feet.

The object of this battalion of troops was to establish a military station in this locality, for the purpose of giving protection and aid to the emigrants on the Oregon trail. A site was selected on the left bank of the river, about five miles east of the trading post, and named "Cantonment Loring," in honor of the Lieutenant Colonel commanding the regiment of mounted riflemen. Men were immediately put to cutting and collecting the only kind of timber to be found in that part of the country—small, crooked cottonwood logs, with which, and a plenty of mud, a number of little houses or huts were constructed in the form of a hollow square, with roofs of mud. Snow fell in November, while the troops were still occupying tents, but by the first of December, when the snow had accumulated to the depth of eight or ten inches, they moved into the huts, which were comparatively comfortable, with the deep, dry snow that covered and surrounded them. Some of these huts had small windows of two to four panes of 8×10 glass, but very often light through them was intercepted by the banking against them of the snow, which had to be drawn away to admit the light. In these huts, mostly, the troops passed the winter of 1849–50, which was considered a particularly hard one by the trappers, mountaineers and Indians of the vicinity. A record of the temperature at the time shows an average mean temperature for December, January and February of this year was 23.62° Fahrenheit, and during this time the thermometer occasionally fell to 28° or 30° below zero. Snow covered the ground from December to March to the depth of from two to three feet, but it was dry and light and not very uncomfortable to those who could afford to wear two pairs of moccasins, with thick woolen socks.

The snow about the post was so deep continuously that it was impossible for the cavalry horses to get at the dried bunch-grass beneath, and a handful of corn occasionally, together with the tender branches of cottonwood shrubs that were cut down for them to browse upon, was the limit of their forage; consequently many of them perished from starvation, as did over a thousand head of cattle, it was said, from the same cause, in "Cache Valley," where they were sent to winter, upon the recommendation of some of the experienced mountaineers attached to the command. During the winter most of the officers and some of the men of the command put in a part of their time chasing and catching antelope in the deep snow on the plains, as they could not get out of the way of the horses in the snow, and were easily captured or killed with revolvers; but they were thin and lean, the hams only being reserved for food, which were very acceptable, as the commissary supply had already been reduced to a small quantity of pork and beans. There were a great many big white mountain wolves about the post, drawn hither, doubtless, by the abundance of food to be found upon the carcasses of the dead animals, upon which they fattened, and many of them were caught around these carcasses with beaver traps, which were hidden under the snow, and the fighting between these trapped wolves and the dogs of the post was a daily diversion. As this was before the coal oil period, and our supply of candles at the post having given out, the grease of these wolves, with a rag, in a metallic lamp, was substituted. Catching antelope in the snow and wolves in the traps, together with a band of minstrels, improvised among the soldiers, constituted the chief recreation at the post. One mail from the east reached the command while here, and that was brought in by a mountaineer on snow shoes. Two efforts were made by the commanding officer to send a mail east with official and other papers. The first failed in consequence of the carrier not being able to cross the Rocky Mountains, the snow being of such great depth; the second attempt was made by a Canadian trapper, on snow shoes, who succeeded in crossing the mountains and reaching "Ash Hollow," where he was captured by the Sioux, who decapitated him and destroyed our mail — his head afterwards being found two miles from his body.

This station was abandoned in April, 1850, by order of the War Department, and the command marched to Vancouver, on the lower Columbia. In those days the younger officers of the command, while sitting around the fires in their huts during the long, cold nights, would, by way of diversion, in imagination project themselves into futurity some twenty-five or thirty years, and imagine themselves as

old men — meeting and talking over old times, — one astonishing the other by telling of the wonderful changes that had come to pass in that very country in the way of farms, towns and *railroads*, and in great glee look upon the matter as a similar party now would with reference to building a railroad to the moon; but “facts are stranger than fiction,” for these very things came to pass in much less time than had been jestingly imagined.

In October, 1849, Capt. Howard Stansbury, of the U. S. Topographical Engineers, and party, arrived at our camp to get certain supplies which he would need in carrying out certain instructions of the War Department in making a topographical survey of Utah or Salt Lake Valley. When Capt. Stansbury and party left our camp early in the month of October, the commanding officer of the troops took an escort of some thirty soldiers and accompanied Stansbury to Bear river, in Utah, where a camp was made for a time. The writer accompanied this escort, and after being in the Bear river camp a few days, with nothing to do, got a leave to visit the settlements of the “Latter Day Saints,” and not being able to get company, set out alone.

In 1881, thirty-two years afterwards, I visited the East by the Central Pacific Railroad, with my wife. The railroad crosses the trail of that early day. I had promised the editor of the “Los Angeles Commercial” that I would write his paper a few letters in regard to the trip I intended making. I did so, and as the first letter referred mostly to the incidents of that escort trip of October, 1849, and as it contains a few points of historical interest of that period, I have transcribed it from the original manuscript.

[Copy of letter.]

“Daily Commercial,” Los Angeles, 1881.

“LETTER FROM A FORTY-NINER.”

Dear “Commercial:”—Perhaps a little gossipy scribbling from a forty-niner in a Pullman car, reviewing a portion of his mule trail of the long ago, may interest some of your readers who still retain an indistinct recollection of the trail. A sail up the coast to “Frisco” from the dust of Southern California, in August, is not an unpleasant beginning for a journey across the continent.

The ride over the Sierras is grand and exciting, and aside from the gloomy and sombre aspect of the snow sheds, one sees little of interest in Nevada, and soon tires of the lazy Humboldt and its long, alkaline valley, but after crossing into Utah, and descending into Salt Lake Valley, and catching a glimpse of the lake, stock in the trip begins to rise, for here “imagination bodies forth the forms of things”

well-known to the subscriber—from an experience which he has not forgotten, and which now loomed up afresh, and—

“The thoughts of former years glided over his soul
Like swift-shooting meteors over Arden’s gloomy vales.”

Rounding the northern end of the lake, the train now crosses a well-developed road leading northward. This I recognized as the growth of a trail over which I passed on a little yellow mule in October, 1849. Being on duty with a detachment of the U. S. Mounted Riflemen, as an escort to a U. S. topographical engineer, encamped on Bear River, some forty miles north of the nearest settlements in the valley, I got a leave of absence to visit the settlements, and at break of day, on a cloudy October morning, I sallied forth alone on that mule, and soon struck the trail above referred to. On this trail I traveled all day long without seeing a soul—unless wolves are souls—and night, a terrible, dark, rainy night overtook me, near where the railroad *now* crosses the old-time trail. It soon became so dark that I could not see the trail any longer, and the mule, being both hungry and tired, did not want to see it. So I unsaddled, and putting the saddle-blanket about my shoulders, sat down on the saddle, intending to make a night of it. The rain poured down on me, and the wolves howled about me, and I concluded that the situation was not desirable. In the course of an hour the rain slackened, and the clouds cleared up slightly, and standing up and peering into the darkness, I fancied that I saw a light some distance off and a little out of my supposed direction, but I concluded to go for it. I saddled up, and took the direction. After miring down in a swamp, and breaking my way through brush, I found myself in the immediate vicinity of an Indian encampment (Utes I afterwards learned), but thinking that I might not be received by them as a “man and brother,” I beat a hasty retreat, and after going a hundred yards or so from their camp, I heard a shot, but whether it was intended for me or not, I did not know, nor did I think it worth while to return to inquire. After wandering around in a swamp and brush nearly an hour, I again saw what I thought another light, and struck straight for it, as it seemed in the right direction. Soon I was in a low bottom land, with brush high above my head, and through which I struck a narrow opening which proved to be the trail again. On I urged, and soon heard the roaring of a stream—I knew that I had one to cross. The roaring came nearer and nearer, and into the river went the mule—head and neck, but not the ears. The stream was swollen from the prevailing heavy rain, and in a moment we were afloat—swimming the “Box-Elder,” and the mule was doing his “level best”—

not on my account, but on his own. Fortunately the stream was not very wide, and I staid with the mule till he made the opposite bank, where we emerged all right, minus a pair of saddle-bags, containing my only change of clothing. The trail having disappeared again, I anchored the mule, and went on foot to feel for it in the dark, but just as I began to feel a little encouraged, two big wolves jumped from under my nose with such growls and gnashing of teeth as induced me immediately to "rally on the reserve," which I mounted, and making a circle of a hundred yards or so, struck the trail again, and on reaching the higher land, I saw my light again, which, when finally reached, turned out to be—no Indian light or *ignis fatuus* either—but, to my joy, the camp-fire of a small government train loaded with anti-scorbutics for the troops at Cantonment Loring, who were suffering from scurvy. The train men greatly encouraged me by saying that it was only five or six miles, over a fair road, to Brown's settlement, for which I now made with the only persuasion that influences a mule (spurs), but he now did very well, for I think he scented forage ahead; and, at about 2:30 in the morning, I drew up in front of Mr. Brown's who, like myself, had been having a night of it, for he was up making "saur kraut." He came out, received me kindly and took me in—the mule too—and, seeing that I was rather moist, made a big fire, gave me a fair, adult dose of "valley tan," and showed me to a warm bed, into which I turned, with a heart full of gratitude towards Mr. Brown, the Mrs. Browns, the little Browns (too numerous to mention), and in fact all the Browns that had ever lived up to that time.

Now, in passing on the railroad that point of my early exploits, I can but reflect upon the difference between *then* and *now*. Then I was a light-mustached, long-haired youth, with no responsibility in the world but that "yaller mule," but now a grizzly-bearded controller of an entire section of a Pullman car, with all the responsibility that the marital relation enjoins.

It is said that "we know not what a day may bring forth," but *I do now know* what thirty-two years have brought forth—among other great things, a railroad that took me from the Pacific Slope to the Missouri River in less days than it took months for the mule to take me the same distance.

"49ER."

OMAHA, August, 1881.

HISTORICAL NOTES OF OLD LAND MARKS IN CALIFORNIA.

OLD FORT MILLER.

WM. F. EDGAR, M. D.

[Read Nov. 8, 1890.]

Camp, afterwards Fort, Miller was established the 26th of May, 1851, on the left bank of the San Joaquin River, in latitude 37° N., longitude $119^{\circ} 40'$ W., altitude 402 feet; and was occupied by two companies (B and K) of the Second U. S. Infantry—the former company being that of Captain, afterwards General, Nathaniel Lyon. The camp was named in honor of a field officer of the Second Infantry, Major Albert S. Miller, who died in September of '52, and after that the post was built, and called Fort Miller. The fort was made just within the foot hills of the great Sierras, where they form a small valley on the river, in which was situated the large Rancheria of the San Joaquin Indians, the principal remnant of the great Pitcatche tribe. These hills were sparsely covered with an inferior and brittle species of white oak, interspersed with a rather stunted growth of pine, of which a stockade was built during the summer, and inside of this stockade two rows of small, canvas-covered houses—one row for the soldiers and the other for the officers of the command—together with some canvas houses, one for a hospital and the others for laundresses' quarters, and so forth.

These hills disappear about three miles down the river, upon the vast plains that stretch north and south several hundred miles, and which have an average width of about fifty miles, and, save where marked by water-courses, are destitute of timber; and are, therefore, unprotected in summer from the burning rays of the sun, but happily the nights are generally cool.

The soil of the hills, as well as of the valley, is generally of an argillaceous character, and the country adjacent to the post is remarkable only for its occasional gold-bearing quartz veins.

This gold was the direct cause of the establishment of the post, for in the previous year (1850) prospectors had already entered the country and soon came into collision with the natives, by whom some of them were killed, for in addition to some whose bodies were never found, the troops, on their arrival at the locality where their camp was made, discovered close by, on the bank of the river, a pair of

legs protruding from the sand which belonged to a body killed by the Indians and hastily covered in the sand there by some of the fleeing companions.

After the establishment of the post, miners and traders accumulated very fast, and the little canvas-built village of Millerton, on the river a mile below the post, soon sprung up and flourished. A large amount of gold was taken out of the river and adjacent gulches. The river bed, where it could be reached, yielded the best results in fine gold—to those not afraid of cold water—for just above the little town the river had a solid rock bottom, with numerous cross-fissures or crevices, which caught the fine gold mixed with black sand, and these proved very profitable pockets whenever they could be reached. The Indians soon found this out, and when moved by the spirit of trade, two of them would form a co-partnership and one would hunt up an old, empty sardine box from the street and with this they would go to the riffle above town; and while the one with the box in his hand would *dive*, his partner would seize him by the feet and hold him down until an understood kick signaled him to let go, when the diver would come up with his box full of sand, which when properly panned out would yield two or three dollars in fine gold, and sometimes more. About this time a considerable mining fever was prevalent in the vicinity of the post, but it gradually subsided after it was ascertained that a large ditch, which was cut to turn the water from the river bed, was several feet higher at its outlet than it was at its inlet.

I joined this command as its medical officer a few months after it had established the camp, and on my way out to it I was joined at Stockton by a lieutenant who also was going to join his company out there, and while waiting for some government opportunity for transportation, the lieutenant found an acquaintance who kindly offered us his horse and buggy for the trip, which we gratefully accepted, and started out bright and early the next morning for our destination, some 150 miles distant. We got along very well, but slowly, until after we crossed the Merced river, when our road became a mere trail, with an occasional wagon track—the remains of the evidence that our command had preceded us. This partially broken road we managed to keep until not far north of the Chowchille River, when we began to think that night would overtake us before we could make the river, where we expected to find some accommodations for staying over night. Finally, about dark we espied a new log cabin that had just been built up, but not finished, and was covered with a piece of cotton cloth. We soon found the landlord, a solitary frontiersman, who informed us that he was about

to open a hotel and that we could "put up" with him for the night, and pointed to a place which he said was good for picketing our horse, but that if his partner, who had gone antelope hunting, was not successful, consequently we ourselves would have to put up with rather slim fare, but that we could make our beds among the chips and shavings in the cabin, which being so much more comfortable than the outside, we would be compensated for any shortness in the supper. The partner returned soon after dark, but without anything to add to the larder, whereupon the landlord boiled for the second time a piece of a haunch of antelope, which, with the broth in lieu of tea or coffee, sufficed for supper. After this we retired for the night, with our overcoats, among the chips and shavings. In the morning we had for breakfast the same fare, from the same haunch of antelope. We left this hotel early in the morning, and reached the San Joaquin River about sunset, and forded it in our buggy just below what was afterwards known as "Converse's Ferry," to the astonishment of those better acquainted with the river than we were, but we crossed safely, though our buggy was filled with water.

A month after this and about two miles further down the river I saw a band of elk—supposed to be about fifty—also fording the river. I doubt if now a wild elk could be found in the State.

Fort Miller was established chiefly for the purpose of controlling the Indians between the Merced and Kern rivers, which it did very effectually, as the rancheria of the largest tribe among them was in reach of the guns of the fort. Fort Miller, however, was so enclosed by the hills and adjacent high mountains that the direct and reflected rays of the sun made it the hottest midday station on the coast—barely excepting Yuma, whose average temperature for the summer of 1853 is recorded as being 92.92° and that of Miller for the same period as 85.86° , and the maximum temperature for each in July, 1855, was, for Yuma 116° , and for Miller 110° , Fahrenheit.

In June, 1852, the command at Miller was ordered on an expedition to the Yosemite Valley, and knowing that observations on temperature at the post would be suspended for a while, and the river rising from the melting snow in the adjacent mountains, I had some curiosity to ascertain the difference in temperature between the air and the snow-melted water of the river. I took the thermometer from where it had been exposed a few minutes in the open air to the sun, and where it marked 123° , and dipped its bulb into the river water, and it fell to 45° —a difference of 78° . The year 1852 was one of those exceptionally wet years referred to in a paper in this society's publication of last year by Prof. J. M. Guinn, in which he refers to the precipitation of this locality in 1851-52 (giving me as

authority) of 46 inches; but on hunting up and consulting the old record I found that the precipitation for 1852 was 49.36 inches; and by adding to this the precipitation of December, 1851, it foots up 59.76 inches for the exceptional season of 1851-52. Whereas the next *five* years, from 1853 to 1857, inclusive, only foots up for the *five* years 59.12 inches, and this was in the foothills; but out on the plains it was considered so dry a country that many abandoned it.

In 1853 a very comfortable adobe hospital and some new sets of quarters were built, which greatly relieved the discomforts of the post. About this time certain parties conceived the idea of laying out a town down the river — a short distance above where the Southern Pacific railroad now crosses it — to be called Joaquina. They cut a sort of landing on the bank, and induced a steamboat to come up during high water and land at the place; but I believe that it was the first as well as the last steamboat that landed there, and Joaquina remains as it was — a town of the imagination. Captain, afterwards General Ord, I believe was the last regular officer to command Fort Miller, and he left there in 1858 with his command for service in Oregon, and I accompanied him.

The post was finally abandoned October 1, 1864, and afterwards sold, since which time I believe it has been used as the center of a stock ranch.

IN THE SACRAMENTO AND SAN JOAQUIN VALLEYS.

[Read December 1, 1890.]

OLD FORTS READING AND TEJON. — Old Fort Reading is located in the upper part of the Sacramento Valley, in latitude $40^{\circ} 30' 22''$ north, longitude $122^{\circ} 5'$ west, and with an altitude of 674 feet. It holds about the same relation to the Sacramento Valley that Fort Tejon does to the San Joaquin Valley, being situated where the Sierra Nevada and Coast Range mountains separate to form the Sacramento Valley, whereas the latter is situated just where they come together again after forming the San Joaquin Valley. Fort Reading is about a mile east of the Sacramento River, and in the valley of and near the junction of a branch called "Cow Creek."

It was named after Maj. Pierson B. Reading, a pioneer of 1843, who lived in that neighborhood, and died in 1868. The writer was ordered to this post as its medical officer, at which he reported for duty in February, 1854, and found it occupied by two companies of the Fourth U. S. Infantry and in command of Brevt.-Col. Wright, of that regiment. The troops and employes were and had been suffering from intermittent fever since the establishment of the post

in May, 1852. In fact, a comparison of the statistics of diseases of the post with the abstract of diseases of all the other posts in Northern California, show that one-half of all the cases of intermittent or malarial fever reported occurred at this one post, although the troops were quartered in comfortable adobe buildings. The mean annual temperature at the post for three years—1852-53-54—is recorded as 62.09, maximum 110, minimum 15, range 95, Fahrenheit, with an annual rainfall for the same period of 29.02 inches. Being very susceptible to and suffering like others at the post from the malaria of the place, I was relieved from duty and ordered to join Company A of the U. S. Dragoons, for service at the Tejon Indian reservation, near which a site for a post had already been selected. Fort Reading was abandoned in January, 1867.

FORT TEJON.

Old Fort Tejon was established August 10, 1854, in latitude 34° 55' north, longitude 118° 53' west. The altitude is not given, but it is probably not less than 2000 or 2500 feet above the sea level, as it is up in the mountains at what has been called "the head of the San Joaquin Valley." Here the Sierra Nevada and Coast Range mountains meet and form a pass out of the valley known as the "Cañada de las Uvas" (cañon of currents). Up this cañada some three or four miles in the mountains, where a glen containing a few acres opens into it from the west, and about fifteen miles south and a little east of the Indian reservation of the valley and nearly the same distance south of the noted "Tehachipe pass." Tejon is the Spanish for badger, and if the valley had been called Badger Valley instead of Tejon Valley, we thus would have had unmixed English, and perhaps Fort Badger instead of Fort Tejon, which would have greatly facilitated eastern correspondence, as at first many letters were received at the post directed "Fort Tejohn," "Fort Tehon," etc. The location of the post was among large, umbrageous oak trees that bore large crops of acorns, and therefore had been a great rendezvous for grizzly bears which infested the surrounding mountains. When the acorns were ripe, and for the first few days after the command was encamped there, it was visited nightly by a very large grizzly, which generally stampeded all the horses and mules in camp, until he found out that the carbines of the soldiers were dangerous.

My tent was pitched under one of those large oaks, which was hewn flat on one side, and on this hewn surface was engraven the words: "I, John Beck, was killed here by a bear, October 17, 1837." I inquired of the Indians living at the mouth of the cañada, who

were the only inhabitants there at that time, in regard to the matter, and got the information that, many years previously some trappers were passing through the cañada, when, seeing so many bears, one of the party went off by himself in pursuit of a large grizzly and shot it under that tree, and supposing that he had killed it, went up to it, when it caught and killed him, and his companions buried him under the tree, upon which they cut his epitaph. This locality, although a great resort for bears, had also been a great slaughter ground for them, as was evidenced by the great number of bear skulls that were to be seen lying around, for within a hundred yards or so from my tent I collected and threw into a pile a dozen or more in one day after arriving on the ground.

Fort Tejon, though pleasant in summer, being in the mountains, was subject to great snow storms in winter, and then it became very cold, of which I have a very vivid though painful recollection, although thirty-nine years ago. Being called out of bed one such night in December, 1854, while suffering from the prostrating effects of chronic malarial fever (a souvenir of Reading), to see an old sergeant who had been seriously injured, across the mountains some five miles distant, I went forth in the height of a snow storm, accompanied by a teamster, who, in consequence of the depth of the snow, lost the trail, resulting, consequently, in great hardship and unusual exertion, which, together with being pitched over the head of a falling horse, resulted in a paralytic stroke on returning to the post the following morning. As soon as I was able to travel after this accident I was ordered East — having been on the Coast about six years, and to which I again returned early in 1857, when the recollections of my friends and acquaintances were fresh in regard to the great earthquake of the previous January, especially at Tejon.

The quarters of the officers and soldiers and houses generally at Tejon were made of adobe, among which the damage was greater from the earthquake mentioned than at any other point where it was felt. Chimneys were thrown down and the walls of the houses were so greatly damaged that the inmates took refuge in tents on and about the parade ground. The effects of the quake seemed to have been worse here and through the mountains eastward than anywhere else, as the earth was opened by a rent some eight or ten feet wide, and in places more, and which was more or less traceable, as I was informed by an old pioneer of San Bernardino county who was in the habit of driving cattle over this route to the North — from near the southwest corner of that county, through the mountains by Elizabeth Lake, to Tejon, where its effects were the most severe.

This rent closed up immediately, but the loosened earth thrown up would not fit back in it, and therefore left more or less of a ridge

which marked the line of eruption. This convulsion was very severely felt in the Tulare Valley and as far west as the San Joaquin River, and caused some rather amusing (as well as serious) incidents of which the following is worthy of being mentioned, as told to the writer a few months afterwards :

A miner who had spread his blankets, and with his rifle by his side had passed the night near one of the large oak trees in the vicinity of the post, was lying there awake, when the quake frightened him up, just in time to see the earth open and close forever over his blankets and beloved rifle. In Tulare Valley, near the Lake, an old forty-niner who had been sheriff of the county at one time and who was well known to the writer as being a man of veracity, who was called "Poin" for short, said that he and a friend had gone out among the big trees of the valley hunting wild pigeons on the morning of the earthquake, and his friend seeing some pigeons in a big tree, fired at them, killing some, while the remainder of the flock flew away, and just then the effect of the quake was seen in the swaying to and fro of the big tree, when the friend remarked: "Well, did you ever see so small a flock of pigeons shake so large a tree?" and stooping to pick up a bird that had fallen dead from the tree, tipped over on his nose; but rising up, very much frightened, said, "Poin, what's the matter with the world?" who, with blanched cheek and protruding eyes, replied, "Damfino—let's go;" whereupon both men started and ran three-quarters of a mile to a house where there was a woman and children who were crying and very much frightened at what they had just experienced; but the oldest child, a girl of some twelve or thirteen years, who had been away to school where she had learned something of the phenomenon that had alarmed them, was trying to explain to the mother that it was an earthquake. "And this," he said, "was the first time that the thought of an earthquake had entered the heads of us two bearded men."

The following meteorological data is taken from the records of the post for three years, 1856-57-58: Mean annual temperature for three years, 58.73° (Fahrenheit); maximum annual average temperature for three years, 94° (Fahrenheit); minimum annual temperature for three years, 25° (Fahrenheit); range of thermometer, average, for three years, 69° (Fahrenheit). Mean number of (annual) rainy days for same time, 43; mean number of (annual) snowy days for same time, 9, which snow, when melted and added to the rain water, made the annual precipitation 22.62 inches.

Tejon was the only post in Southern California where snow fell.

The post, as a military station, was abandoned September 11, 1864.

IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

[Read March 2, 1891.]

The military stations of San Louis Rey, Rancho del Chino, Rancho de Jurupa, Camp Cady and Drum Barracks.

In writing up historical notes of the old, abandoned military posts and stations of Southern California, it seems proper that the above mentioned abandoned stations, though probably of less importance than some of those mentioned heretofore, should not be overlooked.

SAN LOUIS REY.—The old mission of that name, in San Diego County, some forty miles northwest of the city of San Diego, was occupied by a troop of the First U. S. Dragoons from 1848 to 1849, when, in May of the latter year, it was abandoned.

RANCHO DEL CHINO—was occupied in 1851 as a military station by a company of the Second U. S. Infantry until September, 1852, when the troops were transferred to the Rancho de Jurupa, some twenty miles to the eastward, on the Santa Ana River, and near the present site of the town of Riverside, in latitude 34° N., longitude $117^{\circ} 27'$ W., and altitude 1,000 feet. The mean temperature for the two stations for 1853 is given at 65.54° Fahrenheit, and the amount of rain for the same year as 8.20 inches. The station was abandoned in April, 1854.

CAMP CADY—is said to have been regularly established as a military station in 1868, but small bodies of infantry had occupied a position near the latter establishment for several years previously. The regular establishment was on the north bank of the Mojave River, and on the road leading from Wilmington, California, on the coast, (distant 151 miles), to northern Arizona. It was named in honor of Col. Cady of the Eighth U. S. Infantry. It was occupied by infantry, and was established to protect the sparsely settled district of Southern California, and the line of travel to Utah and Arizona, against the roving bands of Indians that infested that part of the country at that time. The country in which the station was situated is considered a part of the Mojave desert, and is dry and mostly sterile. The mean annual temperature for the year of 1868 is given as 68.18° Fahrenheit, the maximum as 116° , minimum 22° , with the remark that "there has been but very little rain in this locality." The post was abandoned as a military station in 1871.

DRUM BARRACKS—are situated in Los Angeles County, California, one mile from, and thirty-five feet above tide water, at Wilmington, in latitude $33^{\circ} 42'$ N., and longitude $118^{\circ} 17' 8''$ W., being about twenty miles south of Los Angeles city. The Barracks have the ocean on the south side, but on the other sides are surrounded by

a plain which reaches inland to the foot hills and spurs of the Coast Range and Sierra Nevada mountains. The Barracks were established in September, 1862, as a result of the late war, and named in honor of Adjutant General Drum. At first they were occupied by California volunteers, but later as a sort of rendezvous for recruits for the troops in Arizona, and a depot for supplies for the same, when the permanent garrison consisted of only one company of regular troops.

The hospital was the largest and most substantial building at the Barracks, and was considered and used as a sort of general hospital for the sick of the transient troops. The writer was stationed there as the chief medical officer of the hospital, from April, 1866, to May, 1869. The mean annual temperature for that time at the Barracks I find recorded as 62° Fahrenheit; maximum 102°, and minimum 32°.

The Barracks, as a military establishment, were abandoned in 1871, and the buildings subsequently sold at auction, some of which were removed, some burned down, and some, with the hospital building, still remain.

THE LOS ANGELES RIVER — ITS HISTORY AND OWNERSHIP.

C. P. DORLAND.

[Read 1890.]

The subject under consideration is the title and ownership of the water in the Los Angeles River.

The City of Los Angeles has exercised and enjoyed exclusive control of all the water and all of the bed of the river within its limits so long that the memory of no living man runs to the contrary; hence the right and title to the water by prescription is fully established.

The written evidence of the title to the river is found in various State papers, in orders of Spanish Governors, in the records of the pueblo of Los Angeles, and in the decisions of the courts; and among the more important are the following :

In Volume II, page 393, of Provincial State Papers, dated December 27, 1779, is a communication from the Commandante General of the Californias to Don Fernando de Rivera y Moncada, which recites the determination of the Government to occupy the channel of Santa Barbara and found the pueblo to be called "Nuestra Senora, la Reyna de Los Angeles," on the Rio Porciuncula, and directs said Don Fernando to carry out said determination, as follows :

To settle said pueblo with families and soldiers told off from the garrison, in order to increase the population of the province, and also for the especial purpose of stock-raising.

In the following September the Commandante empowered Governor Don Felipe de Neve to establish the fort at Santa Barbara, and two pueblos, the object being to obtain land and water for cultivation and to assist in paying the general expenses of the government.

In the same records, Volume I, page 17, is a communication from the Commandante General to the Governor of the Californias, in which reference is made to the places existing in the provinces between San Francisco and San Diego with facilities for irrigation and for agriculture. That one of the places was on the Rio Porciuncula, forty-two leagues from San Diego and two leagues from the mission of San Gabriel ; and then refers to the object of the establishment of the pueblos, and recites his selection of nine soldiers, practiced in agriculture, and five farmers, with their families, for each pueblo ; also the setting apart to each settler, besides the lot (*solar*)

on which he was to erect his house, certain irrigable lands for the planting of a fanega of corn, together with horses, cattle of all kinds, tools, seed, etc.

In Volume I of Missions and Colonizations, page 416, of the date of August 26, 1781, are the orders and regulations of Governor Don Felipe de Neve for the establishment of the pueblo of Los Angeles, on the Rio Porciuncula. That there should be reserved to the crown one-quarter of the arable and dry lands for the benefit of new settlers, and assigning certain tracts to the pueblo; also providing that within the four leagues assigned as the limits of the pueblo, all pasturage, woods, water, water privileges, hunting, fishing, stone-quarries, etc., shall be for the common use and benefit of the Spaniards and Indians residing therein. This provision concerning the common use of woods, pasture lands and water privileges was confirmed by a general law October 24, 1781.

In pursuance to the above orders the pueblo of Los Angeles was officially established July 26, 1786, and was forty two leagues from San Diego and two leagues from San Gabriel.

The site was four leagues square and on elevated ground, enjoying the north and south winds and avoiding the risks of inundation. It was located on both sides of the river, and a main ditch was dug, running through the town. The lands were laid out in tracts, with streets and a plaza. The tracts were two hundred varas in length and the same in width, this being the space required for the planting of a fauega of corn.

In Volume I, page 710, dated August 14, 1786, is set out an order from Don Pedro Fages, the successor of de Neve, to Don José Argüello of Santa Barbara, to proceed to Los Angeles and give formal possession to the settlers in accordance with the terms of the royal decrees giving and setting apart to each settler his lot of land heretofore assigned to him; that he should clearly define and designate what are public domains, to wit: water, pasturage, woods, etc.; the settlers to accept their lands under this understanding and to sign instruments to that effect.

In the report made by Don José Argüello, dated September 5, 1736, he says he confirmed to each settler his respective lot of land and measured the unassigned lands for the common use of pasture, with the common right in all the water, wood, pasturage, fishing, etc., explaining the same to the settlers; to all of which they assented, making the sign of the cross, as none of them could write.

In Volume XIX, page 956, Provincial State Papers, is the account of the injury done to the pueblo of Los Angeles by the erection of a dam on the Cahüenga Rancho by the priests of the mission

of San Fernando, whereby the water of the river was diverted from its channel. A committee was appointed to investigate, and later reported that the said dam cuts off the source of our water for irrigation, thereby causing damage and suffering.

The authorities at San Fernando denied this and claimed that the dam had been used by a former occupant fourteen years, but the mission authorities finally yielded all right to the water and asked permission to use a sufficient quantity for irrigating a small tract necessary for the mission, with the precise understanding that at whatever time the least damage should be caused to the settlers of the pueblo of Los Angeles on account of the diminution of water the mission should cease to use the same. This agreement was dated March 26, 1801, and was forwarded by Don José Argüello to the Governor.

A complaint was made to the city authorities April 4, 1836, that the person in charge of the San Fernando mission was making a dam in the river of the city, to the injury of the inhabitants thereof; whereupon an investigating committee was appointed, which a week later reported that one of the springs which forms the source of the river was dammed up, but that the same was doing no damage to the city, and that the person in charge of the mission had promised that if in any event the said dam should cause any damage to the city he would at his own cost be responsible for the injury, and should there be a scarcity of water he would destroy the dam and let the water go. (See City Archives, Vol. II, page 131, *et seq.*)

For the various acts of the legislature of this State concerning the rights of the city to the old pueblo grants, see act approved April 4, 1850, Statutes of 1854, page 205; Statutes of 1857, page 329.

February 17, 1841, the city granted to Maria Ygnacio Verdugo de Feliz the right to use water from the river upon lands now constituting the Los Feliz rancho. (See Book X, page 538, of Deeds.)

October 3, 1845, Don Vicente de la Osa granted a right of way for a zanja, to use water from the river, to Don Maria Ygnacio Verdugo, across the pasture land of Feliz or the enclosure of San José. (Recorded in Book X, page 530 of Deeds.)

José Antonio Feliz, deceased, by A. F. Coronel, executor, deeded to C. V. Howard, for \$10,000, the Rancho Los Feliz, reciting that the boundary line on one side was the middle of the stream of the Los Angeles River. This deed is dated October 5, 1863, and is recorded in Book XI, page 108, of Deeds.

Under date of December 2, 1868, C. V. Howard sold to the Los Angeles Canal and Reservoir Company the use of a certain zanja, through which the water was running across the Los Feliz Rancho,

reserving the right to take water from said ditch at all times. (See Book XI, page 333, of Deeds.)

Afterwards the Canal & Reservoir Company gave a lease to the City of Los Angeles to said zanja. (See Book III, page 115, of Leases.

At this point begins the history of the city water works, and afterward franchises and contracts were made with various private parties that have resulted in the city water supply being where it is at this day.

The city afterward made a lease with one Sansevain to supply the city with water. He soon afterwards transferred his interest to a corporation known as the Los Angeles City Water Co., and the city made a lease with said company in 1868, to continue thirty years. By the terms of said lease, the said water company was to pay an annual rental of \$1,500 to the city for the use of ten inches of water from the river, but within the first year's existence of the lease, a rebate of \$1,100 per annum was made to the company, provided it would plant trees, and keep in grass, and build a monument in the plaza, now in Chinatown, which has been done, except the building of the monument.

There was also a lease made with the Citizens' Water Company for supplying certain parts of the hill portions of the city.

In 1873, the City of Los Angeles brought suit against Leon McL. Baldwin to quiet its title to two irrigation heads of water that said Baldwin and others were appropriating and claiming to own, taken from the river, and being used upon the Los Feliz rancho. In that action the court says that the city is not the owner of the *corpus* of the water of the river so far as appears from the evidence. (See 53, Cal. 469.) By reason of this decision, and a failure to prosecute a former action brought against the same parties, the city paid C. J. Griffith \$50,000, in 1884, to buy back the said two irrigation heads of water. (See Book 18, page 232 City Records.)

This case was allowed to go against the city by default, and the merits of the question were not considered by the court, and while the question of title was not considered, yet it cost the city \$50,000 to pay for a quantity of water of which it was absolute owner, and which it never sold nor was deprived of the title to.

In the case of Anastacio Feliz vs. City of Los Angeles, (in 58 Cal. 73), the action was brought against the city for cutting off the water of the Los Angeles river from plaintiff's ditch. The court found that, ever since the foundation of the pueblo in 1786, the pueblo, or its successor, the city, had, at all times, exercised the control of, and claimed the exclusive right to use all the water of the said river, and

said right had been duly recognized and allowed by the owners of the land at the source and bordering on said river.

At the hearing in the lower court, McNealy judge, a perpetual injunction was granted, enjoining and restraining the city from interfering with the plaintiff, Feliz, in the appropriation and use of sufficient water from the river for the purpose of irrigation and domestic use upon the Feliz rancho. The Supreme Court set aside the injunction, and reversed the judgment of the lower court.

In rendering this opinion, the Supreme Court observes, however, that the city was entitled to such a quantity only as it needed for its supply; and that, if there was a surplus in the river, over and above the needs of the land situated within the city limits, that the surplus might be appropriated by riparian owners above the city, and that the city could not sell the water to parties outside the city to the detriment of upper riparian owners.

Thus it is established, not only by grant from the Spanish government, by continued use, but by acknowledged right by parties in interest, and also by our Supreme Court, that the city is the unqualified owner of all the water flowing in the Los Angeles River, necessary for all purposes of irrigation and domestic use within the city.

The river is said to contain, on an average, 7,000 miner's inches of water, and that at its source the water is as clear and pure as that of any other mountain stream.

The Crystal Springs Land and Water Company is a corporation that was organized November 5th, 1886, the stockholders being the same as those of the Los Angeles City Water Co., and owning stock in about the same proportion.

The whole plant of the old water company, including its franchise, pipes, flumes, reservoirs, etc., was sold to the new company for the sum of one dollar and other consideration not mentioned. There seems to be a suspicion that this new company is formed for the purpose of attempting to secure title and ownership in the water of the river, as it is developing water, building dams and laying pipe on a piece of ground in the river bottom and taking water by percolation from the river.

This suspicion is so strong that the city council has ordered suit commenced to enjoin the Crystal Springs Land and Water Company from diverting or appropriating any of the water of the Los Angeles River. This case is now pending in the Superior Court of this county, and is entitled "The City of Los Angeles vs. The Crystal Springs Land and Water Company," and is case number 16437 on the court docket.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CATHOLIC MISSIONS ON THE RIO COLORADO IN 1781.

VERY REVEREND J. ADAM, V. G.

[Read April 3, 1898.]

The new commander, D. Teodoro Croix, from Sonora, sent orders to the governor of California, Felipe de Neve, to send Captain Fernando Rivera to the *Arispe* to recruit seventy-five soldiers in order to establish a fort and three missions along the Santa Barbara channel. Each mission was to be protected by soldiers, and the rest were to occupy the fort. In addition to the soldiers the captain was instructed to try to induce some families to come and establish a town to be called "Pueblo de Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles," near the river called Porziuncula.

At the same time the new commander requested the Fathers of the College of Queretaro to establish two missions on the Colorado River to try to convert the Indians, and also to secure the route newly discovered via that river to the missions of California.

The missions of Colorado were established on a different plan from those of California. No forts were erected, only eight soldiers were allowed for each mission, and eight settlers, married and with families. A sergeant was the commanding officer in one mission and an ensign in the other. The missionaries were to attend only to the spiritual affairs, and the gentiles, when baptized, were to continue to live on their ranchos and to provide for themselves. This new procedure was not successful. The Indians killed the officer, sergeant, soldiers and settlers, with the exception of a few that were made captives. The four missionaries were also killed and their buildings destroyed. This occurred in 1781.

As soon as the governor received the order from his commander he sent Capt. Rivera, who embarked at Loretto, and began his recruiting in Sinaloa, sending companies of recruits, soldiers and settlers by sea to Loretto, with instructions for them to go up by land to San Diego. Those whom he recruited in Sonora he brought with him to the Colorado River, with more than a thousand head of mules and horses.

When the captain arrived at the Colorado River he found two missions already established. His horses and mules being very poor and sick he determined to remain along the banks of the river until

they would fatten, as he had two hundred and eighty miles more to travel from there to San Gabriel mission. He remained near the river with a sergeant and his soldiers of Monterey, and sent the recruits ahead, led by an officer and nine soldiers from the barracks of Sonora.

The Mission of San Gabriel was at that time full of activity, as it was the central point for the recruits that arrived from Lower California and those that were coming up by way of the river Colorado. Seeing so many troops, Governor Neve sent back the ensign officer and nine veterans to Sonora by way of the Colorado; but before they arrived near the river they were told that the Yuma Indians had killed the missionaries and soldiers and destroyed the mission buildings. The officer, being a man of great courage, paid no attention to this alarming news. Proceeding on his march he saw that the buildings had been reduced to ashes, and found the bodies of the dead unburied. He saw himself at once surrounded by those savages; but he fought bravely and lost two of his soldiers, and another was wounded. With his remaining troops he retired to San Gabriel, fighting his way the whole distance, as the Indians were molesting and pursuing him.

He had to wait at San Gabriel until the Governor ordered him to go back to Sonora with his remaining seven veterans, and give an account to Chief Commander Croix of what had happened.*

Fearing a general uprising Neve remained at San Gabriel with his troops. Meanwhile he gave orders to establish a town of Spaniards near the River Porziuncula. He gathered together all settlers and gave them land near the river about four leagues from the mission, and escorted by a corporal and three soldiers the pueblo of our Lady of Los Angeles was founded on the 4th of September, 1781.

After six months had passed without any uprising the Governor determined to pass on to the founding of the Mission of San Buena Ventura, accompanied by Father Junipero Serra, who had come down all the way on foot from San Carlos, near Monterey. He rested one night in our newly founded town of Los Angeles.

The convoy of this expedition was very brilliant. Many troops and families accompanied the Governor, and Fathers Serra and Cambon. At the close of the first day's journey a mail courier came to the Governor with a letter stating that Captain Pedro Fagés had arrived at San Gabriel with important papers. The Governor at once, with ten soldiers, went back to the mission where Captain Fagés was waiting. He brought to him important documents con-

*The Governor sent this officer, Lieut. Simon, and his party to Sonora by way of Loreto.

taining reports of what had happened on the Rio Colorado. Father Palou, in his life of Father Junipero Serra, acknowledges to have read these papers, through the kindness of Captain Fagés, and through him he gives us important items concerning the Yuma Indians and what moved them to destroy the missions.

He says that the Yuma Indians that were living along the banks of River Colorado at first showed themselves well inclined towards the missionaries and soldiers, apparently being glad that white people had settled near them. Two missions were then founded, one named Purisima Concepcion, and the other three leagues distant, called San Pedro y San Pablo, both on the California side of the river. The fathers had no means to allure the Indians with little trinkets, and as they could not remain long amongst them, their conversion was slow and limited. However, they used to go and exchange articles with the soldiers, they giving corn and other seeds and the soldiers returning cloth. Some few were baptized, but they seldom came to the mission, and the fathers still more rarely could go after them on their ranches.

The Yuma Indians seeing that the cattle of the white people were eating the pasture needed for their own animals and that the few patches of fertile ground where they raised watermelons, beans, and pumpkins were taken by the white people, they began to look upon them as invaders, and vengeance was brooding within their savage breasts.

The settlers could not see any danger, but the missionaries being men of experience knew how little the savages could be relied upon, and began preparing their people for the worst.

On Sunday, mass being over, at the same time the Indians attacked both missions, set fire to them, killed the four priests and all the soldiers except a few that made good their escape. One of the soldiers reached Sonora and gave the alarm. The Commander-General then sent troops there, led by Captain Fagés, to see if the statement of the soldier was true, and in that case he had orders to rescue the captives, and find out the ringleaders of the assault and take them prisoners and punish the others.

Captain Fagés having arrived at the River Colorado, found it deserted; saw the missions reduced to ashes, and the corpses of the missionaries, Diaz and Moreno, unburied. For some time he could not find the remains of the other two, Fathers Garces and Barreneche. The soldiers in search of the dead noticed a spot verdant and covered with beautiful flowers, while the whole country around was dry and barren. The captain ordered them to dig there, and they found the

corpses of the missionaries intact, and were told that an old squaw who had great respect for the fathers had buried their bodies.

The captain had these four bodies put in coffins and brought them to Queretaro, where the Franciscans have a college.

Strange things were told by some of the Indians. They said that after the missions were destroyed a procession was seen every night of people dressed in white, and with tapers in their hands, with a cross-bearer and acolytes going around the mission chanting. After going around several times they would disappear. These visions were seen both by the white prisoners and the Indians, and, while the Christians were consoled by it, the poor savages got frightened and abandoned the place, going eight leagues further down the river.

Captain Fagés searched for them and found them concealed in the woods, but could not induce them to come out. However, he ransomed the captives, and with them returned to Sonora to report.

The Commander-General sent another expedition with orders to have the leaders of the Yumas arrested and punished. To this effect Captain Fagés had to come to California to see the Governor, who had orders from his superior to send as many troops as he could spare to punish the culprits.

They postponed their march til September. A few Indians were killed by this expedition, but they were unable to pacify that tribe.

Where the Mission of the Purisima stood is known at present as Fort Yuma, where American troops were stationed for some years. These had many skirmishes with the Indians. Troops were sent there to protect immigrants, many of whom had been robbed and killed by the Indians.

At present there is at Fort Yuma an Indian school conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, where boys and girls are trained to different trades, besides learning how to read and write. The children in general become very much attached to the school, but it is difficult to overcome the prejudice of some of their parents. They would rather have them free to run wild as their ancestors did. The ex-chief, Miguel, has caused many troubles to these poor sisters, and prevented many children from going to school. Not long ago one of the sisters was in imminent danger of being killed by some of these savages, if some of the faithful Indians had not given the alarm in time.

Miguel and some of his associates are now lying in the county jail awaiting trial for disturbing the peace and exciting others to rebellion.

The conversion of the Yumas to Christianity will be a tedious work. We have no other hope than that of the rising generation educated in the Indian schools, where principles of morality and taste for work are cultivated.

In my visit to Yuma, where I spent some few days, I had occasion to visit the ruins of the Mission of San Pedro y San Pablo, about four leagues distant from Fort Yuma. We roamed around these hills, and could find only traces of the foundation. Strange to say, after over one hundred years, you can yet notice signs of the building having been burned down to the ground.

The climate of Yuma is very beneficial to those with weak lungs. That many have recovered their health there cannot be denied. With the new plan of irrigation, it seems that a colony or two of Italians are going to settle there. A day may come that the desert may bloom and flourish, and then, when thickly settled, may be verified yet the saying of Tertulian that the blood of martyrs is the seed of new Christians. Maybe that from heaven above those four missionaries will gaze at the many converts in the land watered with their blood, and among these the grandchildren of those who destroyed their missions and stained their hands with their blood and that of the soldiers and other innocent victims.

[These missions were founded in the autumn of 1780, La Purísima Concepcion near the present site of Fort Yuma, San Pedro y San Pablo about twelve miles below. The massacre occurred July 17, 1781. The four missionaries and forty-six soldiers and settlers were killed. The women and children were made captives. They were subsequently ransomed by Fages.—J. M. G., Ed.]

LIFE TODAY IN THE PALA MISSION STATION.

FRANK J. POLLEY.

[Read April 3, 1893.]

The early history of Pala is already written. As this paper is not historical, it is sufficient merely to note that the church was founded as a branch establishment of the San Luis Rey Mission. Father Antonio Peyri was the moving spirit through whose efforts the settlement was effected. He was then one of the resident priests at San Luis Rey, and had this last-named mission in a very prosperous condition. He took much interest in his new work, and within a year or two it had prospered until from one to two thousand had gathered there. His spirit is said to hover over the ruins.

Father Peyri seems to have been a zealous priest, for the orchard and buildings bear testimony to days of former good management. In times of trouble this settlement, owing to its secluded position, escaped for a time the more immediate reverses that others experienced. It is said that much property was removed there at one time from San Luis Rey.

A more sheltered nook than this valley at Pala the tourist cannot find. By following up the San Luis River the church is reached, but the easiest way is to start from Temecula, and take a pass over the mountains that eventually leads into the valley. It is not an easy ride, but the journey need not occupy the whole of a day, and the scenery is very fine. No line of railroad passes near Pala, and hence, though really one of the most interesting missions to visit, it is the least seen and known of all.

Mr. Viele, the present owner of most of the old mission property, is the only white man residing near by. His store and dwelling is a long, low adobe opposite the church. Near by is his blacksmith shop, and in the open space between the church ruins and the river are the remains of the brush booths used by the people at the yearly festival, and these, with the remnants of the mission buildings, corral walls and the quaint Indian church with its beautiful bell tower, constitute the Pala of today.

The river is a small stream a few yards distant from the settlement. The valley adjacent to the church is too narrow to admit of much cultivation, but further along the river the fields broaden out

and are fairly well settled by a mixed population, who, if not prosperous, seem contented in the old Californian way.

There is a small wooden school house near the river, and back in the timber are a number of cabins inhabited by the Indians, but these buildings are so sheltered as to be seldom seen, and therefore do not count in the general view.

The natural charm of this lovely retreat lies in the grandeur of the surrounding mountains that apparently rise in huge overlapping rings, each encircling the diminutive valley.

My lodging house was with Mr. Viele. The walls of my room were decorated with stuffed skins of animals and snakes that hung directly over the stretcher of rawhide I used for a bed. Travelers were evidently a novelty, and groups of Indians and half-breeds surveyed me with much interest.

The visitors are the government doctor or Indian agent. Then come the basket hunters, and occasionally one who loves an old mission for its historic past. The agent and the doctor visit the place perfunctorily, the agent listens to any who may have the courage to make complaint, and, after dinner the government doctor, before taking his departure, inquires fiercely if anyone is sick, but, as most of the sick have been hidden in the mountains before his coming, but few answer, and, the law being fulfilled, he departs for more congenial quarters and better table board.

A diminutive old Chinaman has been here fifteen years, and seldom speaks except to curse and swear with remarkable fluency. The world will never fully know his story, but long ago he came from the direction of San Diego and stopped at the ranch. He slept over night in the hay, and has never since left the place. It was years before stray bits of his history became known. He was fleeing from highbinders, when, after days of almost unconscious wanderings, he found this place. He still dreads this secret organization, and never falters in his belief that some day they will find and kill him. He frequently makes the tour around the mission walls, peers into nooks and outhouses, pokes the hay in the barn with his stick and mutters fiercely to himself. Together we watched the pigeons hover over the adobe hovels, and at dusk, with only the gleam of his lantern, we wandered from ruin to ruin, or paused to rest on the divided walls of the enclosures. Upon one evening, when returning, a number of white apparitions rushed toward me with rapid motion from the old ruins. The onslaught was so sudden in the awful silence of the night that it threw me into a panic, and I fled to the house more dead than alive. It was a flock of white geese that the Chinaman had disturbed, and it was long before I heard the last of the adventure.

Mr. Viele stumbled upon Pala many years ago, and has reigned supreme ever since. He erected his little forge and commenced the business of blacksmithing, ranching and keeping a general store for the adjacent country. His wife is well informed upon matters of early California ranch life, and they and their children speak the Indian dialect fluently.

Trading with the Indians is a slow but simple process. An uncouth Indian figure in strange garb will silently enter the store, and, with hat in hand, stand motionless in the center of the room until Mrs. Viele chooses to recognize him. Then follow rapid sentences in the guttural tone, she executes her judgment in supplying his wants and hands out the parcel, but the figure stands silently and motionless as before. Time passes, and soon the Indian is leaning against the center post. A little later the position is swiftly changed, and next when one thinks of him the figure has vanished and rejoined the group who are smoking their cigarettes by the fence. Money is seldom paid until after their crops are sold. With the squaw the transaction is different in this respect. Like her European sister, every piece of cloth has to be unrolled before purchasing; otherwise it is much the same as with the men. Both men and women are very coarse, education and morality are on a very low plane, the marital vow seems to be but little regarded, and it is no uncommon thing to see, within the shadow of the mission walls, five or six couples living in common in one room. The race is fast dying out from disease, for which the white people are largely responsible. Unable to cope with these new ills, suspicious of the government doctor, and treated like common property by the lower white element in the mountain regions, the Indians are jealous and distrustful of all; even the sick, instead of being brought to the settlement for treatment, are secreted in the hills. One old squaw of uncertain age came each day in a clumsy shuffle to the gate, and there sank her fat body into an almost indistinguishable heap of rags and flesh. The gift of a cigarette would temporarily arouse her to animation; otherwise she would sit there for hours, apparently oblivious to all that was passing, and certainly ignored by all in the house except myself. The education of the Indian here is a serious problem. They do not attend the county school, nor are they encouraged to come, as their morals are demoralizing to the rest of the class. The chief, or captain, is elected by the tribe, and, though only about 30 years of age, the present one has had his position a long time. His duties are light, and he is careful in executing his authority. He is a reasonably bright fellow, speaks English fairly well and often succeeds in securing justice for his tribe in the way of government supplies. The balance of his time he cul-

tivates a little patch of garden, and seems to enjoy life after the Indian fashion.

Procuring the church keys was not so simple a matter, as the building is now closed and services are held at very rare intervals. This is the result of a litigation. The law has invaded this sheltered haven. Years ago, when times were different and the mission was making some pretense to be a living church, in the course of their duties a party of government surveyors came here. As a result of their surveys one of them told Mr. Viele in confidence that the entire mission buildings, olive orchards and lands were all on government property. Mr. Viele at once took steps to claim all, and did so. The secret leaked out, and others came in and attempted to settle on parts of the property under various claims of title, and soon the Catholic church and the claimants were engaged in a long lawsuit, which proved the death struggle of the church's interests. Mr. Viele emerged victorious, sole owner of the church, the orchard, the bells, and even the graveyard. Afterward, by deed of gift, he gave the church authorities the tumble-down ruin of the church, the dark adobe robing room, the bells and the graveyard, but, because Mr. Viele still withheld the valuable lands from the church, no services are held there, and the quarrel has gone on year by year. Mr. Viele clings to what he terms his legal rights, and the church is locked up and the Indian left largely to his own devices. Once in possession of the keys, we found them immense pieces of iron, and it took some time to unlock the door. The services of one of the Indian pupils materially assisted us in our investigations. The church is a veritable curiosity, narrow, long, low and dark, with adobe walls and heavy beams roughly set in the sides to furnish support for the roof. Canes and tules constitute this part of the structure. The earthen walls are covered with rude paintings of Indian design and of strange coloring that have preserved their tone very well indeed. Great square bricks badly worn pave the floor, and, set in deep niches along the walls at intervals, are various utensils of battered copper and brass that would arouse the cupidity of a collector of bric-a-brac. The door is strongly barred and has iron plates set with large rivets. The strange light that comes through the narrow windows and broken roof sheds an unnatural glow on the paintings upon the walls and puts into strange relief the ruined altar far distant in the church. Three wooden images yet remain upon the altar, but they are sadly broken and their vestments are gone. One is a statue of St. Louis, and is held in great veneration by the Indians. They say it was secretly brought from the San Luis Rey Mission and placed here for safe keeping. When the annual reunion of the Indians takes place this image is

decorated in cheap trappings and occupies the post of honor in the procession. The robing room is a small, dark apartment behind the altar, where not a ray of light could enter. We dragged a trunkful of altar trappings and saints' vestments out into the light. The dust lay thickly upon the garments in these old chests, and it is to be hoped that no one with a shade less of morality than we had will ever explore their treasures, or the church may be robbed and the images suffer much loss of their decorative attire. Undoubtedly everything of value has long since been removed, but what remains is very quaint and odd, being largely of Indian workmanship. Everything about this simple structure spoke of slow and patient work by the native workmen, and it needed but little imaginative power to conjure up the scene when men were hauling trees from the mountains, making the shallow, square bricks, preparing the adobe, and later painting these walls as earnestly perhaps as did some of the greater artists in the gorgeous chapels of cultivated Rome. The hinges creaked loudly and the great key grated harshly in the rusty lock as we spent some time in securing the fastenings at our departure. The beauty of the valley and the bright sunlight were in great contrast to the cool shadows of the dimly-lighted church. Once outside, we again made the circuit of the outlying walls, where birds sing and grasses grow from the ruined walls of the adobes. Through gaps in them we passed from one enclosure to another, this one roofless, that one nearly so, and a third so patched up as to hold a few Indians who make it their home, and in tiny gardens cultivate a few flowers or vegetables and prepare their food in basins sunken in the firm earth. A few baskets are yet left in this community, but of poor quality, the more valuable ones having been long since gathered by collectors, or sold and gambled by the Indians themselves. Many curious relics still exist, however, for those who are willing to pay several times the value of each article. Contrary to the general belief the dull, brutish squaw knows the value of money as a purchaser of tobacco and cheap prints, and will cling to her baskets until the last penny is offered.

When my friend the Chinaman made his search for highbinders among the buildings, I generally left him as we passed the old bell tower, and sat down to enjoy the glorious view in front of me. Pictures of Californian missions are common enough, but these of Pala are rare. Not one in a thousand knows anything of this place, and hence the small demand for artists to make the pilgrimage. But after several trips to all the missions, I believe this to have the most beautiful location. The charm of charms to me, apart from the natural scenery, were these bells, before the present daub of plaster

was recently put on the tower, and not a day passed without some time spent with them. The belfry stands some distance from the old mission building, and rises from the flat plain so as to be a beautiful landmark from every point in the valley. The architecture is graceful and harmonious to the surroundings, as only the old mission fathers knew how to design, and which those competent to judge claim to be almost unique in its beauty. Not a bell at this old mission but has its history and legend. They have rung for war and peace, and have seen the glory and decadence of the mission life; but now rusted, and some of them broken, they hang silently in their ruined towers to peal forth only on special occasions when the old life is revived during the yearly festival, for then games and dances occupy the hours of day and night. The walls of this belfry are weakening; each rain and earthquake lessens their stability, and some day the heavy bells will sink down with the crumbling walls and find their resting place among the graves that now surround the spot. A small picket fence keeps stray stock from desecrating the graves of the sleeping dead; but nature is not to be thus balked, and weeds and flowers have crept in and formed a growth over graves and stones.

These are the famed spots for midday dreams and moonlight meditations. The scream of the peacock, the howl of the coyote and the clattering hoofs of some Indian pony on the road are all the sounds that break the solemn stillness. After such an evening I have seen the gleam of John's lantern and rejoined him for a ghostly walk in the ruins before retiring to sleep the sleep of the just, while I dreamed of the little brush booths in front of the church again being occupied by the Indians and vaqueros, and heard the sound of the guitar and the tread of dancing feet, and witnessed the games of skill and daring, the fancy riding, the lariat throwing and the many old time sports until my slumbers ended with the dawn.

On festive occasions I have seen riding in Ventura county, Spanish dances at Capistrano, sheep shearing frolics in San Diego, and Spanish games near the Puente hills; and, while all was quiet during my stay at Pala, yet I count it as one of my most pleasant recollections of rambling travel, and the kind invitations of Mrs. Viele to soon return found a ready acceptance as I stood upon the river bank and waved farewell.

SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF LOS ANGELES, SEPTEMBER, 1846.

J. M. GUINN.

[Read October 2, 1893.]

There are few events in the acquisitions of California by the Americans, of which, considering its importance, so little is known as the expulsion of Captain Gillespie and his garrison from Los Angeles by the Mexican forces under Gen. José Maria Flores and Serbulo Varela, and the subsequent occupation of the city by Flores and his army September 30, 1846. The bear flag had been raised in Sonoma, Sloat had taken possession of Monterey, and Montgomery of Yerba Buena, or San Francisco. All Northern and Central California had passed under American rule, and not a battle had been fought nor a shot fired. Castro, the commanding general of the Californians, had fled southward and was endeavoring to arouse his countrymen in Southern California to resist the advance of the Americans. Commodore Stockton, who had succeeded Com. Sloat in command of the U. S. naval forces on the Pacific Coast, and Fremont, who might be considered in command of the land forces, determined to complete the conquest of Alta California. Fremont, with his exploring party recruited to a battalion of one hundred and twenty men, sailed for San Diego. Stockton, with three hundred and sixty marines and six pieces of light artillery, landed at San Pedro. The plan of operations was for Fremont to obtain horses at San Diego, and with his men mounted and acting as cavalry, join forces with Stockton and attack Castro, who was reported encamped on the mesa just outside of Los Angeles. Castro's forces were variously estimated at from five hundred to fifteen hundred men, with ten pieces of artillery. It was also rumored that Castro was fortifying his camp and would give battle to the invaders. Fremont, failing to find horses at San Diego, marched his battalion on foot to join Stockton. Stockton, who in the meantime had been drilling his marines at San Pedro in military movements on land, moved his troops against Castro. He and Fremont joined forces just south of the city and entered it without opposition. Castro's forces on the approach of Stockton had dispersed, the larger portion of them fleeing by way of the Arroyo Seco to the Rancho San Pasqual, where Pasadena is now located. The General, with several of his officers,

fled to Mexico by way of the San Gorgonia Pass. Governor Pio Pico retired to the Yorba Rancho on the upper Santa Ana, afterwards making his way to Mexico. Stockton, in his "Military and Naval Operations in California," reports finding at Castro's abandoned "Campo en La Mesa," "ten pieces of artillery, four of them spiked." Fremont, in his memoirs, says that Castro had ten pieces of artillery, part of which he buried. Don Antonio F. Coronel, who was in charge of Castro's artillery, says the Californians had eight guns — four iron and four bronze pieces. The bronze guns were buried in the sands of the Arroyo Seco, the iron pieces were probably spiked and abandoned. Castro's "Campo en La Mesa" was located on what is now Boyle Heights, near the present site of the Sisters' Orphan Asylum.

With the fall of Los Angeles the conquest of California was completed. All of the vast territory of Alta California, greater in extent than that of the thirteen colonies at the time of the American Revolution, had been subjected to the United States without bloodshed — without even the firing of a gun. And stranger still, the conquest had been made without official knowledge by Stockton and Fremont that war had been declared between the United States and Mexico. Los Angeles was captured on the 13th of August. A few days later Midshipman McRea arrived at San Pedro in a Mexican brig via Vera Cruz and Acapulco, disguised as a British officer, bringing official dispatches from the Secretary of the Navy, George Bancroft, that war had been declared between the two countries. War had been declared on the 11th of May, and it had taken three months to get the news to California. The first seizure and occupation of California was a filibustering scheme on a gigantic scale. Just what would have been the consequence, or how the question of the seizure would have been adjusted between the two nations had war not been declared, must be left to conjecture.

With California in his possession and the official information that war existed between the United States and Mexico, Stockton set about organizing a government for the conquered province. Fremont was to be appointed military governor. Detachments of his battalion were to be detailed to garrison different towns, while Stockton, with what recruits he could gather in California and his marines, was to make a naval expedition against the west coast of Mexico, land his forces at Mazatlan or Acapulco, and march overland to "shake hands with Gen. Taylor at the gates of Mexico." Commodore Stockton, regarding the conquest of California as complete, appointed Captain Gillespie military commandant of the southern department, with headquarters at Los Angeles and a garrison of fifty men. He

left Los Angeles for the north September 2d. Fremont, with thirty-five men of his battalion, took up his line of march for Monterey a few days later. Gillespie's instructions were to maintain military rule in accordance with the Commodore's proclamation. The city was to be placed under martial law, but he was authorized to grant exemptions from the more burdensome restrictions to quiet and well disposed citizens, at his discretion, and a conciliatory policy in accordance with instructions of the Secretary of the Navy was to be adopted, and the people were to be encouraged to "neutrality, self government and friendship."

All historians who have written upon this subject lay the blame for the subsequent uprising of the Californians and their rebellion against the rule of the military commandant, Gillespie—to his petty tyrannies—"to his attempt, by a coercive system, to effect a moral and social change in the habits, diversions and pastimes of the people, and to reduce them to his standard of prosperity. "Gillespie, no doubt, was lacking in tact, and his schooling in the navy under the tyrannical regime of the quarter-deck of fifty years ago, still further unfitted him for governing a people unused to government.

Los Angeles was noted as the hot-bed of sedition and revolution. It had a turbulent and restless element among its inhabitants that was never happier than when fomenting strife and conspiring to overthrow those in power. Of this class, Colton, writing in 1846, says: "They drift about like Arabs. If the tide of fortune turns against them they disband and scatter to the four winds. They never become martyrs to any cause. They are too numerous to be brought to punishment by any of their governors, and thus escape justice." There was a conservative class in the territory, made up principally of the large landed proprietors, both native and foreign born, but these exerted small influence in controlling the turbulent. While Los Angeles had a monopoly of this turbulent and revolutionary element, other settlements in the territory furnished their full quota of that class of political knight errants whose chief pastime was revolution and whose capital consisted of a gayly caparisoned steed, a riata, a lance, a dagger and possibly a pair of horse pistols. In the ten years immediately preceding the conquest, California had had ten different governors and almost as many revolutions. Only the year before, at the bloodless battle of Cahuenga, Micheltorena, the lawfully appointed governor, had been compelled to abdicate by the insurrectionists under Pico and Castro, and had been deported to Mexico.

That Stockton should have left Gillespie so small a garrison to keep the city and surrounding country in subjection, shows that he was either ignorant of the character of the people with whom he had

to deal, or that he placed too great reliance in the completeness of their subjection. With Castro's men in the city, or dispersed among the neighboring ranchos, many of them still retaining their arms, and all of them ready to rally at a moment's notice to the call of their leaders; with no reinforcements nearer than five hundred miles to come to the aid of Gillespie in case of an uprising, it was foolhardiness in Stockton to entrust the holding of the most important place in California to a mere handful of men, half disciplined and poorly equipped, without fortifications for defense or supplies to hold out in case of siege.

Scarcely had Stockton and Fremont with their men left the city before trouble began. The turbulent element of the city fomented strife and seized every occasion to annoy and harass the military commandant and his men. While his "petty tyrannies," so called, which were probably nothing more than the enforcement of martial law, were the immediate provocation, the real trouble was more deep seated. The Californians, without provocation on their part and without really knowing the cause why, found their country invaded, their property taken from them and their government in the hands of an alien race, foreign to them in customs and religion. They would have been a tame and spiritless people indeed had they neglected the opportunity that Stockton's blundering gave them to regain their liberties. They did not waste much time. Within two weeks after Stockton had sailed from San Pedro hostilities began, and the city was in a state of siege. Gillespie thus describes the first attack (*Bancroft's History*, Vol. V): "On the 22nd [of September], at three o'clock in the morning, a party of sixty-five Californians and Sonoreños made an attack upon my small command quartered in the government house. We were not wholly surprised, and with twenty-one rifles we beat them back, without loss to ourselves, killing and wounding three of their number. When daylight came Lieutenant Hensley, with a few men, took several prisoners and drove the Californians from the town. This party was merely the nucleus of a revolution commenced and known to Col. Fremont before he left Los Angeles. In twenty-four hours six hundred well mounted horsemen, and armed with escopetas, lances and one fine brass piece of light artillery, surrounded Los Angeles and summoned me to surrender. There were three old honey-combed iron guns (spiked) in the corral of my quarters, which we at once cleared and mounted upon the axles of carts."

Serbulo Varela, a young man of some ability but of a turbulent and reckless character, had been the leader at first, but, as the uprising assumed the character of a revolution, Castro's old officers came

to the front. Capt. José Maria Florés was chosen as Commandante-General, José Antonio Corrillo was made Mayor-General and Andrés Pico Commandante de Escuadron. The main camp of the insurgents was at a place called Paredon Blanco (White Bluff), located on the mesa east of the river, near the present residence of Mrs. Hollenbeck.

On the 24th of September, from the camp on the White Bluff, was issued the famous Pronunciamento de Varela y otros Californios contra Los Americanos (The Proclamation of Varela and other Californians against the Americans). It was signed by Serbulo Varela, Leonardo Cota and over three hundred others. Although this proclamation is generally credited to Florés, there is no evidence to show that he had anything to do with framing it. He promulgated it over his signature October 1st. It was intended to fire the Californian heart and arouse his latent patriotism. It has been the custom of American writers of California history to sneer at this production as florid and bombastic. In fiery invective and fierce denunciation it is the equal, if not the superior, of Patrick Henry's famous "Give me liberty or give death!" Its recital of wrongs are brief but to the point: "And shall we be capable of permitting ourselves to be subjugated and to accept in silence the heavy chains of slavery? Shall we lose the soil inherited from our fathers which cost them so much blood? Shall we leave our families victims of the most barbarous servitude? Shall we wait to see our wives outraged, our innocent children beaten by the American whips, our property sacked, our temples profaned, to drag out a life full of shame and disgrace? No! a thousand times no! Compatriots, death rather than that! Who of you does not feel his heart beat and his blood boil on contemplating our situation? Who will be the Mexican that will not be indignant and rise in arms to destroy our oppressors? We believe there will be not one so vile and cowardly!" The Americans had been summoned to surrender and the city was surrounded and besieged by the Californians. Gillespie's supplies were cut off and his situation was growing desperate. He had mounted his cannon on Fort Hill, but whether he still retained possession of the government house (located on the site now occupied by the St. Charles Hotel) is uncertain. There was but little firing between the combatants, an occasional sortie and a volley of rifle balls by the Americans when the Californians approached too near. The Californians were well mounted but poorly armed, their weapons being principally short-range muskets, pistols, lances, and riatas, while the Americans were armed with long-range rifles, of which the Californians had a whole-

some dread. The fear of these arms and his cannon doubtless saved Gillespie and his men from capture.

On the 24th Gillespie dispatched a messenger to Monterey and San Francisco to apprise Stockton of his perilous situation. His dispatch bearer—John Brown, better known by his California nick-name, Juan Flaco or Lean John—made one of the most wonderful rides recorded in history. To paraphrase Whittier's "Skipper Ireson's Ride"—

"Of all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme,
The fleetest ride that ever was sped"

was Juan Flaco's ride from Los Angeles to San Francisco. Brown's own story is in substance as follows:

"With a package of cigarettes, the paper of each bearing the inscription 'Believe the bearer' and stamped with Gillespie's seal, he started at 8 p. m. September 24, hotly pursued by fifteen Mexicans. His horse, incited by a bullet through his body, cleared a ravine thirteen feet wide, and fell after running two miles. Then he started on foot, carrying his spurs for twenty-seven miles to Las Virgines. Here he was joined by Tom Lewis, and they reached Santa Barbara at 11 p. m. of the 25th. At the same hour of the 26th, having been furnished horses successively by Lieut. Talbot, Thomas Robbins and Lewis Burton on showing the magic cigarettes, they camped between San Miguel and San Luis Obispo, where Lewis gave out, but Brown started again next morning, and late at night reached Monterey. Not finding Stockton at Monterey, he started at sunrise for San Francisco on a race horse belonging to Job Dye. Larkin aided him at San Jose, where he was detained four hours, and he reached Yerba Buena at 8 p. m. of the 28th—630 miles in four days!"* Colton, who was Alcalde at Monterey, notes Brown's arrival at that place on the evening of the 29th. Colton says in his "Three Years" that he (Brown) rode the whole distance of 460 miles in fifty-two hours, during which time he had not slept. "His intelligence was for Commodore Stockton, and in the nature of the case was not committed to paper, except a few words rolled in a cigar fastened in his hair. But the Commodore had sailed for San Francisco, and it was necessary he should go 140 miles further. He was quite exhausted and was allowed to sleep three hours. Before day he was up and away on his journey." According to Colton and Stockton he arrived at San Francisco on the 30th. Counting the time lost by the death of his horse, he probably made the ride in five days. Colton makes the distance 600 miles. Following the sinuosities of the coast and

*Foot note Vol. V, Bancroft's History of California.

zigzagging to avoid hostile parties of Californians, doubtless he did ride that distance.

Longfellow has immortalized the "Ride of Paul Revere," Robert Browning tells in stirring verse of the riders who brought the good news from Ghent to Aix, and Buchanan Read thrills us with the heroic measures of "Sheridan's Ride." No poet has sung of Juan Flaco's wonderful ride, fleetest, longer and more perilous than any of these. Flaco rode 600 miles through the enemy's country to bring aid to a besieged garrison, while Revere and Jorris and Sheridan were in the country of friends, or protected by an army from enemies.

Gillespie's situation was growing more and more desperate each day. The fight at the Chino Rancho had resulted in the capture of Wilson's riflemen, who were on their march to aid Gillespie. In the charge upon the adobe where Wilson and his men had taken refuge Carlos Ballestaros had been killed and several Californians wounded. This, and Gillespie's obstinate resistance, had embittered the Californians against him and his men. The Chino prisoners had been saved from massacre after their surrender by the firmness and bravery of Varela. If Gillespie continued to hold the town his obstinacy might bring down the vengeance of the Californians, not only upon him and his men, but upon many of the American residents of the south who had favored their countrymen.

Finally Florés issued his ultimatum to the Americans—surrender within twenty-four hours or take the consequences of an onslaught by the Californians, which might result in the massacre of the entire garrison. In the meantime he kept his cavalry deployed on the hills, completely investing the American forces. Before the expiration of the time allowed, upon the persuasion and advice of Wilson, who had been permitted by Florés to intercede with Gillespie, articles of capitulation were drawn up and signed by Gillespie and the leaders of the Californians. On the 30th of September the Americans marched out of the city with all the honors of war, drums beating, colors flying and two pieces of artillery mounted on carts drawn by oxen. They arrived at San Pedro without molestation, and four or five days later embarked on the merchant ship *Vandalia*, which, however, did not at once leave the port. Gillespie in his march was accompanied by a few of the American residents and probably a dozen of the Chino prisoners, who had been exchanged for the same number of Californians whom he had held under arrest, most likely as hostages.

Gillespie took two cannon with him when he evacuated the city, and left two spiked and broken on Fort Hill. There seems to have been a proviso in the articles of capitulation requiring him to deliver over the guns to Florés on reaching the embarcadero. If there was

such a stipulation Gillespie violated it. He spiked the guns, broke off the trunnions and rolled them into the bay. These four guns were probably the same that Stockton reported having found in Castro's abandoned camp. Marshall, of gold discovery fame, claims to have unspiked the guns with a hammer and cold chisel, and upon improvised carriages they were mounted on Fort Hill.

The revolt inaugurated by Varela at Los Angeles spread throughout the territory. The American garrisons were driven out of San Diego and Santa Barbara. Monterey and San José were placed under martial law, and a number of sanguinary engagements followed before Stockton, Kearney and Fremont regained what Gillespie (through Stockton's blundering) lost in the surrender of Los Angeles.

REMINISCENCES OF LOS ANGELES IN THE FIFTIES AND EARLY SIXTIES.

H. D. BARROWS.

[NOTE—The following series of papers (five in number) were read at the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the organization of the Historical Society of Southern California, November 2, 1893. It was the intention of the committee in charge to carry down the history of Southern California through six decades by a series of ten-minute papers written by members of the society cognizant of the events they described. The first paper—the decade between 1830 and 1840—was assigned to Col. J. J. Warner, first president of the society, a pioneer who came to Los Angeles December, 1831; the second, the decade between 1840 and 1850, was assigned to Don Antonio F. Coronel, the first vice-president of the society at its organization. He came to Los Angeles in 1834. Unfortunately both these gentlemen were unable, on account of sickness, to furnish the papers. —J. M. G., Ed.]

It is not an easy matter to adequately picture to the denizen of Los Angeles of 1893 life as it existed in this pueblo thirty and forty years ago.

In the first place, it will be helpful to remember that this city was then but a partially Americanized Spanish, or Mexican, settlement of less than five thousand souls, far removed from the centers of population of either Mexico, to which it formerly belonged, or of the United States, whose laws and customs and language had, at that time, but recently been introduced; and that it was not easily accessible, both by reason of its great distance from the Atlantic States and because of the meagerness of its means of communication with the rest of the world. We had no railroads in those days, nor telegraphs, prior to 1860; steamers arrived twice a month at our only port, San Pedro, bringing us mails and news from the outside world to partially relieve our isolation. The great Butterfield overland stage route between San Francisco and St. Louis via Los Angeles was established in 1858. That was one of the longest stage routes in the world, and one of the best, as I had occasion to know, for I rode over it from here to St. Louis on my wedding trip in 1860-'61, a distance of about nineteen hundred miles, traveling night and day for eighteen days and twenty hours, passing through the then hostile Apache Indian country of Arizona and New Mexico, and of the Comanches of Northern Texas. The "Overland Corrals" in this city were on the site of this Roeder Block, wherein we celebrate tonight this tenth anniversary of our Historical Society.

The telegraph line from San Francisco to this city was completed October 8, 1860. I had the honor of sending the first dispatch to the

San Francisco press. Here it is, as printed in the Bulletin on the date in which it is sent :

"LOS ANGELES, Oct. 9, 10:45 a. m., 1860,—Here is the maiden salutation of Los Angeles to San Francisco by lightning ! This dispatch—the first to the press from this point—the correspondent of the Bulletin takes pleasure in communicating in behalf of his fellow-citizens. The first intelligible communication by the electric wire was received here last night at about 8 o'clock, and a few hours later, at a grand and brilliant ball given in honor of the occasion, dispatches were read from San Francisco announcing the complete working of the entire line. Speeches were made in the crowded ball-room by E. J. C. Kewen and F. McCraellish. News of Col. Baker's election in Oregon to the United States Senate electrified the Republicans, but the Breckinridgers doubted it at first. It was suggested that they go hang the 'De Santy.' He assured them that it was 'all right'—they could bet their lives on that.

"Just before leaving yesterday Senator Latham planted the first telegraphic pole from this point east, assisted by a concourse of citizens. He made a short but felicitous address. * * * The steamer Senator leaves San Pedro tonight with about three thousand boxes of grapes."

Among the salient events of the late '50s (I came here in the latter part of '54) were the extermination of the organized band of robbers which infested this county in the winter of 1856-'7, and which massacred Sheriff James R. Barton and three men of his posse near San Juan Capistrano ; the great earthquake of January 9, 1857 ; the rendezvous here and passage through Los Angeles of the Crabbe filibuster party of over one hundred men, the greater portion of whom were exterminated as invaders at Cavorca, Sonora ; the arrival of the camels in January, 1858 ; the "Mormon rebellion," which stirred up our people greatly, the same year ; the recall of the Mormon settlers at San Bernardino to Great Salt Lake City by the Mormon elders, etc.

In 1857 the colony system, which has contributed so much to the settlement and to the social and material prosperity of California, was inaugurated by a company of fifty shareholders, mostly Germans of San Francisco, who purchased eleven or twelve hundred acres of land of Pacifico Onteveras, near the Santa Ana River, which they named Anahome, or Anaheim. It was placed in charge of an engineer and general manager, Mr. George Hansen, for many years and still a resident of this city, who divided it into fifty twenty-acre vineyard

homes, which the owners afterward mostly occupied—some of them, or their children, to this day.

In 1859 the Mojave Indians were very troublesome, and Gen. Clarke, commander of the Pacific Military Division, made Los Angeles his headquarters pending the Mojave war, which was conducted in the field by Col. Hoffman, who soon subjected the hostile savages.

During each winter for years, or till the continental railroad was built, an extensive trade was carried on between this city and Salt Lake City and other settlements in Utah. The people of that Territory had no outlet in winter except in this direction, deep snows rendering both the Sierra Nevadas and the Rocky Mountains impassable. The distance of Los Angeles from Salt Lake City was about seven hundred miles, and the road was level and always free from snows. Even the supplies which the "saints" obtained in San Francisco during the winter season were shipped by steamer to San Pedro, and were hauled from thence by teams to their various points of destination in Central and Southern Utah. An immense number of Mormon teams used to come here every winter for years after goods, and I think this continued till 1869, or till the Central and Union Pacific Railroads were completed, thereby opening communication with the outside world both easterly and westerly to the Great Salt Lake basin at all seasons of the year.

I am tempted to recall here some of the names of the more or less prominent citizens who lived in Los Angeles, or in Los Angeles county, in the latter half of the fifties and the first half of the sixties, although to those of you who knew them not they signify but little, perhaps no more than so many blanks; but to us who survive and who mingled freely with them and knew them somewhat intimately each name recalls a distinct personality and a flood of reminiscences of a former generation to which—and I know you will pardon our weakness—we cannot but turn with fond recollections. Among the residents of this city who were also ranch owners were Abel Stearns, owner of many ranchos; John Temple of Los Cerritos, Ygnacio del Valle of Camulos, B. D. Wilson of San Pasqual, William Wolfskill, grantee of a rancho in the upper country; ex-Gov. Pio Pico of El Ranchito, Gen. Andrés Pico of Mission San Fernando, Capt. Alexander Bell of La Providencia, L. V. Prudhomme of Cucamongo, Henry Dalton of Azusa, etc. Of the rancheros who lived on their ranchos with their families there were Julio Verdugo, owner of San Rafael; Vicente de la Osa of El Encino, Antonio M. Lugo and his sons of La Laguna and San Bernardino; the three brothers, Manuel, Nsario and Pedro Dominguez of the Rancho San Pedro; the Abilas (several families) of Tajauta, La Cienega and La Centinela; Thomas

A. Sanchez of Sausal Redondo, William Workman and John Rowland of La Puente, Francisco Temple of La Merced, the Yorbos of the Rancho Santa Ana, Lemuel Carpenter of the Santa Gertrudes or Los Nietos, Jose Sepulveda of the San Joaquin, Juan Maria and Dolores Sepulveda of the San Vicente, Col. Isaac Williams of El Chino, Francisco Ocampo of Los Coyotes, Manuel Garfias of San Pascual, etc. A history of each of these rancheros, nearly all of whom I knew, and of their ranchos, many of which were as large as some European principalities, and of their families and of the various lines of their posterity, would fill a big book, and, if artistically, i. e., ideally, and sympathetically written, as Mrs. Jackson would have written it, should be exceedingly interesting, to those at least who have made their homes here, where those men of a past epoch once bore sway. I think such a history will some day be written. To quote Bancroft's observation concerning the early Governors of California, those who think these men were colorless nonentities, that is, that they were lacking in the strongly-marked qualities of genuine manhood, certainly have but little knowledge of their real character. Of other classes more or less prominent of those days there were Judges Benjamin Hayes and William G. Dryden, both picturesque characters; United States Judge I. S. K. Ogier, Lawyers Johnathan R. Scott, Ezra Drown, J. L. Brent, E. J. C. Kewen, K. H. Dimmick, Columbus Sims, J. R. Gitchell, C. E. Thom, J. H. Lander, V. E. Howard, at a late period Superior Judge; Murray Morrison, B. C. Whiting, etc.; Mayors Stephen C. Foster, J. G. Nichols, Dr. Thomas Foster, Henry Mellus, D. Marchessault, etc.; Drs. Richard S. Den, John S. Griffin, R. T. Hayes, T. J. White, W. B. Osbourn, A. B. Hayward; Drug-gists Downey and McFarland, H. R. Myles, J. C. Welsh, V. Gelcich; priests in the '50s, Revs. Blas Raho (Roman Catholic), James Woods and William E. Boardman (Presbyterian), and in the '60s, Alex. Parker (Congregational), E. Birdsall (Episcopalian), Adam Bland (Methodist), R. C. Fryer (Baptist), etc. The Roman Catholic bishop of this diocese was Thaddeus Amat, and the Episcopal bishop (resident in San Francisco) was William Ingraham Kip. The local merchants of that period from, say 1855 to '65, as I remember them, were F. Mellus, Johnson, Wheeler & Allanson, N. A. Potter, C. Ducommun, John Jones, Corbitt & Barker, Lazard & Kremer, M. Keller, Foy Bros., Workman Bros., Hellman Bros. (I. M. and Sam), the Lanfranco Bros. (Juan T. and Mateo), J. Schumacker, L. Leck, Santiago Bollo, O. W. Childs, Hale, Hicks, Newmark, Norton & Greenbaum, Prager & Morris, Mallard, Wadhams and others. Perry & Brady, and afterward Perry & Woodworth, and William Abbott were cabinet makers. John Goller was a notable blacksmith and

wagon-maker. In those days of teaming, before the coming of railroads, Goller's wagons were known all over Southern California and Arizona, and I think some of them went to Utah and Southern Nevada. Roeder and Lichtenberger and Louis Breer ("Iron-clad Louie," as he was known) were employees of Goller, but later they went into business for themselves. Among the well-known land surveyors of those early times were George Hansen, Major H. Hancock, F. Lecouvreur, William Moore, A. F. Waldemar, L. Seebold, E. Hadley and W. P. Reynolds. Cols. Washington and Washburn were employed in government surveys in this vicinity for a considerable period. H. Penelon was the pioneer photographer and fresco painter. Dr. Obed Macey established the first bath house, on the lot where his son, Oscar Macey, now resides. Ygnacio Coronel, father of Hon. A. F. Coronel, maintained and taught a private school in the early '50s, as I knew, and perhaps before that time. William Wolfskill employed private tutors for his own and some of his neighbors' children for many years. I think his first teacher was Rev. J. W. Douglas, founder of the San Francisco religious journal *The Pacific*. He was succeeded in turn by Miss Goodnow, now the wife of Hon. H. J. Wells of Cambridge, Mass.; by the writer of this paper (from the last of 1854 till the last of '58), by A. F. Waldemar and others. The sisters of charity have maintained an orphans' school from some time in the '50s to the present. The venerable Sister Scholastica, now far advanced in years, was long the superior of this school. Good Sister Ann, so well known to all the old settlers and still tenderly remembered by those who survive, was at the head of the Sisters' Hospital for many years. The "Germanians" supported a private school in a small frame building on the same lot whereon the Turnverein is now erecting its fine brick block.

The *Star* newspaper was started here, I think, in 1851, by Lewis & McElroy, and was published many years by J. S. Waite, J. P. Brodie, William A. Wallace, H. Hamilton, etc. Besides the *Star*, the *Southern Californian* was published in 1854-'6 by Butts & Wheeler. Among the printers employed on the latter paper, which was printed in the corrugated-iron houses on the site of the Central block on Spring street, were Oscar Macey and "Billy" (W. H.) Workman (since Mayor of the city), both of whom, and Col. Wheeler, the editor, are still residents of this city. Later, Col. J. J. Warner, now 86 years of age, edited and published the *Semi-Weekly Vineyard*, and F. P. Ramirez printed *El Clamor Publico* in Spanish, English and French. Other early newspapers were the *Southern News*, by Conway & Waite, and the *Republican*, by J. B. Dubois.

The pioneer growers of oranges and other citrus fruits in Southern California were the fathers of Mission San Gabriel, Louis Vignes and William Wolfskill.

Matthew Keller, J. L. Sainsevain, Kohler & Frohling, Edward Naud and Vaché Bros. were early wine merchants.

All goods shipped to and from our then only port, San Pedro, had to be "lightered," and this business was carried on in the '50s by A. W. Timms, P. Banning and Tomlinson & Co., the latter firm consisting of J. J. Tomlinson and J. M. Griffith. These parties used to do an immense amount of freighting between San Pedro and Los Angeles and many points in the interior, including Forts Tejon, Mojave and Yuma.

John D. Woodworth was postmaster here under Buchanan. He was succeeded by Dr. T. J. White. William G. Still served under Lincoln, and after him came Capt. George J. Clarke.

J. W. Shore was County Clerk several terms, and he was succeeded by Charles R. Johnson and Thomas D. Mott.

J. R. Barton, James Thompson, Tomas A. Sanchez and William C. Getman were successively Sheriffs of the county. H. N. Alexander was long County Treasurer, as was also M. Krémer.

Julian Chavez, Elijah Moulton and Mariano Ruiz lived on the east side of the river below the present Downey avenue viaduct, and Louis Wilhardt, who had a tannery, and Joseph Mullaly lived on the west side. Further down, on the east bank, were Theodore Bors, who had a flour mill on the site of the Stern distillery, and José Buelna and Francisco ("Chico") Lopez, and Andrew A. Boyle, after whom Boyle Heights were named, with his vineyard and orchard in the bottoms under the bluff, and still further down lived John Behn and Felipe Lugo. José Rubio lived on Alameda street below the Coronels, and John Frohling (of Kohler & Frohling), Julius Weyse and Ramon Valenzuela lived on what is now Eighth street, and John Moran on Ninth, between Alameda and Main. Each of these latter, and others who lived outside the center of the pueblo and on lands which could be irrigated, owned and cultivated vineyards and orchards. The Reyes and Machado families lived on Main street, and John Graff had a grant of one or more blocks of land from the city. He lived in the adobe house, still standing, corner Jefferson and Figueroa streets.

There are many things in this city to remind old settlers of the brothers John and F. P. F. Temple, Juan T. and Matéo Lanfranco, and Prudent and Victor Beaudry, and of Remi Nadeau, whose long teams and trailing "prairie schooners" used to bring "base bullion" from the Owens River mines to San Pedro for shipment by the millions of pounds, and of J. W. Potts, who, with P. Beaudry, did so

much to develop and make accessible our long unoccupied hill lands near the center of the city.

In the early times, when troops were stationed at the various forts of Southern California because of the Indians, who were then much more numerous than they are now, the relations between Los Angeles and those forts seemed to be much more intimate than they are at present. Col. Beall was in command at Fort Tejon, and some of the officers under him were Capt. Davidson, afterward a distinguished cavalry commander in the Union army during the civil war; Lieut. A. B. Chapman, now a resident of this county, and others. I remember one Fourth of July (I think it was in '57) the officers and the splendid military and string band of the garrison stationed at Fort Tejon came down here and joined with our citizens and local military companies (a French company on foot, a native California company of lancers mounted, and an American company, the Southern Rifles, etc.) in celebrating our national holiday. A procession was formed, with Ralph Emerson (a cousin of Ralph Waldo Emerson) as marshal, which marched to the vineyard of Dr. Hoover, where the Declaration of Independence was read, both in English and Spanish, and an oration by Judge Myron Norton and a speech by Phineas Banning were delivered. In the evening there was a grand ball, and the band, before its return to Fort Tejon, gave a public concert.

Major Heinzelman commanded at Fort Yuma. Most of the officers and men stationed at these forts went east in the summer of 1861, embarking at San Pedro on the regular Panama-bound steamers, which called for them at our port. Captain, afterward General, W. S. Hancock was stationed as assistant quartermaster, with his family, in this city for a considerable period.

Although the people of this city were far removed from the exciting scenes of the great civil war, they could not help being intensely interested in its progress from beginning to end. Gen. Carlton commanded a force stationed for a time at Camp Latham near Ballona, which afterward moved into Arizona. Another force occupied Drumm Barracks near Wilmington, under command of Col. J. F. Curtis, where permanent quarters and an immense warehouse near the wharf were built. From this point supplies for all the forts and commands in Southern California, Arizona and New Mexico were forwarded.

A few of the persons I have named above still survive, but the majority of them have passed on and seem now but shadows, though once they were as full of life and activity as we now are who have taken their places. As I recall these and many other names of the

olden time my memory conjures up a distinct, clear-cut and often extremely interesting personality in each case, and I could tell you something of every one of them, which would, perhaps, enable you to at least dimly distinguish their portraits as we who knew them saw them, did time and the exigencies of this occasion permit. Let it be the business of our society to rescue as many names as possible of the old poblanos from oblivion.

LOS ANGELES IN THE LATER SIXTIES AND EARLY SEVENTIES.

J. M. GUINN.

I arrived at Los Angeles from San Francisco in the last year of the '60s, although my arrival in the State dated five years earlier.

In 1869 there were two routes of travel by public conveyance by which the immigrant could reach Los Angeles—by stage down the coast via San Jose, Monterey, Santa Barbara to Los Angeles, the stage route terminating at San Diego; the other by steamer to anchorage at San Pedro, reaching the landing at Wilmington, seven miles away, on one of Banning's uncomfortable tugs, and from there to Los Angeles on stage. The San Pedro and Los Angeles Railroad, the first railroad built in Southern California, was not then completed.

The fare by steamer from San Francisco to anchorage in San Pedro Bay was \$20; tug to the landing and stage to Los Angeles \$2.50 more. Stage fare from San Jose to Los Angeles, \$25. A trip by stage in those days had occasionally a sensational accompaniment that was far from agreeable. The Los Angeles Weekly Star of October 23, 1869, gives an account of a daring stage robbery that took place about 6 o'clock on the evening of October 20, within the city limits, in the cañon near the Hebrew Cemetery, almost-in sight of the Court House. Wells, Fargo & Co.'s treasure boxes were raided and six passengers stood in a line and, at the point of the pistol, divested of their wealth by four masked men. The entire booty obtained by the road agents was about \$2500.

The vessels plying between San Francisco, San Pedro and San Diego at that time were old side-wheelers that had done duty on the Pacific Coast since the days of the Argonauts. The old Pacific, on which I embarked, was one of a trio of ill-fated crafts that all came to a tragic end. The Brother Johnathan went down off the coast of Northern California, and only eleven of the 350 passengers reached land alive. The old Pacific sunk in a collision in the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and only one survived to tell the story of the disaster. The Sierra Nevada bumped herself to pieces on the rocks near Port Harford. All the passengers were saved, but a valuable cargo was consigned to Neptune.

In 1868 and '69 Southern California was in a transition state. The era of cattle and sheep raising as distinctive industries was on

the decline. Grain and fruit-raising were beginning to be recognized as the coming industries of that region. Los Angeles was experiencing its first real estate boom. Every steamer was crowded with immigrants seeking cheap lands for homes. The Stearns ranchos in the southeast part of the county, comprising over two hundred thousand acres, had been subdivided into small tracts and thrown on to the market at prices varying from \$2.50 to \$10 per acre. Just before we cast loose from the wharf at San Francisco an active young man came aboard the steamer with an armful of boom literature, the first I had seen. It was maps, plots and circulars descriptive of the lands of the Los Angeles and San Bernardino Land Company (the Stearns ranchos). These he distributed where he thought they would do the most good. A map and description of the city of Savana fell to my lot. The city was described as located on a gently sloping mesa overlooking the valley of the Santa Ana. Sites had been reserved by its founders for churches and schools, and a central location was held in reserve for a city hall. A few weeks after my arrival I visited the city. I found it on the western slope of the Coyote Hills, about six miles north of Anaheim. Long rows of white stakes marked the line of its streets. A solitary coyote on a round-top knoll, possibly the site of the prospective city hall, gazed despondently down the street upon the debris of a deserted sheep camp. The other inhabitants of the city of Savana had not arrived, nor have they to this day put in an appearance.

The principal business center of Los Angeles City in the closing years of the '60s was Los Angeles street between Arcadia and Commercial. Aliso street was one of the principal business streets of the city. All the travel from the San Gabriel, Los Nietos and Santa Ana valleys entered the city by that thoroughfare. There were no business houses then below the junction of Spring and Main. Spring street, now the great business avenue of the city, was then an obscure residence street. The aristocratic residence streets of the city were San Pedro and the west side of South Main. The wealthier residents on Main owned through the block, and fronted their stables on Spring. On Boyle Heights there were but two houses, and not more than that in East Los Angeles. The sites of these populous and wealthy suburbs were sheep pastures and cattle ranges. In 1863 over two thousand acres of the site of East Los Angeles were sold by the City Council at 50 cents an acre, and it was not considered a bargain at that. The Council forced a portion of it on the unwilling purchaser. To the best of my recollection, there was in 1869 but one house on the range of hills south of Temple and west of Hill street.

The denizens of our city a quarter of a century ago pointed

with pride to the old Court House, and told how a few years before Juan Temple had built it for a theater at a cost of \$40,000. The city offices and the city and county jails were in a long, low adobe at the corner of Spring and Franklin streets, now the site of the Phillips block. Franklin street then bore the disreputable name of "Jail street."

The leading hotels were the Bella Union, now the St. Charles, and the Lafayette, where the St. Elmo now stands. The Lafayette was a low-storied building of mixed architecture and material—adobe, brick and wood. It stood back from the street fifteen or twenty feet, with a wide porch or piazza in front. From the top of the porch railings on warm summer afternoons lines of boot soles confronted the passers-by.

Three weekly newspapers and one daily furnished mental pabulum for the entire county, which then included the area now in Orange. Subscription price, \$5 a year for a four-page, seven-column weekly. They were the Weekly Star, Henry Hamilton editor and proprietor; the Daily and Weekly News, King & Waite publishers, and the Los Angeles Republican, John B. Dubois editor and publisher. The latter paper, a few months later, starved to death for want of patronage and was buried in the journalistic graveyard of unfelt wants.

Los Angeles was the only city in the county, and Anaheim and Wilmington the only towns of any commercial importance. Pasadena—now a city of palatial homes, paved streets and massive business blocks, the wonder of the tourist and the paradise of the health-seeker, then known as the San Pasqual Rancho—was an indifferent sheep pasture, where sported the festive jackrabbit by day, and the melancholy coyote broke the stillness of the night with his dismal howls. The site of Santa Ana, a city that now boasts of five thousand inhabitants, was then devoted to cattle raising. Pomona, boasting of a population equally large, had no existence. The sites of the shipping ports and seaside resorts—Santa Monica, Long Beach and Redondo—were unpeopled wastes. No light (dressed) brigade of sportive bathers charged the angry surf. Neither keel nor oar vexed the breakers that broke on the desolate shores. Gallatin was the metropolis of the Los Nietos Valley, a town long since deserted and its existence almost forgotten. Wilmington and Anaheim Landing were the shipping ports of Los Angeles, San Bernardino and the mining regions of Arizona. Commerce has long since found ports of easier access; no flat-bottomed lighters now land cargoes on their rotting wharves.

A quarter of a century ago three school houses furnished public school facilities for the school children of Los Angeles City. School

house No. 1, corner of Spring and Second, where the Bryson block and the old City Hall now stand ; school house No. 2, on Bath street, north of the Plaza, demolished when that street was widened and changed to Main, and the San Pedro street, near the corner of Washington and San Pedro. Five teachers constituted the teaching force of the city. Now two hundred and fifty are inadequate to meet the demand. When the first county teachers' institute was held, October 31, 1870, the entire force of the county was thirty-five. Now, in the same area, it requires over seven hundred to train the young idea. The institute was held in the old Bath-street building, the Spring-street school house, corner of Spring and Second, being considered too far out of town. Population and trade drifting southward, have left the old-time centers of both in the suburbs.

There was a peculiarity then in the nomenclature of our circulating medium that has almost ceased to be used. Commercial transactions, when the amount involved was the fractional parts of a dollar, were carried on in "bits." The bit was an imaginary coin of the value of $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents. Its use in California, no doubt, grew out of the necessity of having some medium of exchange that was understood both by the American and the native Californian. The Mexican real and the American bit had the same value, $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents. The American coin approximating nearest in value to the bit was the dime. You bought an article priced at a bit and gave the dealer a ten-cent piece ; he was short $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents. If you did not have a short bit and gave him a quarter of a dollar, or "dos reales," he gave you back in change 10 cents ; then he was long, and you were short. From this the terms long bit and short bit came into use. It was not considered by the dealer good form to palm off on him two short bits for a quarter, and the acme of meanness was reached when four dimes or short bits were proffered for 50 cents. The dime was the smallest coin in circulation ; an article was worth a dime or nothing. It is needless to say that the dealer was the gainer in the long run by such a system of exchange.

October 24, 1871, occurred that event in our history known as the Chinese massacre. The direct cause of the outbreak was a highbinder war between rival factions or companies over the abduction of a Chinese woman. The warring factions had kept up, during the day, an irregular fusillade with revolvers upon each other from opposite sides of that malodorous thoroughfare "Nigger alley." That evening an American named Thompson was killed in the neighborhood of Chinatown by a stray bullet from the Chinese rioters. Several officers who attempted to stop the shooting were fired at by

the Chinese. A mob gathered and made an attack on the Chinese quarters. The Chinamen, terrified, ceased their hostilities, and, cowering in their hovels, were shot down by the rioters or dragged forth and hung. Eighteen were murdered before the better element of our population rallied in sufficient force to put down the mob. The mobocrats were incited as much by a desire for plunder as revenge. When prosecutions were begun against some of the leaders many of the other participants in the riot fled the city. Between those who were sent to the State's prison and those who left the country for the country's good, the moral atmosphere of the city was greatly purified. For some time after there was a cessation of high-binder wars in Chinatown. The United States government paid a large indemnity to China for the murder of her people.

In 1872 the railroad subsidy war agitated the voters of the county. The Southern Pacific Railroad Company proposed to build fifty miles of railroad in the county, twenty-five north and twenty-five miles east from the city, in consideration of a subsidy of 5 per cent of the entire taxable property of the county. This was met by an offer of the Texas Pacific Company to build a road from San Diego to Los Angeles, making the Angel City tributary to the City of Bay and Climate, and giving the county sixty miles of railroad. The Southern Pacific Company raised its bid by offering to extend a branch road to Anaheim, making seventy-seven miles of railroad. The war was a triangular contest. The voters were divided between the Southern Pacific, the Texas Pacific and no subsidy to any railroad. Pamphleteers and newspaper correspondents painted in roseate hues the era of prosperity that would dawn upon us when the neigh of the iron horse broke the stillness of our unpeopled valleys. "Taxpayer" and "Pro Bono Publico" bewailed the waste of the people's money and bemoaned the increase of taxes. Impassioned orators, from the stump, with the money of the rival corporations jingling in their pockets, pleaded with the obdurate voters, portrayed with moving pathos the generosity that actuated their company and anathematized the sordid greed of its rival. At the election, November 5, 1872, the Southern Pacific won, and the county was pledged to give that company \$377,000 in 7 per cent. twenty-year bonds, sixty acres of city land and \$225,000 worth of stock of the San Pedro and Los Angeles Railroad, the latter gift virtually carrying with it the control of the San Pedro Harbor—a total donation of \$610,000 in cash or its equivalent, and a monopoly on our travel and transportation that clung to us for years with the ever-tightening grip of the Old Man of the Sea. Such is an illustration of the willingness with which people mortgage the future for some fancied benefit in the present.

The great financial panic of 1873, presaged by that monetary cyclone "Black Friday in Wall street," had no immediate effect upon business in California. The years 1873 and 1874 were among the most prosperous in our history. Through good and evil report California had clung to her gold and silver money. The specific contract act of the Legislature of 1862, making debts payable in gold coin, virtually demonetized the government legal tender and the national bank notes in our State. Whether we were the gainers or losers in the end by our adherence to our metallic medium of exchange is a question that I will not discuss here. It certainly did for a time retard immigration to California from the East. The eastern immigrant landing on our shores with \$1000 in greenbacks found himself compelled, before he could make an investment, to convert his paper into gold. Theoretically, he might be convinced that the six or seven hundred dollars in golden twenties which he received in exchange were equivalent to his thousand in government legal tenders, but practically he felt that somehow he had been worsted in the exchange. Quantity even in dollars is more attractive to the average man than quality. The capitalists of the East preferred to retain their wealth where resumption of specie payment was gradual instead of instantaneous, as in California. The bulk of the immigration to Southern California in the early '70s was from the central and northern parts of our own State.

The subdivision of the large ranchos continued, and the colony system of settlement was quite popular. Of the prosperous settlements that date their foundations in 1873-'4-'5 may be named Artesia, Pomona, Indiana Colony (now Pasadena) and Santa Monica. When the first sale of lots was to take place in the latter city a steamer was chartered in San Francisco, and five hundred lot-buyers from the city by the Golden Gate were landed on the site of the "seaport city of the south," then a houseless and treeless mesa bordering on the Boca de Santa Monica. Speculation ran riot. Lots sold rapidly and at fancy prices. Tom Fitch, the silver-tongued orator of the Pacific Coast, depicted in poetic language and lofty flights of oratory the future greatness of the "Zenith City by the Sunset Sea." Rome, the "Imperial City," was not built in a day. Tom Fitch, more enterprising than Romulus or the conscript fathers, created the "Zenith City" in an hour. Notwithstanding the silver-tongued orator's extravaganzas, Santa Monica has grown to be a populous, prosperous and progressive city.

Though delayed, the financial crisis did reach us. In the fall of 1875 the monetary cyclone struck us. But that is beyond the limits of my paper.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOS ANGELES — 1875 TO 1885.

JNO. MANSFIELD.

Reminiscences of persons not specially observing may often recall events to them not deemed of sufficient importance to note at the time, but may have real significance as historical factors of local interest, not observed by the general public. The value of these observations depend upon the importance of events, as they may occur, in serving to illustrate more fully even minor points that so often and readily fade with the lapse of time. It is by the faithful record of these that history is made and perpetuated.

An intimation that on this our tenth anniversary I would be expected to relate some experiences of the decade following my entry into Los Angeles May 1, 1875, I confess that to me it seems without an incident worthy of recording.

I came, as some others did, from Sacramento by rail to Caliente, and from there to Los Angeles in a jerky wagon by courtesy called a stage, in which we floundered for twenty-four hours over mountains, plains and through gullies, more or less at the peril of our lives, till we reached San Fernando the next morning about day-break. Without rest, sleep or satisfying refreshment to this point, our judgment of men and things, as we saw them, was more or less critical. My objective point on this trip was some of the dry interior valleys of Mexico, to counteract the effects of the other sort to which for a year or more I had been subjected, entailing what seemed to me a lasting affliction of chills and fever. At San Fernando we took what appeared to be an oil or work train on the unfinished portion of the Southern Pacific Railroad from that point to Los Angeles. At that time the town of Los Angeles to a stranger appeared old, rambling and fragmentary. The only building or business block of importance was the Temple Block, which stood up alone among its less pretentious surroundings as the result of a sudden impulse of an early boomer, whose financial extinction had left its warning to other growing but undeveloped ambition of municipal grandeur or commercial greatness. Notwithstanding the unpropitious and tumbledown appearance of the place, the conditions I sought seemed to be here, and I remained; and as we were tourists, we looked over the town at our leisure (of which we had plenty), and were accorded such

attention as was supposed to be due distinguished tender-feet and possible investors.

Where the Nadeau House and First Presbyterian Church now stand was a horse corral; the same where the Hollenbeck is located; and between these now prominent hotels was Towle's blacksmith shop, with other small workshops and chicken coops. The most conspicuous structure on Main street was the "round-house." This was the inspiration of a crank, who sought to typify the creation and end of all living by the supposed luxuries of the living in his castle of the blest, with the termination of all things as represented by tombs and lay figures in the garden attached. But all this has long since passed, and not unlike man himself, who yields to the sturdy tread of superior forces behind him, gives up to the claims of an irresistible succession, and is remembered only in the future for the good or bad in life. Mr. Beaudry was then mayor, and seemed to be imbued with a laudable spirit of enterprise; but municipal support from either council or people was lacking, and in place of it Los Angeles seemed to be drifting aimlessly along, quite indifferent to the great events of the world, blissfully content in its half-tropic surroundings, emphasizing in its inertness the *dulce fac niente* of its once dominant race.

Of hotels, the St. Charles (modernized from the Bella Union), United States, La Fayette and Pico House constituted the list — all *first class*! At some of these I lived; and though I had eaten hard-tack from the tail end of an army wagon and taken my coffee and junk standing in line with more circumspection than ceremony, these morsels were sweet compared to the product of the razor-back of the vicinage and the wild bovine of the plains of Texas. My two companions, however, more fastidious than myself, became restive, and being possessed of that inquiring instinct of the Yankee to improve present conditions, encountered in their evening stroll the chicken (?) tamale man, which at once aroused their desire for trade and the possession of the tempting morsel so deftly trussed up in corn husks. Immediate success attended their negotiations, when, lo! on inspection, the alleged *chicken* proved to be the disjointed remains of jack-rabbit and sea-gull, with its ever present fish odor, which the native purveyor had attempted to modify with chille pepper and a liberal supply of the heroic and unconquerable *garlic*! At this the line was drawn as an experience not down in the guide book of the tourist, and suspended all further inquiries in that line of adjuncts to an insufficient or unsatisfactory meal. But a change soon came. A sort of financial cyclone came over the land, and in a whiff every bank in the city was closed. Two soon reopened, but the other —

Temple and Workman, which had for years been the shibboleth of the paisano and the basque, with a large other class, whose friendship was its greatest curse — went down beyond redemption. So complete was its collapse that \$300,000 of its alleged assets were sold by the receiver under an order of Judge Hoffman of the United States Court for thirty dollars. Before this, however, an attempt had been made by its owners and manager to rehabilitate the bank by an increase of capital. For this purpose a loan of \$250,000 was made from E. J. Baldwin, thinking that if it could again open its doors its old time friends would rally to its support and put it again on the high road to its former credit and prosperity. This reasoning proved fallacious. The moment its doors were reopened under this arrangement, those who had funds on deposit availed themselves of the opportunity to withdraw and close their accounts. This, with no renewals of deposits, or of business as before, resulted almost immediately in closing its doors for good. Of Mr. Temple, the manager, those who knew him felt that a large part of the bank's unfortunate condition was due to his kind and sympathetic nature. Gentle and confiding to a degree, enterprising and public spirited as well, he could not say no! and became the unconscious victim of boomers and schemers who had secured his name or money to a thousand and one moonshine enterprises, and when in their flat failure he was the only one left responsible to pay the losses. This, without a suspicion or taint of dishonesty, was one of the many ways the funds of the bank became dissipated and lost. After his failure, Mr. Temple, harassed and mortified by its calamitous results, retired to his country seat, and even there, in a supposed retreat from the business world, he was pursued by creditors, with attachments and executions, till at length he yielded to a ceaseless and all-corroding mental depression over his misfortune, and it is said he died in a sheep camp on the outlying portions of his once vast and princely estate. Those who were here can hardly recall these almost tragic incidents without a feeling of sadness — that one so uniformly gentle, sympathetic and charitable should be the victim of a fate so hard and merciless, without a further impulse of its unnecessary cruelty.

Notwithstanding the unfortunate financial situation and other drawbacks, the business year of 1876 opened with a fair outlook for increased development, which, with timely rains of the preceding winter, gave assurances to the agriculturist of fair returns for his labor, with a hope of something for export. It was during this year the Los Angeles and Independence Railroad was completed to Santa Monica, which gave to the city another outlet by railroad to the sea, besides a large amount of grading and other work on its northern

extension beyond Los Angeles. The construction of this road was largely due to the enterprise and public spirit of Mr. John P. Jones, under the supervision of Capt. Crawford, its chief engineer. But on completion of the Southern Pacific to Los Angeles the following year it soon absorbed the former road by purchase, and has ever since been run by the Southern Pacific as a part of its Southern California system.

Among some of the notable structures in Los Angeles for 1877 were the Roman Catholic Cathedral and Baker block on Main street and Odd Fellows' Hall on Spring street. Later on, however, our seeming prosperity for this year was checked by a drought and an epidemic of smallpox so malignant in character as to nearly paralyze all business, and many of those who could left for other and more encouraging fields of industry; and, although the railroad was completed in this year, giving us a through service to San Francisco, the cry of hard times continued to be heard, and the railroad, which should have been encouraged and looked upon as an industrial and commercial relief, was denounced as the author of all our misfortunes. This condition of things continued till, when the census was taken in June, 1880, Los Angeles had the beggarly number of 11,200 people, and those of us who could not get away knew by sad experience what "short commons" meant. But as time wore on the condition of things began to improve. The constitution of '79 had been adopted. New laws and new lords were looked for. Public sentiment, so long dormant as to local affairs, began to rouse itself and to demand a more thorough recognition of its rights and needs from the State.

An active and energetic legislative delegation at Sacramento had procured, in 1881, the passage of a bill for the establishment of a normal school at this place. The next year the Nadeau House was commenced, with many other substantial structures. In 1883 was held in San Francisco the great triennial convention of the Knights Templar of the United States. Through the influence of many of the order here, large numbers of this intelligent body of fraters, on their way home, were induced to stop over in Los Angeles, where they were hospitably entertained by the citizens with wine and fruit and free transportation around and through the city and country, many of whom declared that as to them it was a revelation long to be remembered, and I think it may well be claimed that from the Knights thus entertained, in connection with judicious advertising of our products and climatic comparison with other countries, was the awakening of outside public sentiment in favor of Los Angeles that resulted in a steady immigration that soon after set in and continued till the boom of 1887.

Though I came from the interior by rail and stage, the principal travel to and from the town in 1875 was by steamer, which made bi-weekly trips from San Francisco to San Diego, landing in the offing sometimes at San Pedro and sometimes at Santa Monica, and I well remember the arrival of two stages from the latter place at the Lafayette Hotel in a drenching rain on the 13th of November, the first of that year.

Of the schools of that year the most noted and principal was the High School on the hill, of which Dr. Lucky was principal. The other two that I remember were the Bath-street school and one in a small brick building on the corner of Second and Spring streets on land now occupied by the Bryson block.

Of courts of record there were two—the then Seventeenth Judicial District Court, with Sepulveda as Judge, and the County Court, with probate and criminal jurisdiction, with O'Melveny as Judge.

Of the lawyers practicing in the courts at that time, they seemed to me like the collection of Silas Wegg in "Our Mutual Friend," both curious and various, and of whom I refrain to further speak.

The religious element of Los Angeles was looked after by several clergymen of zeal and piety. I remember only four church edifices—the Methodist on Fort street (Broadway now), with Rev. Mr. Hickey as pastor; the Episcopal, corner of New High and Temple, Rev. Mr. Hill as pastor; the Congregational, on New High street, Rev. Mr. Packard pastor, and the Catholic church on the Plaza.

Whatever may be said of the lack of enterprises of a commercial or developing character, the schools and churches of that period were fairly well attended and supported. But the contrast of then and now is more than marvelous, giving to the zealous workers of each renewed hope of equal, if not greater, success in the future.

LEAVES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE LAST DECADE—1880-'90.

EDWIN BAXTER.

I came to Los Angeles in August, 1881. During the months before the winter season I noticed the almost continuous smoke of small fires in the open fields toward the mountains, caused by the burning of straw and stubble of the wheat and barley fields. The country looked bare, with no apparent sustenance for the numerous bands of sheep that roamed the open fields, except the bulbous roots of grass and small grains, and it seemed improvident to destroy the straw and stubble. For one or two, or more, years there had been less than the usual amount of rain. The weather continued dry until late in January. One day (I think it was in the early days of February) a party of us rode out into the brush land some twenty miles, beyond the San Gabriel River, toward the mountains. It was nearly dark when we returned to the city, and so cold we were fearfully chilled. The next day it commenced snowing, and in a couple of hours the ground was thoroughly whitened. The snow soon melted and disappeared in and about the city. The old inhabitants said such a thing was previously unknown here, and some who were born here and grown to be men and women declared they had never before seen snow near enough to touch it. It is possible they had made no record of the last snow storm, for some others who have not been here so long have different recollections; but the fact remains that we have not since seen the ground white in Los Angeles. Out near Colton and Riverside that snow came until it was from six to ten inches deep, and fell so thickly on the backs of the sheep, and so soon melted, that they were chilled in the cold nights that followed, and, being weak and famished for lack of the straw and feed that had been burning day after day all the fall, thousands of them died. That winter and that snow storm mark an era in sheep-raising in Southern California. It was reported that before another winter one-half the sheep in San Diego, Los Angeles and other southern counties were sold and driven away or slaughtered, or both. It was not so bad as in the dry year, or season of 1863-'4. I was told by J. F. Cooper of Santa Barbara that in that notable season he removed his flocks and herds from Los Nietos and vicinity—the most desirable region in Los Angeles county for stock-raising—to the Santa Rosa Rancho, in Santa Barbara county, on account of the drought, and that he actually cut

the heads off three thousand lambs—to *save their lives!* Also that he sold the finest wethers for 10 cents per head for the same reason. Eighty-one and two was not so bad here, and, in fact, we had the later rain. Being a “tenderfoot,” and owning no land, I did not share the trepidation of those who did, but I remember, as an illustration of the somewhat general distrust, that of a man who sold his barley field for \$600 and ten days after, a copious rain having fallen, bought it back for \$2000. A banker in the city had a hay ranch down toward the ocean. He wanted some hay for his horses, and told the man in charge of his ranch to bring him a load, but added: “If you can sell it on the way for \$25 per ton do so.” After six or seven days he started to the farm to see why his hay did not come, and met his man with a load. He had started with a load every day, and sold it before reaching town for \$25 or more.

The prickly pear cactus was quite commonly found in this city ten years ago, and this might as well be recorded, for a few years later it will be a thing of the past and pass into history, in the city at least. It was one of those strange things first noticed by a stranger from the northeast. Eastern people called it an overgrown “old hen’s chickens.” Shortly after our arrival, walking down Fifth street with my daughter, we came to one of these strange trees. We had heard that the fruit was good to eat when ripe, after the prickles and rind were off. We concluded to try it, and I picked a pear. I have seen many of them since, on high and low stems, from the brush land near the foothills to the top of the mountains of Catalina Island, and I dare not say they are *not* good eating. I am certain they are good *picking*, for one of them, whatever its size, is a handful, and it takes a long time to pick even one. I am sure I was at least two or three days picking that first prickly pear, and in picking out and descanting (pleasantly, of course) on the fine points inherent in and upon the fruit. After such an experience the story that “Peter Prangle, the prickly, prangly pear picker, picked three pecks of prickly, prangly pears,” means more than a lesson in articulation.

We first took rooms at the Hammond, since named the Makara House and several other names, situated between Third and Fourth street on Main, where the new TuInverein block is now being built. That was then away beyond the outskirts of the business portion of the city. Persons then residents remember the eight-sided building just north of that house on Main street. It was called the “Round House,” and has but lately been removed. It was then used as a private school house. The yard or grounds back of it, extending to Spring street, were covered so thickly with a great variety of fruit and other trees and shrubs one could scarcely see through them. At

the west, along Spring street, nearly or quite the width of two lots, was a row of those prickly pear cactus trees, from ten to fifteen or more feet high, and many of the trunks from six to twelve inches in diameter, and the thick, fleshy leaves were so closely interlaced as to be as impenetrable as any hedge.

And this is the story they told us of that garden or orchard: The owner had planted it with all manner of fruits, trees, plants and shrubs with intent to make it a veritable "Garden of Eden," and that is what he named it. He had erected there statues of men and women, Adam and Eve, and I don't know how many beasts, but among them was "the old serpent," Satan himself. And he had peopled, or intended to people, the garden with all manner of beasts, birds and creeping things—whether living or in marble I am not informed. But, like many others of large ideas and plans, before as well as since, his finances were not equal to his purposes, and he resorted to that un-Eden-like makeshift, covering the garden with a mortgage. This was too much of a load for even the Garden of Eden to carry. Whether the new "old serpent" had already tempted Eve to her fall was not related, but he or his prototype had a "grip" on the garden itself, and the owner could not pay the mortgage. It was finally foreclosed, and the garden was sold on a very modern California plan. This was a sad day for the proprietor of this modern Garden of Eden. He dug graves in the earth of the garden and buried all the statues—Adam, Eve, the serpent and the rest—and he renamed the garden "Paradise Lost." Such, we were told, was the condition of that little, modern paradise when first we saw it. But the time for redemption had not yet expired, there was still "a day of grace" and the "lord of the manor" had not lost hope. With the little oil still left in his lamp he was directing all his energies to obtain money to purchase a redemption. Already he had in his mind—if not actually engraved on marble—the new device to put over the gate, "Paradise Regained." Sad to relate, he failed. He died a few years later, no doubt of a broken heart. Perhaps this tale should not go into the archives of this Historical Society in all its details, but I am assured it is "founded on facts."

One of the events of the last decade which those who were here will not forget, was the rainy season of 1883-4. The early winter months were dry. On the first day of February, 1884, it was raining softly nearly all day. We had wet weather from that time until late in April, not a little in May, and rain fell every month in that year. On or after the 20th day of May snow was on the nearer mountains and hills, and old snow was still seen on the distant peaks until late in July. In the great flood of that year forty-three houses

were moved from their places in this city, on the low lands near the river, and vineyards and orchards were swept away. All below Alameda street was under water at one time from two to three inches to several feet deep. Some of the houses were carried a considerable distance down the river, and two or three persons were drowned in the city and vicinity. In 1886 a sudden storm caused Los Angeles River to overflow its banks to almost as great an extent for a few hours; but that was a sudden freshet, caused, it was said, by a cloud burst. Several times during that rainy season of 1884 the mud and filth along Main and Spring streets, at the centre of business, was piled in heaps, to be carted away the next day; and when the next day dawned it would be found leveled almost like the surface of a lake over the street, occasioned by the pour-down in the night. There were no paved streets and but few sidewalks in the city at that time, and the safest way for a pedestrian to climb to the top of the first line of hills during a storm was to walk on the cobble stones with which the gutters at the sides of the streets were paved.

Here let me say for Southern California, that, having from time to time before coming here heard and read about the "rainy season" in California, I had something of a picture in my mind of what it was or should be, and the spring of 1884 is the only rainy season I have seen in the last twelve years which corresponds to that picture.

There were many customs rife in 1880 and later that have since become but memories of the past. I took an office in Temple Block early in 1882. On one side was a township justice's court, on the other the city justice's court. Just across Market street, in the old court house, were held the two departments of the superior court. The custom then prevailed of calling into court any suitor, attorney or witness who failed to appear when his case was called, by shouting his name, three times repeated, from the nearest window. Generally, nearly every hour of the day, or oftener, of six days in the week, some one or more names would be called three times from a window in that block or from the other side of the street. On some days the names of some of the younger attorneys would be heard with such frequency as to suggest a "put up job" of advertising. Sometimes these calls created no little amusement. One day a court officer screamed from the window nearest my open office door: "John W. Horner, Esq., John W. Horner, Esq., John W. Horner, Esq." The words of the third call had scarcely left his lips when from another window at the corner of the block came, in the clear tones of a young law student: "Gone round the corner a square, gone round the corner a square, gone round the corner a square." This custom has

passed away—gone into desuetude, and is even now almost forgotten.

The common council (I beg the pardon of my friend Robinson, the very efficient city clerk of that period, who would never permit the use of the word "common" as a prefix to the title of the city legislature), the city council, "*Muy Ilustre Ayuntamiento*," met in the room in the southeast corner of the second floor of the Temple Block—the same room in which this Historical Society was organized. I frequently attended their sessions—always held in the evening, when a person in the back row of benches could but little more than distinguish the features of the members through the thick tobacco smoke. There was no carpet on the floor, but notwithstanding the presence of numerous cuspidors, it would scarcely be correct to say the floor was bare. And very frequently at these sessions there were refined women present—having some matter of humane or personal interest to present—women who would almost as soon have tolerated a mouse as a single cigar in their apartments at home, yet who would sit for hours waiting to have their case taken up beyond that thickness of darkness and mingled bad tobacco and foul breaths. If there is one thing more than others that indicates the advancement of civilization in the West, it is the banishment of tobacco from city council rooms and public halls.

I will mention one other custom that used to trouble us until we were used to it. It was the night fire alarm—three pistol shots in succession. It was a long time before we ceased to listen for a cry of "murder" instead of the rattle of the fire engines immediately after being startled from sleep by the "one, two, three" of the policeman's revolver.

The wonderful boom of Los Angeles and Southern California began and ended between 1881 and 1889, and really occupied all those years. A brief, partial but spicy history of that cyclone has already been presented by Prof. Guinn, and has a place in our Annual of 1890. A separate paper might be written upon each of many separate subjects connected with and affected by the boom. The schools (public and private), the churches, the banks (every projected city or village had one or more, present or prospective), the street railroads (horse, cable and electric), the street pavements (all or nearly all of which have been laid since 1885), and many other matters, not excepting the old, every night cries of the Mexican tamale vender: "*Tamales, calientes, aquí.*" These tamales have now given way to the base imitations of the northern invader.

The Protestant churches here in 1881 were the Methodists (First, German and Trinity South), First Presbyterian (in a building now used as a dwelling, but then as school house, next south of the First

Methodist, on Broadway, the Baptist in Good Templars' Hall, the Christian on Temple street, the Episcopalian at corner of New High and Temple streets, the Congregational on New High street, north of Temple street. Not a commodious, convenient house among them, unless it was the First Methodist. Within three months after I came I visited each of these at least once, being a regular attendant of one. Except the First Methodist and the Presbyterian there were sometimes regular services in each of them (especially in the evening), in which the congregation was not over fifty, and in several of them it was below twenty-five on some occasions. Before the end of 1885 each of these churches—denominations—had built and fairly filled the spacious edifices now occupied by them, which seat from six hundred to fifteen hundred or more. And some of the new organizations exceed the old in numbers at this time. The City Directory for 1892 gives the names and location of fifty-five Protestant churches and congregations. Among these are sixteen Methodist, ten Presbyterian, six Congregational, five Baptist, five German, and one each of Swedish, Welsh and Chinese churches. The Roman Catholic Church, being the oldest here, was in 1881 represented by the old "Church of our Lady of the Angels," near the plaza, and the cathedral "St. Vibiana," on Main street. That denomination now has congregations and costly school buildings north, south, east and west, in the city. The Jewish Tabernacle remains as it was in 1881, and has its regular services.

An interesting chapter might be written upon the history and decay of the old adobe structures, many of which were prominent land marks in the city ten years ago, but have now disappeared. Like the long adobe row on the corner of Spring and Franklin streets, the very center of business, which was occupied for the jailor's residence, with the jail yard in the rear, the police headquarters, the city clerk's office and for other public uses, until 1885. This would properly include a longer period than the decade from 1880 to 1890, and can be better treated by an older resident.

PASADENA—THE CROWN OF THE VALLEY.

JEANNE C. CARR.

Pasadena, the name adopted by the San Gabriel Orange Grove Association (earlier known as the Indiana Colony of California) for the home of its choice, is an Algonquin word, signifying the key, or the crown, of the valley. It lies at the extreme eastern end of the once wide domains of the San Gabriel Mission, and was considered one of its choicest possessions, from the abundance of wood and water and convenience of access from Los Angeles and the seaport of San Pedro. The grant of which it is a part was named San Pasqual, in remembrance of a friendly Indian chief, who was baptized at San Gabriel on the day of that saint while his tribe occupied the territory.

The first legally recognized owner was Eulalia Perez, an Indian woman, to whom the ranch was granted on the day of San Pasqual in recognition of her services as nurse and midwife. She died at Los Angeles about 1885 at the reputed age of 120 years, but, through her failure to occupy and improve the tract as the law required, at the expiration of the time specified in the grant it passed into the hands of Manuel Garfias, a popular officer and favorite of Gov. Micheltorena. He built a spacious adobe house on the bank of the Arroyo Séco, overlooking Garvanza, and made his home the seat of lavish hospitality. Only the best rooms had floors of wood, and the single chamber above was lighted by two dormer windows. This pioneer home was a favorite resort of the gay Angeleños, who pursued noble game into the forested cañons of the Sierra Madres by day and danced with the lovely señoritas all night, the lingering representatives upon this continent of the age of chivalry! Some of the oaks are yet standing where the señoritas hung their hammocks from the great limbs and awaited in "drowsy indolence" the return of the victors with their spoils. There was neither fruit tree or garden on the property. At dawn of day the Indian herders opened the corrals, when the bell mare, fleetest and most prized of the native stock, led the band of wild horses northward along the Arroyo Séco to crop the rich herbage of the Altadena highlands. The name given to this portion of the ranch, "La Sabañelles de San Pasqual" (altar cloth of San Pasqual), was descriptive of the glorious robe of poppies which can yet be seen by sailors far out at sea. Added to

these natural attractions, was the substantial encouragement given to horticultural enterprises, as seen in the profitable orchards and vineyards of B. D. Wilson, Gen. Stoneman, Messrs. Titus and Rose, with numerous smaller groves of the Alhambra, on the line of a railroad connecting the two oceans.

When the committee sent out from Indiana in August, 1873, to examine and report upon a location for a colony had completed their labors they were unanimous in favor of Pasadena, and the house is yet standing which sheltered the first inhabitant. But it was not until the 13th of November, when the effect of the financial crash of that year had somewhat abated, that the San Pasqual Land and Water Company was incorporated, B. S. Eaton of the Fair Oaks Ranch being made president and D. M. Berry secretary. After examining many sites in the neighborhood, the company purchased of Dr. J. S. Griffin of Los Angeles 4000 acres of the Rancho San Pasqual. To this a goodly slice was added on the east from a delightful oak-covered pasture of the Wilson estate. The name Pasadena (meaning either the key or crown of the valley) was suggested by Dr. Elliott, and met with general approval. At a critical moment in the negotiation Mr. Thomas Croft, one of the colonists, laid down the amount required in payment, and the home of the colony was secured.

In a similar spirit the separate allotments were made. It was an anxious moment when the twenty-seven incorporators met for that purpose on a commanding height with the maps and surveys for the selection of their individual homesteads, and the more delicate task of selection for the absentees whose proxies they held. In some cases the careful savings of years were devoted to secure a modest home, where a cherished invalid might lengthen out his days in a genial climate. Among the rest stood Calvin Fletcher, a wealthy citizen of Indiana and one of the incorporators, who proposed that the holders of single shares of stock should first make their selections, and so on in that order. When the distribution was over each of the twenty-seven stockholders had secured his chosen homestead, and improvements were begun immediately.

The first house in Pasadena had already been built by Mr. A. O. Bristol, and is still standing, at the junction of Lincoln and Orange Grove avenues. The huge pepper tree which overshadows it is also the pioneer of its species among the thousands seen in the modern city.

In three years from the time of purchase the face of the country was transformed by the young orchards and vineyards.

Nearly every shareholder was able to secure a wood lot along the bed of the Arroyo Séco, or in the foothills, thickly felted with grease

wood bushes, whose gnarled roots furnished excellent fuel. East Pasadena at that time was a scattered grove of oaks, through which a wagon track led to the Santa Anita Ranch. Many of these fine trees have been preserved.

Soon the work of home-making commenced in earnest, under conditions new to all the colonists. Letters to friends left in "the States" had little effect for a time, the inference being that sun stroke had turned the heads of the writers. A pencil sketch of a jew fish captured at Catalina Island by one of the colonists, with attestation of its weight, when passed around among his eastern neighbors, tended to deepen this impression.

The first marriage celebrated in Pasadena was that of Mr. Charles H. Watts to Millie, daughter of Major Erie Locke of Locke Haven. The primitive home of the young couple was a one-roomed cottage with a lean-to kitchen attached. Nevertheless, it was made to do duty as a church for the Presbyterians until Harvey Watts, the first child born in the colony, lifted up his voice in proof of Adam's fall.

The Pasadena settlement originally included Lincoln Park on the southeast and Altadena and the highlands on the northwest. The Arroyo Séco, having gathered its stream from unfailing sources in the Sierra Madre range of mountains, could be depended upon for an unfailing water supply as long as rains and snow should fall and the forest conservatories of springs and surface moisture were preserved. Within the limits of the purchase the stream meandered through a natural park, whose terraced banks were preserved from denudation by dense thickets of ceanothus, dwarf oak and manzanita. Five species of oaks, many of great size, filled the more open portions of the cañon, and giant sycamore trees protected natural ferneries even richer than those which yet linger in their mountain retreats. No pen could describe the glory of the poppy fields which filled the valley and swept northward in waves in gold.

As orange culture was the leading pursuit of the colonists, the entire tract became an almost solid grove. There were no division fences, and the modest homes, set far back from the streets, were soon lost behind the quick-growing eucalyptus and pepper trees. Many a traveler by the adobe road drew rein at Williams' store, the business center, to inquire the way to Pasadena.

The choicest locations were then considered those of the southern extremity of the tract, where each rounded hill commanded some charm of outlook unshared by the others. The selections of Messrs. Porter, Green and Dougherty were peculiarly happy, and among the first to be improved. That of the latter included a typical oak of grand proportions, which is still waving its green centaury, untouched

by the ax. Within the sound of the old mission bells, with the peerless Bacon Hill on the east and the richly-wooded eminence of Lincoln Park on the west, with the Arroyo Séco winding its silver thread through a richly-wooded foreground, and the sunny, undulating slopes of South Pasadena in the rear, it is little wonder that the first settlers of that section were unaffected by the boom in real estate, and saw without envy the costly villas covering every other eminence in their neighborhood. Nature so finished and decorated the work of their hands that the modest cottage of an early settler in South Pasadena has almost rivalled the mission as a point of interest for eastern travelers.

The Pasadenans soon learned that the relation of the young orange tree to its owner is not unlike that of a child to its parent—the returns for years of ceaseless labor and watchfulness depend upon many conditions besides those of heredity and environment, such as timely and abundant watering, frequent restriction by pruning, and long continued cultivation. “Plant the grape for your children, the orange for your grandchildren and the olive for your great grandchildren,” was a European adage often quoted by the packers in their intercourse with the early settlers of Southern California.

The first orange plantations were of mission pedigree, but gradually the Washington navel, which was first grown at Rivererside, the Mediterranean sweet, Saint Michael and many other foreign varieties were introduced. Many hedges were planted of the Mexican lime, and nearly all cultivated lemons. In many orchards deciduous fruit trees of various kinds were grown in alternate rows with the young citrus trees, to be relegated to the wood pile as the latter matured. The enchanting effect of these mixed orchards in their season of bloom is indescribable, especially when seen on a large scale, as at Baldwin's Santa Anita ranch, where 40,000 almond trees lead a floral procession in which nearly every kind of citrus and deciduous fruit not strictly tropical is represented. The home orchards of Pasadena gave even greater satisfaction to their owners, being mostly cultivated by their own hands.

Upon one of the Pasadena homesteads, covering forty-two acres, was planted in 1878–1880: 700 orange trees, including the budded varieties; 50 lemons; 500 limes (in hedge); 100 apricots, of six varieties; 40 nectarines, six varieties; Smyrna and other figs, 50; apples, 75, of which twenty-five were crabs; cherries, 20; plums, 20; prunes, 200; peaches, 300; Japanese persimmons, 30 trees, ten varieties; English walnuts, set as shade trees on streets, 122; prepartuneus walnuts, 10; almonds, 20; butternuts, 20; chestnuts, native and Italian, 10; hickory, 10; pecan, 10. Of the small fruits the

then leading varieties of each were represented, and a considerable amount of strawberries were raised for market. One acre was devoted to blackberries. Fifty varieties of the grape were tested, and tons of Mucat and Muscatel and gordo blanco were marketed annually when these plantations matured. Cuttings by the thousand were made, and either sold or gratuitously distributed, until the mysterious vine disease appeared to annihilate even the venerable stocks of wild vines at the Mission San Gabriel and in the cañons. Only a few vineyards in the foothills escaped. It went as mysteriously as it came, and no effectual remedy was ever discovered.

Misfortunes never come singly, and the cottony cushion scale, which already had excited alarm, now threatened the extinction of the orange culture. It was a stranger in the land, and multiplied with unparalleled rapidity. The birds rejected it, and for a while Nature seemed to have no remedy in store. The pest had been imported upon ornamental stock from Australia, and was first observed at Temescal, near Oakland, in trimmings of acacia trees. About the same time the Los Angeles orchards were infested from another lot containing flame trees, which were distributed in the city, and one at least was planted at the Rose ranch. It wandered north as far as Santa Barbara, but fortunately for the State did not include the interior or northern counties in its ravages. The eastern part of Los Angeles and all of San Bernardino counties were exempted. All ordinary treatment failed, and the loss in production had become very serious, when the United States government took the matter in hand, and through the Bureau of Agriculture found in another coleopterous insect the *vedalia cardinalis*, a natural and ultimately effectual relief. The story of the propagation and distribution of this insect—savior of the groves—reads like a romance. But the end was not yet. With the spread of entomological knowledge, other predacious insects were discovered, and inspection became a recognized function of government. All this, though discouraging at the time, was not a serious check to the fruit industry, which has kept pace with the development in other directions, moving on and occupying new ground as the pressure of population demanded.

The following compilation from the report of the Board of Trade is a careful estimate of the number of bearing fruit trees within the city of Pasadena and in its immediate vicinity :

Seedling oranges over ten years old, 210,000.

Seedling oranges from five to ten years old, 6,000.

Over ten years old, 28,700.

From five to ten years old, 27,900.

Under five years old, 15,000.

Lemons : Lisbons and Eurekas, 10,000.

Total acreage in oranges, 1,350.

Total acreage in lemons, 150.

Total acreage in deciduous fruits and olives, 1,500.

In 1890, 75,000 boxes of oranges were shipped to eastern market, besides the enormous quantities manufactured into marmalade and crystalized. The Bishop Loop Company employed from twenty-five to fifty hands in this work for four months, turning out twenty-five tons of the finished product, which commanded the highest prices in the markets of the country.

The young prune orchards now came to the front, and from 1888-92 the centers of activity in the preparation of deciduous fruits for market drew hundreds of visitors.

During all these changes Pasadena continued to attract greater numbers of health seekers who, tired of wandering from Maine to Florida and even in foreign lands, were looking for country homes in the neighborhood of Los Angeles. In our day, when a great movement of population is in the air, the same Providence who guides the migration of birds, sends in advance the projector of a mammoth hotel. Thus the far-famed Raymond Hotel took root upon a hill which seemed made to order for such a purpose, and was both a consequence and cause in the march of events.

In its open season of 1886-87, thirty-five thousand guests were registered, and of these not a few became permanent citizens of Pasadena. From there mountain excursions and sea side enjoyments could be brought into the pleasures of a single day, and the old mission of San Gabriel was an inexhaustible source of interest. Southern California seemed truly "Lotus land" to the tourists, the winter opening with a tournament of roses in Pasadena and a floral carnival in Santa Barbara.

Hardly had the original San Pasqual settlement gathered its first orange than that of Lake Vineyard on the east began to show its rows of young trees. This enterprise was chiefly promoted by citizens of Oakland, among whom were Caspar T. Hopkins and Edward McLean. Here the largest solid block of orange trees—one thousand acres—was planted and cultivated under one management for several years, until, under the pressure of population, it was swallowed up in the growth of Pasadena. It was a trifling matter to create a home when so much of beauty and use had already been developed.

In 1874 the first school house in Pasadena was built on Orange Grove Avenue, under a grand old oak and in close neighborhood to the first (Methodist) church. Miss Jessie Clapp was the first teacher.

In the summer of 1878 the San Pasqual school house was built in the business centre of the town, upon land donated for the purpose by B. D. Wilson. As this was too remote for pupils in the south part, a five acre lot was purchased from A. O. Porter and a neat building erected where now stands the charming home of Mr. C. D. Daggett. To-day the public schools are accommodated in six buildings, four of which are not surpassed in California. They are surrounded with beautiful grounds, neatly kept, and have cost \$135,000. Thirty-four teachers are employed, under a competent superintendent. Nearly 1500 pupils are in attendance, at an expense to the city of \$32,257.52, of which \$26,537.49 was for teachers' salaries. The work of education is further supplemented by excellent classical and other private schools, among which those of the Misses Orton, for girls, and the classical school of Prof. Clark, for boys, deserve honorable mention. The ladies Orton, Vassar graduates, are also daughters of that eminent teacher and explorer, whose work upon the Andes and the Amazon is in all our libraries. Last and most important, as illustrating the trend of modern education, is the Throop Polytechnic Institute, a school of technology, with a classical and literary annex, the gift of Hon. A. G. Throop. This venerated citizen has set a wise example in being his own executor.

The limited space allotted for this story of Pasadena does not allow more than the briefest allusion to the beauty of its homes, the comfort of its hotels and boarding houses, with the Raymond heading the list. Unhasting and unresting, its people have been building better than they knew. The value of their work as represented upon the Assessor's roll was, in 1893, \$5,473,820. The assessable values in health, happiness and social improvement must be estimated in the future.

The story of Pasadena in its second decade is one of still greater development, of less picturesque interest. Its street improvements have kept pace with the increase of population, and railroad facilities have made it practically suburban to Los Angeles. One may ride from Lamanda Park, on the southeast, to Lincoln Park, on the southwest, through a continuous belt of orchards and homes, each conveniently near a railroad station. An interesting chapter might be written of the educational development of the city, ending with the founding of the Throop Polytechnic Institute, on the principles announced by Ezra Cornell, "Where any man (or woman) may find instruction in any study." Another prominent citizen, wise in his generation, gives the whole Sierra Madre mountain range, with its treasures of fertility and beauty, in the construction of the Lowe

Mountain Electric Railroad. As night drops her curtain upon the valley and twinkling stars appear in the blue above, a line of light runs up the mountain side, and as mysteriously loses itself. The principles of use in beauty, and beauty in use, are everywhere exemplified in the story of Pasadena.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

1893.

Number of meetings held.....	12
Number of papers read.....	16
Number new members (active) elected.....	20
Number corresponding members elected.....	4

The society maintained an exhibit at the Columbian Exposition, Chicago, in charge of Mrs. Mary E. Hart, a corresponding member of the society. The exhibit received favorable notices from the press of the country.

J. M. GUINN, Secretary.

CURATOR'S REPORT.**LIBRARY AND COLLECTION.**

Number of bound volumns (cloth or leather).....	654
Number of pamphlets and paper covered books.....	2818

The society receives copies of all the leading newspapers of Southern California, and these are filed for binding.

Number of daily newspapers received.....	10
Number of weekly newspapers received.....	42
Monthly magazines received.....	2
Quarterlies received.....	4

The society has a large collection of curios, relics, pictures, photographs, autographs, maps and Spanish documents. Accessions to the library and the collection have been the largest this year of any previous year since its organization.

J. M. GUINN, Curator.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

LOS ANGELES, 1894.

PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

BY C. P. DORLAND.

[Delivered Jan. 7, 1894.]

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

When a political party is about to nominate a president, it publishes its platform and sets forth, at length, its principles and the line of conduct that the administration will follow.

After the election of the president, he selects his cabinet—a body of men to serve as counselors, who are placed at the head of the various subdivisions of the administrative department of the government. It is their duty to take charge and control of their respective departments and to personally advise the president at all times as to the condition of affairs within their respective jurisdictions.

Occasionally a president is elected who is bigger than his party, and who assumes to be the party, and then he conducts the affairs of the administration according to his own sweet will, and instead of having a platform of principles on which to stand, and instead of receiving advice and counsel from his cabinet, he stands on his own dignity, and like the Centurion of old, he says to this servant “go” and he goeth and to this one “come” and he cometh.

The president of this Society seems to be elected on general principles, without being committed to any line of conduct or platform, or course of action being laid down, by which he is to be controlled or which he is pledged to fulfill. But upon taking his seat, he is required

to appoint certain committees having charge of the various departments of work supposed to be carried on by the Society. So now, in conformity with the By-laws, the following committees are appointed:

PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.

J. M. Guinn, Miss T. L. Kelso, Edwin Baxter.

HISTORY.

H. D. Barrows, Rev. J. Adam, A. W. Blair, Gen. J. Mansfield, Oscar Macy, Anna C. Murphy.

GEOLOGY.

N. Levering, R. H. Hewett, George Roughton.

METEOROLOGY.

Dr. Walter Lindley, Dr. W. T. Edgar, Maj. E. W. Jones, Leroy D. Brown.

CONCHOLOGY.

Mrs. M. Burton Williamson, Mrs. Mary J. Parker.

GENEALOGY AND HERALDRY.

Dr. J. D. Moody, Geo. H. Stewart.

BOTANY.

Mrs. Emma S. Marshall, Mrs. Ella H. Enderlein.

ENTOMOLOGY.

F. J. Polley, Jas. L. Smith.

MINERALOGY.

John W. Hunt, Miss Florence Dunham, Dr. E. A. De Cailhol.

These very learned and scientific titles seem more adapted to a college curriculum that is bidding for patronage, than to a line of study and research of a historical society. The only work under these various heads that we ought to take up is purely historical, and for the simple reason that we are a historical and not a scientific society.

The heads of these departments are supposed to be diligent at all times, both in season and out of season, in attending to the interests of the Society, as represented by their respective departments. There are three inevitable accompaniments of all these appointments: First, hard work; second, no salary, and third, no resignations.

If, as president, I had the authority to say to you to do this or do that and could make this society what I would like to see it, I would say to you authoritatively:

This coming year must be made the most successful one in its history.

I would say to you, my cabinet, we must work; there is no excellency without it.

We must each one individually devote some time each month to the interests of this Society if we would make it a success.

When we reflect that there are only ten more meetings in this year, and when we see so much that ought to be done, the time is altogether too short in which to do it.

There is not enough order and system in our work, there is not enough pre-arrangement. It has been too much the custom to depend upon volunteer service. If we have a paper read or remarks made, they have all been from volunteers. I am not discouraging volunteer work for I have done my share of it, but, if we would solicit others to lend a hand we would often obtain valuable help that we otherwise lose. Often there are strangers among us who would furnish us with valuable service, if they were solicited.

The publication committee should make it a point to solicit contributions; it should make out a program for the ten meetings now remaining and make the chairman of each committee responsible for an evening's program, and that chairman should obtain help from any source, either within or without the Society.

With the work thus pre-arranged and systematically laid out, and with plenty of time to prepare, we will accomplish much more than in this desultory way of hap-hazard volunteer work, and besides in this way all will be induced to take a part and the work will not be left to the few. There are members of this Society who have never spoken on any topic before it since they have been connected with it.

This is a place for historical research; a sort of storehouse for historical material, and if each would bring in his portion there will be enough and to spare, and there will be no unemployed.

At the World's Fair in Chicago the item in the New Hampshire exhibit in the Agricultural Department that attracted the most attention was an old plow that Daniel Webster used on his farm. There was nothing peculiar about it not common to all large, heavy plows of that period, but it was a curiosity in the way of a plow, to this generation. This plow might have rotted on the barnyard straw pile, had not some one, with an appreciation of the historical value that would attach to it, preserved it and gave to this generation an example more forcible than any written item, of the kind of plows used by our grandfathers on the old New England farms.

The work of this Society should be local—confined to history and relics of Southern California. This field is extensive enough to engage all the time and the means of the Society. There is no excuse for want of material of the most interesting, important, and instructive character, and not only so, but much of it is fast passing away and can never be replaced, and many an article can be saved now that is of no particular value today but which will become a prized souvenir in the future.

Among the various topics of historical value that should be gathered up now, the following are suggested:

A history of our Mexican population.

A history of the various Indian tribes of Southern California.

The rebuilding of San Louis Rey Mission.

The growth of beet sugar manufacturing.

The citrus industry, including kind and variety of trees planted and where most flourishing.

The destruction of the scale pest and the formation of orange growers' association.

The output and development of our canneries and fruit drying establishments.

The gold mining; where done and in what amount.

Then the history of the financial panic and its concomitants, the tramp and the unemployed and the efforts made by towns, city and county to relieve the distressed.

The manufactories, their output and value (there is a general opinion that we have no manufactories in So. Cal.).

History of the street car lines in this city; when built, and on what streets, and which ones have been abandoned.

Then there is a vast store of material pertaining to the old mission days that this Society ought to gather together, and the coming generations will never cease to censure us for neglecting this most important and interesting field. I am persuaded that the future will regard this period of our existence as a society a blank failure if we fail to procure a large collection of such material. Much of this material is going to decay, and while it is of little value today and is lightly prized yet in the coming centuries it will form the most valuable part of any collection we may be able to leave.

These are only a few of the items of interest that we should investigate. Many others, of equal or more importance, will suggest themselves to all of you. So there seems to be no reasonable limit to the work that lies before us, and this work is all of a local character, that we must do, if it is done at all. If we will give these subjects the attention their importance demands, we shall not only be able to collect a number of rare and valuable records and specimens, but, in the meantime, we shall interest scores of people in our work who today know nothing about us.

Thus we will strengthen our Society for the present and hasten the much talked of and long looked for and anxiously anticipated day when we will have a building of our own in which to keep our material, and much valuable material awaits us that we never will have until we do have a secure place in which to preserve it.

When we have a home of our own and have collected this material that is awaiting us, we will be fulfilling the mission of our Society and making it an institution of great value for the future, when others shall come on the scene to gather the harvest where we have thus sown.

CONCHOLOGICAL RESEARCHES IN SAN PEDRO BAY

AND VICINITY, INCLUDING THE ALAMITOS OYSTER FISHERY.

BY MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.

[Read January 8, 1894.]

Much of the shell fauna of San Pedro Bay has been described and figured from time to time, in scientific reports, as its shells are for the most part, duplicated either north or south of the Bay. For this reason, the reports of various scientific societies include San Pedro mollusks in their bulletins on west coast shells. A short bibliography of works on West Coast mollusks may not be out of place in this connection. Some years ago, Dr. Philip P. Carpenter, an English conchologist, named and described a large number of mollusks of the West Coast, and his numerous papers were embodied in his reports to the "British Association for the Advancement of Science." These reports were republished, by permission, by the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, D. C., in 1872, and are entitled "Mollusks of Western North America." The descriptions are, many of them, written in Latin and French. In 1867, the California State Geological Survey published a "Geographical Catalogue of the Mollusca Found West of the Rocky Mountains," by Dr. J. G. Cooper, who had collected shells at San Pedro, and dredged, especially around Catalina, and, the results of his collections were given in his catalogue. As the name would indicate, this bulletin is only a list of localities where shells had been collected. Josiah Keep, in his popular little book on "West Coast Shells", also includes a number of shells found in San Pedro Bay and elsewhere in Los Angeles County. Binney's "Manual of American Land Shells",* describes our land snails, and Binney, †Bland, Lea, and a number of other conchologists have named and described our land, fresh water and marine shells. In 1887 and '88, the United States Fish Commission Steamer Albatross dredged along our Coast and the Mollusca collected were described and figured

*Bulletin No. 28, U. S. National Museum.

†Land and Fresh Water Shells of N. America by W. G. Binney and T. Bland.

in ††Bulletins, issued by the U. S. National Museum. These Bulletins were by Dr. Wm. Healey Dall,* Curator of the Department of Mollusks, of the U. S. Nat. Mus., who had, himself, dredged extensively in and around Catalina Island in 1873, thereby adding a number of species to its fauna; the other Bulletin was the work of Dr. R. E. C. Stearns, adjunct curator of the Department of Mollusks. Most of the shells listed were new. In August, 1892, the National Museum of the Smithsonian Institution, published, "An Annotated List of the Shells of San Pedro Bay and Vicinity†." A description of two new species of shells by Dr. Wm. H. Dall were included in this Bulletin. A manuscript list of the fossil shells collected during the same time was not published.

While San Pedro Bay was formerly known as the habitat of several species of dull colored Trochids, and also, other mollusks, yet, it did not rank high as a collecting ground for beach shells when compared with San Diego, Monterey, and Vancouver Bays. But, its shell fauna had never been collected and studied by local collectors. During the past four or five years, a few enthusiastic shell lovers have met with results that have surprised scientists interested in the geographical distribution of mollusca. The labors and kind co-operation of these Los Angeles County collectors made it possible to compile a complete list of San Pedro shells, at the time of publication. Thanks are due to Miss Shepard, Miss Monks, Mrs. Trowbridge and Mr. Delos Arnold. Other collectors also found interesting forms. Shells new to science were collected in the bay. Our new species, *Periploma discus* was named, described and figured by Dr. R. E. C. Stearns in his Bulletin on "West American Shells", referred to in this paper, and another new shell, *Tellina ldae*, named and described by Dr. Dall in his pamphlet on "New W. American Shells," also alluded to in this paper. In the San Pedro list, Dr. Dall named another new shell found at San Pedro, *Vitrinella Williamsons*. To the activity of Mesdames Shepard and Trowbridge, the credit is due of having apprised the conchological world of two of

††Preliminary Report on the Collection of Mollusca and Brachiopoda Obtained in 1887-'88 by William Healey Dall. (Proc. U. S. Nat. Mus., No. 773.) Descriptions of New West American Land, Fresh Water and Marine Shells, with notes and comments by Robert E. C. Stearns, (Proc. U. S. Nat. Mus., No. 813.) On Some New or Interesting West American Shells Obtained from the Dredging of the U. S. Fish Commission Steamer Albatross in 1888, and from other sources, by Wm. H. Dall. (Proc. U. S. Nat. Mus., No. 849.)

*Dr. Dall and his collaborators will in the near future give us a work on the mollusca of the West Coast, this is, to all collectors, a pressing want.

†An Annotated List of the Shells of San Pedro Bay and Vicinity, by Mrs. M. Burton Williamson, with a description of two new Species, by W. H. Dall. (Proc. U. S. Nat. Mus., No. 898.)

these attractive new species. Besides new forms, the provenance of shells presumed to have been "adventitious" in our bay have been verified, and, a large number of microscopic shells not before known north of Lower California, have been collected in sufficient quantities to leave no doubt as to their provenance in San Pedro Bay. Shells new to our fauna are continually being collected. These represent no small degree of activity in our local collectors.

San Pedro Bay and the "Points" of the "Palos Verdes Hills," might be called ideal collecting ground, because shelving rocks, rock pools, mud flats, and sand flats, furnish a variety of shells, but the force of the heavy breakers as they come ashore keeps one on the alert when collecting,

I have been speaking of recent shells, but, in the bluffs at San Pedro, shells are collected that belong to the Quarternary or Post Pliocene formation, and the same geological period is also represented on the little Island in the Bay known as Deadman's Island. And, also on this island, at the base, shells of the Pliocene are dug out of the soft rock, while a few, probably from a more distant period, are obtained from rocks that stand upright near the base of the little promontory. These shells require the aid of a geologist's hammer before they are dislodged from their ancient home.

In the Spring of 1892, the Los Angeles County collectors had the great pleasure of collecting some of these fossils in company with Dr. Wm. Dall, of the National Museum, who spent some time in visiting the various collecting grounds of the West Coast. Dr. R. E. C. Stearns also visited Los Angeles County the same Spring. The presence of these kindly gentlemen will always be pleasantly remembered by all collectors who have had the good fortune to meet them. If the Los Angeles County collectors have done well, much credit is due to the kind courtesy and encouragement always extended towards them by the conchologists of the National Museum. Shells of the Pliocene beds were also collected on Orange street in Los Angeles City. When the ground was excavated for Mr. Shatto's new home on Orange street, the top of the hill was leveled off, and at a distance of 30 feet from the summit, a number of casts of bivalves were found. Most of these had been removed before I visited the spot. Mr. Shatto said: "Sometimes two or three barrels of these casts were excavated from a seam, then more digging would be carried on without any appearance of shells, until another seam was reached." These shells were mostly casts of *Cypricardia Pedroana* Conrad=*Petricola Pedroana* Conrad.

The artistic beauty of a shell, and, its wonderful mechanism as the home, and covering, of a little animal, always attracts admiration. While study enhances one's appreciation of beauty in nature, yet, a

love of the beautiful, in form, and color, is instinctive. And so, along the line of activities in conchology have been talks, and, a course of lectures for students of conchology. A member of our Historical Society entertained the Friday Morning Club two mornings, in the past two years, with talks upon shells, illustrated by shells, charts, paintings, and alcoholic specimens. Last summer Prof. Josiah Keep, author of "West Coast Shells," gave a course of lectures upon conchology at Long Beach, in the interest of the Chautauqua Assembly. Two little informal clubs in Los Angeles County hold meetings to talk about shells. One of these, in this city, averages four or five shell collectors at each meeting. Identification and comparisons of check lists are the work of the club, which, at present, has no constitution nor officers. The other one is at Long Beach.

In an economic way, the shells of our locality are well represented. Of Abalones, so popular with all who admire shells, we have three species, *Haliotis fulgens* Phil., *H. Cracherodii* Leach, *H. corrugata* Grey, and whenever mother-of-pearl, with an iridescent effect can be used, such as in buttons, etc., we recognize the nacre of our abalone shells. Dead shells are not only utilized in bordering garden walks, and "rockeries," but in pebble-dash, so ornamental to some houses in the exterior decorations, we find broken pieces of abalone shells play a conspicuous part. As food, the animal needs no introduction to a Californian. As an ornament, two other genera of shells are prized for their mother-of-pearl. Like our abalone or *Haliotis*, these shells are decorticated by the use of acids and the grindstone. One, *Pomaulax undosus* Wood, and the other, *Norrissia Norrissii* Sby, has the pearly white shimmer of our white abalone.

Our Los Angeles markets supply as edible mollusks, besides Abalones, *Donax Californicus*, the little wedge shaped clam, so plentiful at Long Beach, three species of *Chione*, *Tivela*, *Tapes*, *Pecten*, two species of *Mytilus*, etc.; also, the native oyster, (*Ostrea lurida* Cpr.) and the Eastern oyster (*Ostrea Virginica* Gmel.), introduced into San Francisco Bay, and from there shipped to the Los Angeles markets.

A new industry is always beneficial to a community, and I take pleasure in announcing the fact that in a commercial way the edible mollusks of Los Angeles County bid fair to become an important addition in supplying a demand. In 1892 a company was organized at Long Beach, for the purpose of planting and raising eastern oysters in Los Angeles County. The company was named, "The Alamitos Oyster Company." It was incorporated in 1893, with the following officers: President, Jotham Bixby; Vice-President, John McGarvin; Sec. and Treas., Will F. Sweeny; John W. McGarvin, L. Lovett, and T. G. McGarvin.

On April 26, 1892, three hundred pounds of "spat" or seed oysters were received and planted at Alamitos Bay, four miles distant from the Long Beach Park, and at the mouth of New River. The seed were from Baltimore, being the York river variety. They are presumably the Eastern oyster known as *Ostrea Virginica*, and those at Long Beach are said to be from seed "as fine as any Eastern oyster." Mr. John McGarvin, the Vice-President of the company, to whom I am indebted for data, says: "The few we have (Nov. 24, '93,) are of good marketable size, but, as they are multiplying, we would not dispose of any until our grounds are stocked. We will make a large planting next March." He does not expect to begin to market the oyster for two years.

The Eastern oysters were planted in the same waters and in close proximity to our native oysters. Mr. McGarvin says the company has had no serious trouble with the latter, nor with *Nassa* and other carnivorous shell fish.

As this is said to be the first attempt in Southern California to introduce the Eastern oyster for culture, it is a cause for congratulation, especially when scientists are becoming alarmed at the depletion of the Eastern oyster beds. President Daniel C. Gilman of the Johns Hopkins University, writing in 1891, of the danger of an oyster famine in Maryland, enumerates the trades and industries that would suffer in case of an oyster famine in that State: "It is not only the dredgers, the dealers, the shuckers, the packers, the coopers, the tinnerns and the carriers, but everybody in Maryland would suffer more or less." This gives us some idea of the commercial value of oyster beds. In a recent number of *The Popular Science Monthly* (November, '93,) a writer says: "In the present conditions an oyster famine is not far away nor an impossible contingency. We have been large consumers of oysters, and we did not sow where we have reaped."

In the light of such a revelation of the natural oyster beds of the United States, an industry tending to counteract such a depletion should be encouraged, especially upon the coast of Southern California, where the native products are inferior in quality.

University, Los Angeles Co., Cal., Dec. 12, 1893.

* * * *

As a year has elapsed since this report was written for our Historical Society, it is necessary that later data be added in regard to the oyster industry in Los Angeles county. In a letter received from Mr. McGarvin, dated Dec. 13, 1894, he says the oysters of Alamitos Bay are equally large as those of the same age raised in the East. The oyster ground now embraces the whole of Alamitos and Anaheim Bays. The outlook is very hopeful for this industry. No star fish nor carnivorous shell

fish have been detected among the oyster beds. The oyster company had one carload of oyster seed shipped from the East that were nearly all dead when they arrived. This will set the industry back, as the oysters now in the bays cannot be marketed but must be reserved for propagation.

Mr. McGarvin says as a proof of the confidence the company have in the ultimate success of the local oyster industry, that none of the stock has been sold, although many are desirous of purchasing.

It is possible that the shipment of carloads of Eastern oysters may result in also planting the fry of other shell fish from the East in San Pedro Bay. *Mya arenaria* L. and *Urosalpinx cinerea* are now propagating in San Francisco Bay as the result of the introduction of Eastern oysters in that bay. Local shell collectors will do well to be on the alert for Eastern forms that may appear in San Pedro Bay.

The laws of California are encouraging in regard to the cultivation of oysters. A copy of these laws will be found in "Oyster Resources of the Pacific Coast," by Charles H. Townsend, published by the U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries.

The activity of local conchologists has not abated during the year 1894. A new Chiton from the channel off San Pedro has been reported upon.* Mr. T. S. Oldroyd obtained this Chiton "from a stone pulled up from about seventy-five fathoms." It is called *Lepidopleurus percrassus* (Dall) and Dr. Dall says of this new form, for which he has proposed a new section, that it "is very remarkable." It is probable that other new shells have been collected in San Pedro Bay this year, but as they have not been named and described, further particulars are needed for confirmation. (I have Miss Shepard's authority in regard to the probability of new shells found in San Pedro Bay.) Shells new to this locality are collected each year.

Dec. 31, 1894.

*See *The Nautilus* for December, 1894, page 90, for a description of this shell.

CALIFORNIA FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY J. M. GUINN.

[Read May 1, 1893.]

Among the recent valuable accessions to our Historical Society's collections (the gift of Dr. W. F. Edgar) is a copy of "Mitchell's New Map of Texas, Oregon and California, With the Regions Adjoining, published in 1845."

The chief authorities from which the map is compiled, the author tells us, are the Congressional Map of Texas (1844), Ward's Map of Mexico, Fremont's Map of His Explorations in Oregon, California, etc., in 1842, 1843, 1844 (our Society has a copy of this map, also the gift of Dr. Edgar), Map of Lewis and Clarke's Tour, Major Long's Tour to the Rocky Mountains, and Other Authorities. Accompanying this pocket map is a guide book of forty pages, descriptive of the countries delineated on the map, and of the customs and habits of their inhabitants. The information given in this guide was no doubt new to the men and women of fifty years ago. Some of it will be new and rather surprising to the people of today.

The map shows, or claims to show, the boundaries of Upper California when it was a Mexican territory. The author of the guide informs us that "this part of Mexico became independent in 1845." He says: "It has of late attracted much attention in the United States; a number of American citizens are already settled in it and many others are preparing to emigrate thither."

"It extends," he tells us, "from the Pacific Ocean to the Anahuac Mountains, and from the 42° of N. lat. to the head of the Gulf of California. On the north, it is bounded by Oregon, on the south by Old California (or Lower California) and the province of Sonora. Its extent from north to south is about 700 miles, and from east to west from 600 to 800 miles, with an area of about 420,000 square miles."

"The largest river of Upper California is the Colorado or Red River, so called from the color of its waters. It flows through a region almost unknown."

"The chief mountains on the eastern frontier of California are the Sierra Anahuac, the Sierra Los Mimbres and the Sierra Madre. These

form a continuous chain, and are part of the great Rocky Mountain range, and separate the waters of the Colorado from those of the Rio Grande del Norte. The highest peaks of the Coast Range." so our author tells us, "are San Bernardin in the south and Mount Shasta in the north. These are always covered with snow.

"The largest lakes of Upper California are the great Salt Lake, near its N. E. extremity, and the Utah, a smaller fresh water lake which flows into the former from the south. These two lakes," says our guide book, "are doubtless the Timpanogos and Buenaventura Lakes of the old Spanish maps, but they are now, for the first time, correctly portrayed by Capt. Fremont on the map of his late explorations.

"Nearly the whole of the central part of this region (Upper California), extending from 400 to 500 miles from north to south, and about the same from east to west, is unexplored. It is called the Great Interior Basin of California, and is enclosed on the west by the Sierra Nevada, and on the east by the Bear River and Wahsatch Mountains. It is inhabited by wandering tribes of Indians called Diggers.

"The wealth of California consists of live stock. The chief articles of export are hides and tallow; about 150,000 of the former and 200,000 arrobas of the latter are exported annually. About 2000 beaver, 3000 elk and deer, and 400 to 500 sea otter skins, the latter worth \$30 apiece, are also exported; besides which about 12,000 bushels of wheat are shipped annually to the Russian settlements on the Northwest Coast.

"The number of aborigines is estimated at 15,000. One-half of these are converted Indians; the remainder reside mostly on the Sacramento River. The whites are estimated at about 5000, with 2000 more of mixed blood; making the whole population of Upper California about 22,000 souls."

Even at that early day our climate got a puff. Our author says:

"The health and robustness of the white inhabitants seems remarkable and must be attributable to the fine climate as well as to their simple diet. This consists of beef roasted upon the coals, a few vegetables, and the tortilla, which is a thin cake made of corn meal and baked upon a sheet of iron. Throughout the country, both with the rich and poor, this is the general fare. The children are for the most part left to take care of themselves. They are generally robust and their relative numbers seem to be great. It is by no means uncommon to see families of fourteen or fifteen children. A large number die from accidental falls from horses, with which, from their earliest childhood, they are accustomed to be engaged. They early become expert and fearless riders, and this skill is not confined altogether to the male sex; the women are almost equally expert. Families with numerous members are seldom met with who have not had to mourn the loss of several of their number from casualties of this sort."

"The missions were establishments founded by Catholic missionaries for the conversion and civilization of the Indians—some were converted by persuasive means and others by force. In 1831 their number was about 18,000. The missions consist of a cluster of small houses, usually built in a square, with a territory of about fifteen square miles each; free from government taxes and each subordinate to a Franciscan friar, termed a prefect. The towns of the country are all small. Monterey, the capital, has only 300 inhabitants; San Diego and Pueblo de Los Angeles, from 800 to 1000; Santa Barbara and San Francisco are next in importance.

"This country was in part discovered by Cabrillo, a Spanish navigator, in 1542; and its northern part, called New Albion, by Sir Francis Drake, in 1578. In 1768 it was first colonized by the Spaniards and until after the revolution in Mexico formed a province of that country. In November, 1836, the people of Monterey and its vicinity rose, attacked and subdued the garrison, expelled the Mexican functionaries and troops, declared California independent, and established a congress of deputies for its future government."

This war of California independence is new historical matter.

The author adds: "It returned afterwards to Mexican authority, but in 1845 the people again proclaimed their independence."

In regard to the geography and topography of Southern California our map maker is very unreliable. The principal river of Southern California is laid down on the map as the Rio de Los Martiries, which rises in the Colorado Desert, flows southwesterly and empties into the Pacific at San Luis Rey. The Santa Ana, San Gabriel and Los Angeles are not named. The Rio San Buenaventura rises in the neighborhood of San Luis Obispo, flows north into the Bay of Monterey. (This is the Salinas.)

The names of numerous Indian tribes are scattered thickly over that part of the map that delineates the eastern portion of California. Judging from their names, they must have been terrible fellows. Think of meeting delegations of the Jum-bu-i-cra-re-ris on the warpath, and, if fortunate enough to escape them, of falling into the hands of the Cham-gu-a-bas, or leaving your scalp with a festive Jen-i-gu-i-e-hes!

Laid down on the map as starting from Loreta on the Gulf of California, near the lower end of the Peninsula, is a well defined trail. From Loreta, it crosses the Peninsula, and follows the line of the Coast up throughout the length of Lower California, passes through San Diego, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and terminates at San Francisco. This is the Camino del Rey, or King's Highway of the early mission days, and is the route by which a part of Junipero Serra's mission force entered Alta California.

The Great Spanish trail from Pueblo de Los Angeles to Santa Fe is laid down on the map. It is represented as bending rapidly north-eastward from Los Angeles until it strikes the Rio Virgin. It follows that stream to its head waters, crosses the Wahsatch Mountains in Utah, then, bending southeasterly, it reaches Santa Fe, which our map maker locates in Western Texas. The Panhandle of Texas, according to our map maker, extends northward to the southern boundary of Oregon. Oregon extends northward to $54^{\circ} 40'$ and eastward to the Rocky Mountains. Iowa Territory extends from the north line of Missouri to British America and from the Mississippi River on the east to the Missouri on the west.

According to this map, Alta California had at least fifty miles of coast on the Eastern side of the Gulf of California. Had the boundary line, as here laid down, between the Mexican States of Sonora and California, been established by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, our Arizona neighbors would now have what they are longing for, a port on the Gulf.

Out of what was the Mexican territory of Alta California, there has been carved all of California, all of Nevada, Utah, and Arizona, and part of New Mexico, Colorado, and Wyoming. It was a magnificent domain, 800 miles from east to west, and 700 from north to south. Such was Alta California in 1846, when the foot of the foreign invader first trod its soil. An empire in area, a terra incognita—an unknown land—to the eastern world. Vaster in extent than the thirteen original states of the Union, with Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio added. Greater in area than France, Spain, Portugal, and England combined.

Such was California under the Mexican domination, when Pico, the last of the Mexican Governors, hurled his final pronunciamiento against the ruthless invaders and proclaimed that between ignominy and emigration, "I prefer the latter," and then emigrated. Such was California when Flores, Commandante of the Californian armies heaped, by proclamation, denunciations upon that insignificant force of adventurers from the U. S. of the North, and attempted to fire the Mexican heart with his turgid rhetoric—"and shall we allow ourselves to be subjugated and accept by our silence the weighty chains of slavery? Shall we permit to be lost the soil inherited from our fathers, which cost them so much blood and so many sacrifices? Shall we wait to see our innocent children punished by American whips, our property sacked,—our temples profaned? No! a thousand time No! Countrymen, death first!"—exclaimed this Patrick Henry of Mexico, and then like his illustrious compeer of our Revolution, Patrick Henry of Virginia, he took good care to keep away from death. When the test came, Flores preferred death last; abandoned his army and his countrymen to their fate and fled to Sonora.

In marked contrast to the bravado and cowardice of Flores stands out the bravery and courage of Gen. Andres Pico. With a handful of undisciplined lancers he met Kearney's regulars at San Pasqual and worsted them. At Paso de Bartola and La Mesa he did his best, with such force as he had, to stay the march of the invader. When all was lost, he surrendered honorably to Fremont, after having secured advantageous terms for his countrymen.

When the State of California was in the formative stages, the most important question before the Constitutional Convention of 1849 was the fixing of the boundaries. Slavery was the goblin that affrighted the constitution makers. For a time, during their session, it did look to the free State people of California as if the "Gobelins will git you!" Gwin, the Macchiavelli of California politics, led the pro-slavery forces. The free state delegates were slightly in the majority in the convention. The adoption of a constitution with a pro-slavery clause in it was next to an impossibility in the convention, and even if possible in the convention, would have been defeated by the people of the State. The scheme of Gwin and his associates was to adopt the boundaries as fixed by Spain in 1768 and afterwards adopted by Mexico. Gwin's resolution, making the Rocky Mountains the eastern boundary, was adopted early in the session. It was only in the closing days of the convention that the free state men discovered Gwin's scheme. Numerous substitutes were offered. It was by a majority of two that the Rocky Mountain boundary was defeated.

Gwin's scheme was to carry the fight for the formation of a slave state on the Pacific into Congress. At that time there were just fifteen free and fifteen slave states in the Union. The antagonistic sections were nearly equally divided in Congress. Gwin and his pro-slavery associates reasoned that the Southern representatives in Congress would oppose the admission of so large an area of country in one state under a free state constitution, and that ultimately a compromise would be effected. California would be split in two from east to west; the old dividing line, the parallel of $36^{\circ} 30'$ would be established and Southern California would come into the Union as a slave state. Those who are today advocating the dismemberment of our noble State and the formation of two commonwealths cannot refer with very much pride to the origin of the scheme for State division.

The official map used by the Constitutional Convention in determining the limits of California was Fremont's map of Oregon and Upper California, drawn by Charles Pruess and published by order of the United States Senate. This map was no doubt faulty. Halleck proved from the Mexican archives that the dividing line between Upper

and Lower California was not 32° or $32^{\circ} 30'$ N. Latitude, but a line, fixed by certain rivers and hills, running between Upper and Lower California, at a considerable distance south of the line agreed upon by the treaty with Mexico, ratified at Queretaro, on the 30th of May, 1848. The Mexican Government no doubt took advantage of the commissioner's ignorance of the boundaries. Fremont's map extended California at least 150 miles into New Mexico. Hartnell, the best informed member of the Convention, upon Mexican jurisprudence, claimed that California never exercised jurisdiction over any of the territory east of the Colorado River, The government of that territory he claimed was divided between Sonora and New Mexico.

CHINESE MASSACRE AT LOS ANGELES IN 1871.

BY C. P. DORLAND.

[Read January 7, 1894.]

The history of the Chinese massacre that occurred in this city on the night of October 24, 1871, is a recital of one of the most bloody and barbarous tragedies in the annals of this State. The trouble originated among the Chinese themselves. Yo Hing was the leader of one faction and Sam Yeun of another. The cause of the outbreak in the beginning was the possession of a Chinese woman named Ya Hit, young and attractive, and from a Chinese estimate of female worth, of the financial value of \$2500. This woman was stolen, or had run away, from her owner and had come into the possession of the rival company. Her owners, to regain possession of their lost chattel, brought into requisition the power of the law, and the help of the courts and its officers, by causing a warrant to be issued for the arrest of the woman on the charge of larceny of jewelry. Ya Hit was brought into court, and bail having been fixed for her appearance when needed, she was bailed out by Sam Yeun's company, who took possession of the chattel. Thus Yo Hing and his company failed to obtain possession of their stolen woman and were defeated in the attempted recovery.

Yo Hing was a well-to-do merchant of wide repute and of great authority among his countrymen, being agent of one of the great Chinese companies in this city. He was a man who in every way sustained the national reputation of his race for ways that are dark—having regard for neither the habeas corpus of courts, the statutes of the state, the marital rights of his neighbors, nor, apparently, the hideous and austere countenance of even the great Joss, he communed within himself as to how he might compass his enemy, obtain lawful possession of the woman, thwart the decision of the court and bring the influence of the law and its officers to sustain his side of the case. The scheme he devised was in keeping with the character of the man. He persuaded the woman to secretly marry him and then, coming into lawful possession of her, he had the law and the sanctity of the marriage rite to strengthen his title. The company that had thus lost the woman immediately offered a reward of \$1000 for the scalp of Yo Hing. War was at once declared between the rival companies.

On Monday morning, October 23, 1871, at 9:30, as Yo Hing was passing along "Nigger Alley," two shots were fired at him from a Chinese store. He immediately swore out a warrant and had Ah Choy (a brother of the woman) and Lee Tak arrested, and they in turn had Yo Hing arrested. All were bailed out. They returned to Chinatown and preparations for an open conflict between the two companies were begun. All during that and the next day the work of preparation went on. Few Chinamen were on the street. Threats and warnings were heard on every hand. Every man of the hostile factions was heavily armed. The officers of the law were warned by well-disposed Chinamen that trouble was impending.

At 5:30 p.m. Tuesday, the 24th, as Police Officer Bilderrain was near Chinatown, he heard shooting and immediately started for the scene of conflict. As he approached the Chinese quarters a Chinaman fired at him. Finding himself unable to quell the disturbance, he called for help. Sepulveda and Estaban Sanchez came to his aid. Ah Choy stood at the porch in front of the Coronel Block and emptied his pistol at the crowd, which by this time was gathering. One old man when told to get inside the house, pulled his pistol and emptied its contents at the crowd indiscriminately. Robert Thompson, an old resident of the city, was among the first to gain the porch in answer to the cries of the police for help. He received a mortal wound, from a bullet fired through the door of a Chinese store. He was taken to Wollweber's drug store on Main Street, where he died an hour later. After some twenty-five or thirty shots had been fired, it was discovered that Bilderrain was shot in the shoulder, a boy named Juan Jose Mendible was shot in the leg, and a man by the name of Joe was shot in the hip.

The Chinese in the meantime had taken refuge in a long adobe, with massive walls, heavily covered with brea. They barricaded the doors and windows and prepared for battle. The news of the fight soon spread through the city, and the people collected and surrounded the building. Don Refugio Botello, armed with a six-shooter, first ascended the roof, others following, when holes were cut through the brea, and they fired into the interior through the holes thus made.

One Chinaman attempted to leave the besieged building and escape across the street, but he was shot down before half way over. Another one attempting to escape into Los Angeles Street, was captured by the crowd, dragged through the street to the western gate of Tomlinson's corral, on New High Street, where he was hanged, after a second attempt, the rope breaking the first time.

Several propositions were made to burn the building, and a fire broke out in two or three places, but it was quickly extinguished. The crowd by this time had collected on the corner of Commercial and Main Streets,

and some advised one thing and some another, but there was no leader to direct, nor officers to control. It was then recommended that a guard be stationed round the building until daylight to await further developments, but the crowd had become furious and uncontrollable, and disregarded all expostulations and entreaties to refrain from further violence.

About 9 o'clock a party battered in the eastern end of the building, and with hooting and yelling and firing of pistols, the rioters rushed in and found huddled in corners or hidden behind boxes, eight terror-stricken Chinamen, who, in vain, pleaded piteously for their lives. They were violently dragged out and turned over to the infuriated mob. One was killed by dragging him over the stones by a rope around his neck. Three were hanged to a wagon on Los Angeles Street, although they were more dead than alive from being beaten and kicked and mangled, when they reached the place of execution. Four were likewise hanged to the western gateway of Tomlinson's corral, on New High Street. Two of the victims were mere boys.

One of the victims was a Chinese doctor, an inoffensive man, respected by all the white people who knew him. He pleaded in English and in Spanish, for his life, offering his captors all his wealth, some \$2000 or \$3000, but in spite of his entreaties he was hanged; then his money was stolen, and one of his fingers cut off, to obtain the rings he wore. The doctor's name was Gene Tung. It is stated that several other Chinamen were shot, a number fled to the city jail for safety, and many went into the country.

While the shooting and hanging were going on, thieves and robbers were looting the Chinese buildings. Every room in the block was thoroughly rifled and ransacked, trunks, boxes and locked receptacles of all kinds were broken open in the search for valuables. One merchant states he lost \$4000 in gold, and others reported losses, in sums varying from a few hundred dollars, to several thousands. It is variously estimated that the loss to the Chinese in money was from \$30,000 to \$70,000.

About 9:30 p.m. Sheriff Burns addressed the crowd on the corner of Spring and Temple Streets, commanding all good and law-abiding citizens to follow him to Chinatown, whereupon twenty-five persons volunteered. When he arrived there he found the fighting had ceased and the mob had already commenced to disperse. He found ten men hanged on Los Angeles Street, some to a wagon and some to an awning; he found five more at Tomlinson's corral, and that four were shot in Nigger Alley and two were wounded and had been taken to the city jail. Guards were stationed through Chinatown and around the principal buildings occupied by Chinamen.

The following appeared editorially in the *Express* the day after the riot:

"All the dark scenes of early days in Los Angeles were entirely eclipsed by the horrid lynching affair last night, in which some twenty Chinamen met with a most cruel death, many of whom must have been innocent men.

"That the Chinamen who engaged in the affray which resulted in the death of Mr. Thompson and the wounding of Mr. Bilderrain, and also the one who is reported to have fired promiscuously into the crowd on Caswell & Ellis's corner, richly deserve hanging, no one will deny, but the horrible, outrageous and cruel manner in which innocent men were treated at the hands of those engaged in the lynching, the particulars of which are too sickening and heart-rending to publish, is condemned by every decent man."

The same day the following editorial appeared in the *News*:

"Yesterday the chief topic of conversation was the terrible tragedy of Tuesday night, wherein scenes were enacted that might shame the wandering Apache, who makes murder a trade and robbery a pastime. The universal sentiment among those who value the fair name of our city is one of unqualified condemnation.

"It is some consolation to know that not a man of any respectability or standing in the community took any part in the murderous affray."

Five days after the riot the coroner's jury reported that nineteen persons had come to their death by the hands of a mob, on the night of October 24, 1871. The names, ages and occupations of the deceased are given. This report is still on file in the Court House in this city.

Of all the Chinamen murdered, it is not believed that a single one of them was in any way implicated in the shooting, except Ah Choy. The leaders, Yo Hing and his gang, all fled to the country when the fight first commenced. Sam Yeun lived to bring an action for damages against the city, for his losses on that night, but failed to recover, because he was implicated in instigating the riot. He was also indicted by the grand jury for the murder of Robert Thompson, but, after a lengthy trial, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

In the following month, when Judge Sepulveda charged the grand jury concerning the riot, he used the following language: "Gentlemen, do your whole duty; set an example of true courage in the performance of your duty; be faithful to your trust. In this way only can you satisfy an offended God, violated law, and outraged humanity."

After a prolonged session the grand jury made an exhaustive report from which the following extracts are taken:

"We find that a feud has long existed between the Chinese companies in this city. That on the 24th day of October, members of the rival companies, having provided themselves with arms, met in a public street and commenced firing at one another. Their shots were turned upon two policemen and their assistants, who were making an effort to quell the disturbance. In this effort one citizen was killed, one police officer and one citizen shot and wounded."

"A great number of shots were fired by the Chinese upon the streets and from the doors of their houses, at the officers and others, who hastened to the officers' aid. The confusion created a panic which opened the way for evil doers, and in the excitement that followed, the worst elements of society not only disgraced civilization by their acts, but in their savage treatment of unoffending human beings, their eagerness for pillage and bloodthirstiness, exceeded the most barbarous races of men."

"We believe we should be wanting in our duty if we should fail to present to this Court the painful conclusion to which we are forced, that the officers of this county as well as of this city, whose duty it is to preserve the peace and to arrest those who are violating the law, were deplorably inefficient in the performance of their duty during the scenes of confusion and bloodshed which disgraced our city, and has cast a reproach upon the people of Los Angeles County.

"Had these officers performed this duty, this grand jury would not have been called upon to devote weeks to the investigation of the matter, nor would there have been any riotous acts on that night to stain the records of this County."

For references for further details, see Minute Book 11, page 166 of Criminal Records of this County, also the case of "The People vs. L. T. Crenshaw, et. al." 46 California Reports, page 66, also 47 California Reports, page 532.

This is but a brief outline of the story of that awful riot that has gone down in history as the darkest stain upon the fair name of Southern California.

Among all the records and from all the testimony, and from all sources, I have not found one voice raised in defense or in palliation of the terrible crimes of that night; but the unanimous voice of officials, writers, newspaper men, coroners and grand jury, as well as the voice of common humanity, has been that of unqualified condemnation.

THE OWENS VALLEY EARTHQUAKE OF 1872.

BY C. MULHOLLAND.

[Read May 7, 1894.]

The most violent earthquake known in the history of California had its center of action a few miles from Owens Lake, Inyo County.

This terrible convulsion occurred on Tuesday, March 26, 1872. The night was calm, the sky clear, the moon just past full. The Sierra Nevada Mountains were covered with snow, which shone like robes of pearly satin in the moonlight. The valley presented as peaceful and secure a scene as eyes ever looked upon, and the great mountains on either side appeared the very embodiment of solidity and stability.

In an instant, without any warning symptoms from the heavens above or the earth beneath, the mountains were swaying like storm-tossed trees and the valley rolled like the sea.

About 25 minutes past 2 o'clock in the morning great rumbling and roaring were heard to come from deep in the earth. At the same instant the ground rolled violently; there was also a twisting motion, and this, together with the heaving and rolling, produced great and instant destruction. Buildings of stone or adobe were reduced to heaps of ruins in a moment, and even strong frame buildings were wrecked or thrown from their foundations.

Had this awful convulsion occurred at a large city, there is no doubt it would have been attended with such a loss of life and property as was caused by the most noted earthquakes in ancient or modern times.

Fortunately the country affected was sparsely settled, and there were no large buildings inhabited by considerable numbers of people. But in proportion to population in the region affected, the loss of life was very great.

The town of Lone Pine is situated five miles north from Owens Lake; Mount Whitney, the highest peak of the Sierra Nevada, is directly west from the town; the summit of the mountain is twelve miles distant in an air line, but to reach it takes a journey of three days.

The greatest loss of life was at Lone Pine. About three-fourths of the buildings were of stone and adobe, and every one of these was dashed into a heap of ruins at the first crash of the earthquake. More

than sixty persons were instantly killed or wounded. A large store, crowded with goods, fell and buried Rockwell Loomis, one of the owners, who was sleeping in the building. Fire broke out in the ruin near where Mr. Loomis was lying wounded and held fast in the wreck. A large quantity of powder in kegs was close by, and it looked certain that at any moment the horrors of an explosion would be added to the calamity. A man named William Covington was also in the building and escaped without hurt. He quickly learned that Loomis was alive and saw his danger from the powder. The quakings and roar of the earthquake yet continued; the screams of terror-stricken women and the shouts of men were heard on every side.

In the midst of all the confusion and terror Covington made his way to his friend, managed to extinguish the fire and got the powder kegs covered securely from sparks. He then got Loomis free from the ruin and conveyed him to a place of safety. Men have gained lasting fame for deeds done in battle that were not more truly heroic than this act of Covington.

In another house Mrs. C. M. Joslyn and her little son were asleep in bed when the crash came. On the other side of a partition her two little daughters were sleeping. A falling wall instantly killed the child in the mother's arms, and she was severely injured; the two girls were not hurt. A large and strongly built brewery was partially crushed in. Several people were asleep in the building and all escaped without injury, except an infant, the child of one of the proprietors, which was killed instantly. In another house a mother, two daughters and a son were all instantly killed. But it would be tedious to extend the list of killed.

There were a number of remarkable escapes, only a few of which need be mentioned. Colonel Whipple occupied a two-story residence. On the night of the earthquake his family were absent, and he slept on the second floor. When the crash came the house went down, and he was buried in the ruin. He exclaimed: "This is death," and thought of his absent family. He quickly found himself able to move, and, though nearly suffocated, managed to get out of the ruin. He escaped with but a few slight scratches. A man named Austin was also sleeping in the house, in another room. This man had one arm and three ribs broken.

Dr. Gelcich occupied a building, one end being used as a drug store and the other as a dwelling. The end of the dwelling went out at the first crash, and through this he escaped with his wife and infant child, just as the side walls and roof fell in. From across the street the doctor heard the cries of Mrs. Joslyn, calling for help where she was buried with her children in the ruins of her house. He started to give assistance, but before he could do anything another shock threw him

down and he was hurt so severely as afterwards caused him to spit blood. In another building two men were sleeping together; one escaped unhurt; the other was nearly killed.

All who escaped and were able to do anything went to work at once to rescue those who were yet in the ruins, and to care for the injured who were already released.

The bodies were also taken from the ruins and prepared for burial; sixteen were persons of foreign birth, having no relatives near the place; coffins were prepared for these, each having the name inscribed thereon. There were fifteen of these coffins; one of these contained two bodies, a mother and child. All these were buried in one great grave; this grave is about one-half mile north from Lone Pine, and is still kept enclosed within a neat picket fence. The bodies of those who had relatives or friends were taken charge of by these and buried.

The whole number killed at Lone Pine, as far as can now be ascertained, was twenty-six.

About ten miles north from Lone Pine, and on the east side of Owens River, is the Eclipse mine and quartz mill. Henry Tregallas, the manager, lived with his wife in an adobe house near the mill. At the first shake the house went down in ruins. All the other buildings save the mill, which is a very strong frame structure, went down at the first crash. The terrified people who escaped from the buildings quickly got together, and it was found that none were missing but Mr. Tregallas and his wife. Among all the others few were hurt, none seriously, and none killed.

The men quickly went in search of the missing people; when found in the ruins Mr. Tregallas was dead, his arms about his wife, who was badly hurt and nearly unconscious. The woman was cared for as well as possible, and fully recovered in course of time. The body of her husband was taken charge of and buried by the members of the Masonic lodge at Independence.

At the town of Independence, which is the county seat, and sixteen miles north from Lone Pine, the wreck of buildings was general. But more timber had been used here than at Lone Pine, and partitions and joists protected the people in the buildings from falling walls; as a consequence no lives were lost, nor was any person very seriously hurt.

The Court House was a two-story brick building. The County Clerk and Under Sheriff were sleeping on the ground floor. At the first shock the whole of the upper story went crashing to the south and fell beyond the lower part of the building. The walls of the lower story were left standing, but badly cracked to the ground. The two officers escaped from the ruins with but slight injury.

P. A. Chalfant, who was then editor of the *Inyo Independent*, gives the following account of his experience:

He was awakened from sound sleep, and it was some time before he became conscious of the cries of his terrified wife and of the awful convulsions of the earth. With a feeling of indescribable terror he reached the floor. Reeling and staggering like a drunken man for a time—measured by the sensations it seemed an age—he vainly sought to grasp from its crib a sleeping child. It was impossible, for as he staggered forward the crib rolled away, and then returned with a shock that sent him reeling against the bed. By some means he finally got the child in his arms and started out of the room.

At this moment a crash was heard in the printing office directly overhead, where stood two printing presses, weighing over two thousand pounds, which seemed to be breaking through the floor. Unlocking the outer door he threw the child to the heaving ground, and returned to meet his wife as she staggered out with a babe in her arms. Amid the falling plastering and crashing pottery all escaped without a scratch. The whole time thus occupied did not probably exceed fifty seconds. Similar experiences were had in every house in town.

A well-known attorney, who is now in practice at Independence, and is a man of quick apprehension, appeared to understand the situation instantly. When the first shock occurred and the walls of his house were tumbling down, he leaped from bed and shouted to his wife: "Get up, Betty, get up; hell's broke loose." The couple escaped without a scratch; but the impression then made upon the mind of that attorney was such that there is reasonable ground to hope that he may in the end escape the bourne so many of his profession appear to be destined for.

The wreck and destruction of property was general at Independence; but no lives were lost, and, as already stated, no one was seriously hurt.

Two miles north from Independence is a fine settlement called Camp Independence. At the time of the earthquake all the buildings were of adobe, and all were partially destroyed. Only one life was lost. A farmer named Jacob Vogt, his wife and one child lived in an adobe house. At the first crash the building went down in ruin, and before Mr. Vogt could extricate his wife and child the latter was suffocated. Mrs. Vogt and a few others were injured, but none seriously.

At Fish Spring, twenty-one miles north of Independence, buildings were wrecked and the inmates buried in the ruins. But, strange to say, no one was killed and only one person, an aged woman, was seriously hurt. This woman was the mother of Henry C. Paine, well-known in Los Angeles. She recovered from her injuries and lived until two or

three years ago, when she died at the home of a married daughter and at the place where she had been hurt by the earthquake.

At the town of Bishop, forty-seven miles north from Independence, the shake was also severe, and stone and adobe buildings went down in ruins. Along with other members of their family, two young ladies, daughters of J. P. Zaney, were that night at a ball in the town. A heavy stone chimney at their home fell, crashing through the roof and down upon the bed where these girls would have been lying had they not been at the dance. If in bed at that moment, both would certainly have been killed. This incident is not found in Sunday School story books. It may afford a good argument to girls who want to go to a dance when the old folks object.

The earthquake extended along the Sierra Nevada Mountains far to the north, and at Aurora, and other places, one hundred miles or more from Owens Valley, buildings were badly injured or totally wrecked, but no loss of life, or even serious injury to persons, was reported from that direction.

The center of the convulsion was at or near Lone Pine, and radiating from that in all directions, the earth movement diminished.

At Little Lake, fifty miles south of Lone Pine, the first shock was severe. On that night a stage and eleven large teams were at the station. The stage driver, named H. W. Robinson, was sleeping in a room there. At the first shock his impression was that his team was running away with the stage, and he jumped up, grabbed for the lines and shouted: "Whoa! Whoa!" He was tumbled out of bed to the floor, became fully conscious and jumped out of the room, escaping unhurt. The men with the big teams were sleeping in their wagons, to which the mules were tied. When the wagons began to roll and pitch, one of the drivers jumped up, put on the brakes, and began to address the mules in the vigorous way usual with mule drivers, thinking the animals were causing all the trouble. Another driver shouted to him: "You d—d fool; 't aint the mules; it's an earthquake." No one was hurt at Little Lake, nor was any damage reported from south of that place.

That the center of this great disturbance of the earth was deep-seated is evident from the permanent changes on the surface.

About twenty-eight miles north from Lone Pine the bed of Owens River sank, making a depression that took the river several hours to fill up. This depression still remains, a lake of some hundreds of acres in extent.

About seven miles north of Lone Pine the ground sank toward the west; the river followed this depression and made a new channel, in which it continues to flow. The high banks of the old channel can yet

be seen about two miles to the east from the present west bank of the river, at a point four miles north of Lone Pine.

A half mile north from Lone Pine a row of tall trees extends westward at a right angle to the wagon road. About 100 yards from the road there is an offset in this row of trees. Beyond that point where the straight line is broken, the trees stand about 16 feet farther north than those in the line from the same point back to the road. This offset was made by the earthquake. None of the trees on either side of the line where the break was made were disturbed; all now stand erect and uninjured, just as they were before the earthquake.

High up in the mountains enormous masses of rock were shaken loose and hurled down into the canyons. I have seen pine trees, that must be 100 feet or more in height, still standing erect, but only their tops visible. The whole canyon where they stand is filled up with rocks, the debris from high peaks that fell during the earthquake. It is now over 22 years since that awful convulsion, and during that time no part of the state has been less affected by earthquakes than Inyo County.

CALIFORNIA IN THE THIRTIES.

[As related to the writer by Ex-Governor PIO PICO and Col. J. J. WARNER, June 1894.]

BY H. D. BARROWS.

[Read July 2, 1894.]

The decade of 1830—'40, in some respects, was one of the most important in the history of Alta California. It was during the years of this decade that the control of the immense missionary establishments of the Province, was transferred from the ecclesiastical to the civil authorities; and it was during this same period that the policy of granting public lands to actual settlers, so far-reaching in its effects, was inaugurated or carried into practical execution, whereby, not only the settlement of the country, by full-fledged citizens, i. e. by "*gente de razón*," capable of self-government, was greatly encouraged; but also (which was vastly important) tenure of title to lands was effectively provided for, under the comprehensive and very liberal land laws of the republic.

During the ecclesiastical or missionary *regime*, the missions occupied the public domain in their respective jurisdictions, only by permission, without having absolute title thereto: the expectation of both the Spanish and Mexican governments having been, that the missions, (as had happened in other parts of Spanish America,) would eventually become self-governing Pueblos; and that the neophytes would in time be capable of receiving and transmitting titles to land. But it was found after faithful and prolonged attempts by the Franciscan Fathers to civilize the California Indians, that the latter were not capable of citizenship in any true sense; and moreover, that if lands were distributed to them in fee, they could only hold and transmit titles to the same through the aid of clerical or other guardians.

Therefore the Mexican government was compelled to radically change its land policy in California, and provide for the distribution of its lands to citizens, who, not only should be competent to manage them and transmit title to them, but who also should be capable of local self-government, which the Indians were not.

The state of warfare which prevailed in Mexico for ten years or more preceding the achievement of its independence, did not extend to California, which remained in peace and quietude; and this continued until the year 1831, with the exception of a short-lived military insurrection of the garrisons of San Francisco and Monterey, headed by Gen. Solis, which came to naught. The civil, military and ecclesiastical authorities of California gave in their allegiance to the new government soon after the national independence was established in 1822. In the latter part of 1830, Manuel Victoria was sent by the Mexican government to relieve Gov. Echeandia; (who had filled the office since 1825,) and he, Victoria, assumed the duties of governor of the Territory in January, 1831.

In November of this year, an insurrection against Victoria was initiated at San Diego, headed by Pico, Bandini, Jose Antonio Carrillo, Stearns, and others; the guard-house, (which was used as a prison for the town and country,) was seized, and the Commandante of the post, Santiago Arguello, and Captain Pablo Portillo were arrested. A commission was sent to Los Angeles to secure the co-operation of Los Angeles in this movement, in which aim it was successful.

Amongst the causes of dissatisfaction with Victoria were the following: After the organization of Republican government in Mexico, which succeeded the downfall of the Imperial *regime* under Iturbide, the Mexican Congress by law provided for the distribution of the public lands of the nation among the citizens, in conformity with regulations which were to be issued by the executive branch of the government, but which were not promulgated until 1828. And as, under this law and these regulations, the co-operation of the legislative department of the government of California, was necessary, to make grants of lands to citizens; and, as Victoria neglected or refused to take any steps to carry out the same, or to call the legislative body together, the people naturally became impatient that the beneficent land laws of the the republic, so far as they related to California, should thus be rendered inoperative.

Another and second cause of the disaffection of the people of San Diego and Los Angeles against the administration of Victoria was that that official had made his headquarters and the seat of the Territorial Government at Monterey, instead of at San Diego, which had been the headquarters of Gov. Echeandia. Again, the people of Los Angeles had also become exasperated with Victoria, because of their belief that the acts of the Alcalde of Los Angeles, Vicente Sanchez, who, during the year 1831, had kept a large number of the most influential citizens of the Pueblo under arrest in the guardhouse, mostly for contempt of his authority or for some trivial offense, etc., were inspired by Victoria. Of

course this disaffection was increased by the refusal of Victoria to call the Territorial Legislature together, as he had been requested to do by prominent citizens.

The commissioners from San Diego, and the force which accompanied them, found the people of Los Angeles very ready to join them in the revolt or "pronunciamento" against Victoria; and they at once proceeded, not only to relieve the Los Angeles citizens who had been under arrest, but they also put Alcalde Sanchez in prison.

Meanwhile measures were adopted to oppose or intercept Victoria, who had started south to suppress the insurrection. A small armed force went out and met him between Los Angeles and Cahuenga, where a hostile encounter took place on the 5th day of December, 1831, in which Captain Pacheco of Victoria's party and Jose Maria Abila of the insurgent force (and one of the citizens whom Sanchez had had in prison a long time) were killed. Abila, with lance in rest, charged on Victoria, whereupon Pacheco rushed between them to save his chief, and was killed, on which some one of Victoria's men slew Abila. The insurgents made no attempt to capture Victoria then, but withdrew from the place of encounter and returned to town. Victoria did not follow them, but proceeded to San Gabriel. He was soon followed thither, however, by the insurgent leaders, who took with them Alcade Sanchez; and there Victoria turned over all authority, resigning his office as Governor; and he was sent to San Diego, from whence he was dispatched by an American vessel to San Blas. The resignation of Victoria left the Territory without a Governor.

It had been agreed at San Diego, between Arguello and Portilla and the insurgents under Pico, that the former would join in the insurrection against Victoria if the insurgents would proclaim Echeandia Military Chief. Pico and Echeandia left San Diego about the time of the affair of December 5, near Cahuenga, of which they heard at the Indian village of Santa Margarita. They proceeded to the Mission San Gabriel, where Echeandia formally took the oath of office as Military Chief and assumed command. But he was not recognized by Zamorano, who had been left in command at Monterey by Victoria; and Zamorano sent a military expedition, under Lieut. Ybarra, south to suppress the insurrection. But, although the latter came as far south as Los Angeles, the authority of Zamorano was only partially recognized there, and not at all at San Diego. The attitude of the people and of Echeandia as Commandante was such that Ybarra retired and finally returned to Monterey.

From the time of the resignation of Victoria to the coming of Figueroa, Echeandia was the Military Commandante of the southern part of the Territory, with headquarters at San Diego; and Pio Pico was recognized as Gefe Politico or Governor—i. e., in the south, or throughout

that portion of the province over which the authority of Echeandia as Commandante extended—he, Pico, having taken the oath of office at Los Angeles January 26, 1832, the same having been administered by General Vallejo, at the old church on the Plaza.

The people of the south did not consider Zamorano in any sense the legally constituted political chief, notwithstanding his pretensions to the governorship as successor of Victoria. On the contrary, Pio Pico, who, by virtue of being the senior member of the Territorial Legislature, was, under the Mexican law of May 6, 1822, by them recognized as the legitimate Governor; and he acted as such, though the inhabitants of the northern part of the Territory adhered to Zamorano, till the arrival of Figueroa, who was regularly appointed as Governor by the Mexican government. Figueroa arrived in California in the latter part of 1832, and assumed the duties of his office in January, 1833; and all sections acquiesced in his authority and he remained Governor till his death at Monterey in 1835.

During the incumbency of Figueroa the law of 1824 and the "reglamento" of 1828 were first carried into execution by him; and he made various grants of land under them, which were duly approved by the Territorial Legislature. Under the administration of Governor Figueroa the initiatory steps were taken for the secularization of the missions, and also the management or control of their temporal affairs was transferred from the priests to civil officers called administrators, who were appointed by the Governor.

An organization was formed in the City of Mexico in 1834, called the "Cosmopolitan Company," for the purpose of taking possession of the missions of California, their aim also being to control the commerce of the Territory. Jose Maria Hjar was sent to California as Governor this same year by the Mexican government—Gomez Farias being the chief magistrate of Mexico, in the absence of Santa Ana at the head of the army in the field. But before the arrival of Hjar in California Santa Ana, who had assumed his official duties as President, sent a special messenger to Figueroa directing him not to deliver the control of the missions; and Hjar, consequently, never acted as Governor. A large proportion of the commerce of the province at that time was carried on by the priests of the missions. The Hjar plan was to appoint administrators of all the missions, who were to be named by Hjar, candidates for which he brought with him.

After the arrival of Hjar a lengthy and somewhat embittered correspondence between him and Governor Figueroa took place; but, owing to the firmness of Figueroa, the colony and commercial scheme proved an entire failure, and Hjar left the country; but most of the members of the colony remained, and Governor Figueroa assigned the use of the

mission of Santa Cruz to them; but they soon dispersed to different parts of the province, where they became permanent settlers, and some of them eventually acquired considerable prominence. The names of some of these colonists who remained were: the Coronels, Agustin Olvera, Victor Prudon, F. Guerrero, Jose Abrego, N. Estrada, J. M. Covarrubias, Jesus Noe, etc.

On the death of Governor Figueroa, in August, 1835, Colonel Nicolas Gutierrez became Military Commandante. Jose Antonio Estudillo, as senior member of the Territorial Legislature, should have succeeded to the civil governorship, but he declined, and Jose Castro, another member of the "diputacion," became civil governor.

There were numerous changes in 1836, Nicholas Gutierrez and Mariano Chico each acting as Governor for short periods. Juan B. Alvarado became Governor in November, 1836, and continued in that office till 1842. Alvarado while Governor issued a proclamation declaring California a free and independent sovereignty, which declaration was not received with much enthusiasm by the people. So Alvarado and Castro soon after entered into negotiations with the Mexican authorities for the return of California to its allegiance to Mexico.

In 1839 General Vallejo, who had been for some time in military command of the country west of the Sacramento River, and who had favored and assisted the acquirement of land by foreigners, who had already become quite numerous, represented to the Mexican government that the presence of foreigners was beginning to endanger the integrity and stability of the Mexican authority; and he asked that special powers be conferred on him to maintain the same, over that portion of California included in his command.

To counteract this move of Vallejo, as well perhaps as to show their own loyalty, and to reinstate themselves in favor with the central government, which they had lost by their previous attempts to make California independent, Alvarado and Castro arrested several foreign residents of California, and without the formality of trial sent them—some forty-seven in number—as prisoners to San Blas. As a portion of these arrested persons were Americans and Englishmen, the American and English governments made reclamation of the government of Mexico for these illegal proceedings, which was finally accorded by the latter. Among these prisoners, most of whom returned to California, was Isaac Graham, who settled afterwards in Santa Cruz, where he obtained land on which he lived many years. He died in San Francisco in 1863. Another was William Chard, who afterwards secured a grant in Tehama County on which he lived till his death. Others of the party received compensation for their losses and sufferings from the Mexican government.

San Gabriel Mission in the early thirties was the religious center of this portion of California, and, besides, it was the center of industrial activities, inasmuch as it had nominal control of large landed estates and owned immense flocks and herds and carried on extensive agricultural and manufacturing enterprises. Great quantities of leather, saddles, bridles, coarse woolen cloths and blankets, soap, wine and brandy were made and disposed of to the residents of Los Angeles and to the rancheros of the surrounding country. The labor employed in the production of these things was performed almost exclusively by Indians or by the neophytes of the mission, each department being under Californian or Mexican overseers or mayordomos; and the whole was under the capable general supervision of wise old Father Jose Sanchez, who, also at one time (1827-31), was President of all the missions of California, and whose memory was widely venerated by all who knew him, and is to this day by those who survive him. At that time there was no regular priest stationed in Los Angeles. On Sundays, feast days, etc., the people of the surrounding country, and even from the Pueblo, gathered mainly at San Gabriel, and not at Los Angeles, as was the case in after years. It was only occasionally that the former sent a priest to Los Angeles to hold religious services, for the benefit of the people, at the church on the Plaza.

After the secularization of the missions, the relative importance of the two places rapidly changed. San Gabriel fell into decadence and Los Angeles soon became the principal city of Alta California, and so remained till the discovery of gold, when San Francisco became the metropolis, not only of California, but of the Coast.

In 1832 it is estimated that the cattle belonging to the mission of San Gabriel exceeded 100,000 head. From the ranchos of Ucaipe and San Bernardino (both of which were stocked exclusively by cattle belonging to this mission), on every rancho and pasture field to San Pedro, were found cattle of San Gabriel; and on many of the ranchos the cattle of the mission predominated; and in the ten years subsequent to 1832, upwards of 75,000 head of cattle belonging to this mission were slaughtered for their hides and tallow, which were sold and exported from the port of San Pedro. The number of cattle and horses in Upper California in 1831, as given by Forbes (pp. 265, 266), were: Horned cattle, 216,727; horses, 32,201; besides great numbers of the latter which were running wild. Mr. Forbes obtained his information from the priests, who were accustomed rather to under than over-estimate the property of the missions.

Father Sanchez, who died in 1833, was succeeded at San Gabriel by Father Tomas Estenega, who remained in charge of the mission for many years, or till his death, in 1847. It was during his services as

priest that the mission fell into decay; for the administration of its temporal affairs was taken from him, and the cattle were slaughtered; its great vineyards and orchards were left to die—only a small orange orchard and a few hardy olive trees of that epoch have survived till the present time. The mission church building remains, but the warehouses and the adobe domiciles of its neophytes have melted into low mounds, or to the level of the surrounding plains, and there is but little left now to remind one of the busy scenes, the industrial activity, and the great wealth of San Gabriel Mission sixty years ago. And the sad history of all the other missions during the thirties was not unlike that of San Gabriel. But the somberness of the picture is relieved by the fact that during that decade the foundations of a secular commonwealth were laid, in which religion was not excluded. It would have been better if the missionary fathers had welcomed and not opposed the acquirement of land by Mexican citizens, or even by foreigners who would have become good citizens, who would have been aids and not drawbacks to the fathers in their efforts to found a state on this, then, distant outpost of civilization; for there was land enough in California for all, as there certainly was room enough for both citizens and missionaries to have labored in accord for the common good. In that case the Mexican government would not have been forced to the harsh alternative of taking all the lands away from the missions because the latter practically claimed all for their wards, who, in fact were incapable of managing the lands or of performing, unaided, the most rudimentary duties that were absolutely essential to citizenship.

In jotting down, during numerous interviews last month, a few of the recollections of Gov. Pico and Col. Warner, which were recounted to me with much greater fullness than is here recorded, I have been struck with two facts. The first is, the vividness both as to detail and coloring of their remembrances of the past; and second, how next to impossible it is for us Anglo-Californians to obtain anything like an adequate or correct picture of the primitive life that was lived here, and in other portions of California, three-score years ago by a race of people whose language, customs, traditions, and civilization, and, whose environment even, were so radically different from our own. I only know that the picture we conjure up must bear but slight resemblance to that painted in the memories of the venerable gentlemen, both now nearly centenarians, who took part in the events of that distant period.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD COURT HOUSE AND ITS BUILDER.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

[Read Dec. 3, 1894.]

In the slow tearing down of the old court house, which has been going on now for some time, we witness the gradual disappearance of a public building that has long been a prominent landmark near the business center of Los Angeles city. This edifice was originally erected for a market house by John Temple, and its first floor was used for that purpose for a number of years. Afterwards it was bought by the county, and was used for the housing of the courts and the various other county offices for a long period, or until the completion of the new court house on the hill. It was then sold to the present owner, who is to replace it with a large block.

For many years, our people throughout the county, [which formerly included also the present county of Orange] were accustomed to look to this building as the county's headquarters, where the courts were held, the records were kept, the taxes were levied and collected and where all general business of the county centered. And, until numerous higher structures were erected in the immediate neighborhood, cutting off the view, the people of the city long depended on the clock in its tower for the time of day, or as a common regulator of their watches. Indeed the habit remained strong with many of the old citizens of looking to the "old town clock" for the time, from the four quarters of the city, for a considerable period after the clock was removed and its four dial faces cease to mark the time.

The demolition of the old court house awakens many remembrances of events which occurred in and around it, and of its builder, Mr. Temple.

John Temple, or "Johnny Temple," as Americans familiarly called him, "Don Juan Temple," a name so well known to all the older Californians, was one of the very earliest American settlers in Los Angeles. He came here from Honolulu, on the ship Waverly, in 1827, nearly 70 years ago. He was a native of Reading, Mass., where he was born in 1798. He evidently came to stay, for he was baptized at once on his arrival at San Diego, and after making a few trading ships

trips on the coast, he became a naturalized citizen of Mexico, and in 1830 he married Rafaela Cota, daughter of Francisco Cota. He engaged in trade in Los Angeles with George Rice in 1833, and then alone, and after 1841 with his brother Francisco. He took very little part in political affairs, except that the vigilantes of 1836 met at his house. After 1839 he was creditor of the southern missions, and in 1845 he purchased the mission of La Purisima.

From 1848, as owner of the Los Cerritos ranch, lying along the coast, east of San Pedro, and including the site of the present town of Long Beach, he engaged in stock raising on a large scale. He erected, at various epochs, several prominent buildings in this city, including that long known as Temple block; the city market house, in later years known as the court house; the southwest portion of the present Temple block, etc.

Mr. Temple was interested in a ten-year contract, which his son-in-law, Gregorio Ajuria, a native of Spain, entered into with the Mexican government, to operate the mint in the City of Mexico. About 1860 or 1861, Senor Ajuria became insane, and was taken to Paris, where he afterwards died in a hospital; but Mr. Temple's responsibility for the management of the mint continued till the expiration of the lease in 1862. Mr. Temple thrice visited the City of Mexico with Mrs. Temple, and once he went with her to Paris. After their return, they moved to San Francisco, making their home on Bush Street where he died in 1866, at the age of 68 years. After his death, Mrs. Temple went to Paris and took up her residence with her widowed daughter, until her death some years later; the daughter still resides in Paris.

John Temple, whom I knew well, was a very shrewd business man, not easily flattered or deceived, although he was of a genial, affable disposition and easily accessible; he was well liked by both the Californians and Americans; in person he was of medium height and very stout. He was a much larger man than his brother, Francisco, whom to distinguish from the former, the Spanish-speaking people called "Templito," or Don Francisco.

F. P. F. Temple, after his brother's death, became the owner of Temple block. Both brothers were strong Union men during the war, and I remember in 1861, that Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior, authorized me, as United States Marshal, to rent seven rooms in the second story of this block of John Temple at \$1200 per annum, for four years, for the use of the United States District Court and its officers; and that Judge Fletcher M. Haight, father of Gov. H. H. Haight, held court each year until his death in 1865, in the large room on the southeast corner, fronting Main Street and the old court house.

Temple Street was first opened by John Temple, after whom it was named. The old court house was built in 1859. On the conductor heads, at each end of the building, the date and Mr. Temple's initials were plainly marked (though in late years they were somewhat blurred by time), thus: "1859, J. T." The architect's name was Deering, who was a very thorough and competent man. I remember that it was said at the time that he had done a good job, and I think the present owner, in tearing it down, has found it so. I doubt if the numerous earthquakes which have visited this section since its erection, have caused a single crack to appear in its walls, or have displaced a single timber or brick. The building, with town clock, etc., cost about \$35,000. Deering also built the old or southwestern portion of the Temple block.

The upper story of the court house Mr. Temple converted into a theater. Here various dramatic companies, both English and Spanish, played each winter. Among those whom I remember were the Starks, the Maiquez and Castillo troupes, the latter companies giving in Spanish, dramas, light operas, etc. The beautiful Pepita of the Maiquez troupe used to charm large audiences as the prima donna, by her arch ways and fine singing and acting in one particular opera, which I recall to mind, entitled, *La Viuda y el Sacristan* (The Widow and the Sexton). Each company usually remained here and played at intervals during an entire season.

It was in this upper story, or auditorium, of the old court house that the funeral services were held by the people of Los Angeles, simultaneously with their observance throughout the United States, of the martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, on the 19th of April, 1865. On this occasion the late Rev. Elias Birdsall pronounced an admirable oration before a large concourse of our citizens.

After the death of Mr. Temple in 1866, Mr. A. F. Hinchman, Mr. Temple's brother-in-law, and administrator of his estate, sold the building for \$15,000 to a syndicate, which afterwards sold it to the county for \$20,000.

At first, District Judge Benjamin Hayes held court on the first floor, on the northeasternly side fronting Temple block, and in the middle of the building.

I remember vividly an exciting trial that took place before Judge Hayes in this court room in the month of December, 1863. A man by the name of Charles Wilkins had murdered in cold blood John Sanford, a brother-in-law of General Banning, on the road between here and Fort Tejon. Wilkins, who by his own confession was a quadruple murderer, was caught near Santa Barbara and brought to our jail, then where the People's store now is. A. J. King, Under Sheriff, was taking Wilkins from the jail to the court room when a brother and nephew of

his victim came forth from the corrugated iron house that stood on the present site of Central block, one with a rifle and the other with a double-barrelled shot gun; but there was such a crowd of people in the street that it was impossible for them to shoot him without hitting others; but Wilkins broke from his guard and ran into the adobe on the west side of Spring Street, where the family of Jack Trafford lived, and hid under a bed. He was soon caught and brought out and taken to the court house and tried by Judge Hayes. The trial occupied about an hour, the prisoner pleading guilty in open court before an immense crowd; the court room was cleared and the prisoner was ordered back to jail, when a rush by the excited populace, headed by Captain Banning and his small army of teamsters, was made into the court room and the miserable wretch, who showed the most abject fear, was seized and carried off to a neighboring gateway, where Lawyer's block now stands, and hung by as determined and angry a crowd of men as it was ever my lot to see. I remember as the people took him across Spring Street to Temple, he begged that they would shoot him and not hang him—but the people paid very little attention to his appeals, for he was a hardened villian of the worst class. He shot John Sanford with Sanford's own pistol in the back. He confessed that he killed Sanford, who was an entire stranger to him, to see if he had money; he did not know if he had any, took his chances, he said, and killed him to find out. He further avowed that he was in the Mountain Meadows massacre; that he afterwards killed a man named Blackburn on the Mojave, also a drover named Carr near Yreka, etc., etc.

He said he stole a knife and pistol from the Bella Union hotel here some time before this and gave them to a young man named Woods, who was hanging about town, and told him to go out on the road and earn his living like a man. Woods had acted on his advice and had turned highwayman here in the streets of our city, and soon after was hanged with four others of his gang in front of the jail. In fact, murders and highway robberies about that time had become so frequent and so bold that the people were compelled to rise up in self-defense and summarily exterminate the thieves, thugs and assassins who were preying upon the community.

Wilkins was the seventh criminal executed by the people inside of a month in this city. Very few now realize the state of affairs that existed here then. The hanging of Wilkins seemed to end the chapter; it cleared the atmosphere wonderfully; justice had been done without any quibbles or evasions or escape, but swift and sure; the people, who had been stirred up by intense excitement, quieted down as if by magic; and human life and property rights from that time on, were never safer, and peace and quietness prevailed for a long time. I have deemed it proper

to say this much in vindication of the actors in the scenes of that day. Probably the only way in which people in our day, who condemn all vigilance committees and all revolutions can appreciate the overwhelming motives which impel men to take part in such movements, would be for them to take the places of those whose acts they so freely criticise.

When in a new country, murder and robbery run riot, and regular and legal remedies utterly fail to protect society and stark anarchy threatens its very existence, society, if it possesses a spark of virtue or stamina, will protect itself, and if need be, by summary means. Most people who have been through these experiences, can say that it is better to take up arms against an anarchic sea of troubles and end them, even by summary methods, than to let them continue indefinitely—become chronic and unbearable.

Among the judges who held court in this old temple of justice besides Judge Hayes, were Judges Pablo de la Guerra, Wm. G. Dryden, Muray Morrison, R. M. Widney, Ygnacio Sepulveda, H. K. S. O'Melveny, Volney E. Howard, A. M. Stephens, Anson Brunson, A. J. King, Wm. A. Cheney, A. W. Hutton, H. M. Smith, etc., before all of whom, many cases of great magnitude or importance were tried.

At first, courts were held on the lower floor of the building; afterwards they occupied the upper story, and the various other county officers were housed below. Here, for many years, the people came to do business with the county supervisors, clerk, sheriff, recorder, assessor; etc. Everybody knew these officers well, because everybody had business with them. Old citizens well remember County Clerks John W. Shore, Thomas D. Mott, Charles R. Johnson, A. W. Potts (who held the office 14 years), J. W. Gillette, C. H. Dunsmoor, T. H. Ward, G. E. Miles, etc.; and Sheriffs Thomas A. Sanchez, J. F. Burns, William R. Rowland, D. W. Alexander, H. W. Mitchell, M. G. Aguirre, E. Gibson, etc., and many other county officials, who administered the affairs of the county for their respective departments in this old court house.

Before the purchase of this building by the county, much inconvenience was experienced by the public because the courts and county officers were compelled to move about from place to place, occupying rented quarters. So, as the county business increased in later years very rapidly, the old courthouse became too small, and the additional courts, which were created, had again to seek rented quarters; and again the people were inconvenienced in their public affairs, till they were very ready to vote several hundred thousand dollars to build our new, commodious courthouse on the hill, which, it is hoped, will accommodate the county's public business for many years yet to come.

The basement of the old building was occupied as a wine cellar or depository by Kohler & Frohling for many years. Don Ygnacio Garcia, still a resident of this city, was for years, or from 1849 till 1866, Mr. Temple's confidential clerk; and after the death of Mr. Temple he continued to act in a similar capacity, or as local manager of the estate under Mr. Hinchman, the administrator, until the estate was settled up. Gov. Downey bought the block bearing his name of the Temple estate, I believe for \$16,000. Two lots near the brick school house on the site of the Bryson block were offered to a friend of mine by the agent of the estate for \$75 each. They are now worth probably \$2000 per front foot.

In a recent interview with Mr. Garcia, which I sought for the purpose of verification of certain data, I learned other facts which are of interest in this connection.

Mr. Temple appointed Mr. A. F. Hinchman as administrator of his estate, and as after his death Mrs. Temple desired to go to Paris to live with her daughter, she directed the administrator to sell all the property in Los Angeles and speedily close up the estate, which he did in about six months, and therefore some of the property was sold at prices which, even then, seemed very low. It is interesting to contrast the almost startling difference between the prices realized then and the prices which the same property could be sold for today, even without the added improvements.

The old court house was sold for \$15,000; Downey block, to Governor Downey, for \$16,000; Temple Block and lot to Y. Garcia, for \$10,000. This included the portion of Temple block then built (nearest to the court house), and the balance of the lot on which the Temple block now stands. This property Don Ygnacio afterwards sold to Mr. Temple's brother, Don Francisco, who built the middle and northeastern portions of the block, removing the adobe buildings then standing on the ground.

Twenty-two lots between First and Fourth Streets, and between Spring and Hill Streets, were sold by the estate to Burns & Buffum for \$50 each, and several lots were sold for \$75 each.

At one time (about '55 or '56) Mr. Temple had on his Cerritos rancho over 15,000 head of cattle, 3000 horses and 7000 sheep, and branded as many as 3500 calves in a single year.

In 1857, the year of the drouth, he bought and founded the San Emigdio and Consuelo ranchos, in Kern County, and sent 7000 head of cattle there to save them from starvation.

In his lifetime, Mr. Temple sold Los Cerritos rancho, of 27,000 acres, to Flint, Bixby & Co., for \$125,000. Six months afterwards they were offered and refused \$500,000 for the same rancho.

Although the Temple estate now owns no property in Los Angeles City or County, yet there are many things here and hereabouts besides the old court house, which will soon be a thing of the past, to remind our people, and especially our older citizens, of one of the very first American pioneers of Los Angeles—honest, genial, bluff “Johnny” Temple.

AMERICANS AT THE BATTLE OF CAHUENGA.

BY FRANK J. POLLEY.

[Read Oct. 1, 1894.]

An event that at first may seem unimportant, when taken in connection with the history of a state or country, may yet have had such a decisive local bearing in a region as to be productive of important future results at large.

Through the kindness of Mrs. De Barth Shorb, I have been allowed the privilege of examining some records left by her father, Don Benito D. Wilson, that place the battle between Micheltorena and Castro in a somewhat different light than the historians give it. Every one knows that there was a so-called bloodless battle at the Cahuenga, in the San Fernando Valley, in February, 1845. But how did it happen, with several hundred men on each side fairly well armed, and with the prize of the government of the State to be then and there decided, that no blood was shed and a treaty was made by which a change of government was effected?

The bloodless conflict made Pio Pico Governor of California and rid the country of Micheltorena and several hundred unruly fellows who would have been a thorn in the flesh and a source of perpetual strife. If the rabble had joined Flores in the later fighting against the Americans, it would have so turned the balance of power that the conquest of the State would have been a very much more difficult thing than it was; more blood would have been shed, and the property and the lives of foreigners would doubtless have been freely sacrificed in Southern California. The men under Wilson, captured at Chino prior to the expulsion of Gillespie's force from Los Angeles, would, in all probability, have been massacred had some of Micheltorena's cholos been with the native forces at that time.

The importance of the foreign or American element in these stirring times has been underestimated: The Americans, generally, were respected inhabitants, were wealthy in land and cattle, had married into good families, held offices, and, moreover, they were armed, courageous and united. Before the actual military interference of the United States occurred, they were recognized as important factors in the game

to be played, even while the struggle for California supremacy was on between its native rival factions. The official and conciliatory conduct of Pico and other sagacious men of the native party prove this.

Your attention is directed to Wilson's account of his parley with the Americans who were with Micheltorena's forces, and how he said Micheltorena lost heart and gave up the contest after Wilson and others had induced the Americans from the north to withdraw from the fight. All historians admit that the Americans did withdraw, but by whose influence, how and why, are disputed matters of local history. To understand how the Americans held the balance of power it is necessary to know the troubles that divided the native party. A peculiar state of affairs had existed in California for several years, the culmination of which was the meeting of two hostile armies on the plains of Cahuenga.

Alvarado's ill health caused him to resign; the invasion of foreigners, home troubles, revenues and mission contests were too unpleasant to be endured. The Mexican government appointed Jose Manuel Micheltorena, in 1842, to be Alvarado's successor, and he came north with 350 men—nearly all convicts, ragged, dirty and filthy in bodies and morals. They landed at San Diego, and caroused and robbed as they wished, and then marched northward to Los Angeles, where they continued their depredations.

Commodore Jones had seized Monterey, under the mistaken information that war had broken out between the United States and Mexico. When he discovered his mistake, he made due apologies, raised the Mexican flag and, later, sailed to San Pedro, to meet Governor Micheltorena at Los Angeles, to whom he made ample explanation. All this took time, and meanwhile Micheltorena's convict crew had brought themselves into disgrace at Los Angeles and set the city against them and the Governor. Later, at Monterey Micheltorena began a course of deceit towards its leading inhabitants, and of indifference to the acts of his rabble that lost his prestige in the north. He disregarded petition after petition asking that his men be disciplined. His Lieutenant, Torres, tried to inflict punishment where necessary, but the Governor stopped him, and Torres was so angry that he became ill of a bilious fever. The robberies and excesses continued. People were even stripped of their clothes. They assaulted whaling captains who chanced to land at the fateful port. The Governor did many things that led to ill feeling. He called a meeting of the Assembly and gave no proper notice in time for Pico and the southern members to be present. A faction ensued, and Los Angeles was urged for the location of the capital. The meetings of the later assemblages were somewhat violent as to threats and language used. There was sufficient trouble about the threatened war with the United States to have kept them at peace, but Micheltorena meddled

with revenues, missions, salaries, commerce and marriages, and interfered with so many personal matters of the people in a dictatorial way that a revolt took place. Then he signed a treaty agreeing to ship all of his convict army back to Mexico within three months. He deliberately violated this, and, instead, intrigued with Sutter to bring him reinforcements from the north, and promised land in plenty to all who came. Castro and Alvarado, leading the revolt in the north, came to Los Angeles to meet this new move, and reached here January 31, 1845. Pio Pico convened the Assembly and listened to Castro's story. While Micheltorena was marching on Los Angeles with Sutter, the convention sent an embassy to him at Santa Barbara. He was so insolent that upon its return the Assembly voted to depose him, elected Pico, and then the southern forces under Castro marched north to resist the invaders. The two armies, of about 300 each, met near San Fernando, and here the so-called bloodless battle took place.

The question is, was it of special historical importance, what was the relation of the American forces with Micheltorena, and to whom is credit to be given for alienating the Americans who came with Micheltorena from rendering him assistance?

Bancroft's Fourth Volume purports to give, in foot notes, the list of authorities who describe this battle. Almost every person in it has been sought out and induced to tell his separate tale, and such a mass of contradictions as Bancroft's summing up shows them to be, surely were never before gathered together from men who purport to tell what they had seen; but he neglects to set out the evidence itself before us. Bancroft credits Wilson's account as highly as any; and as the history does not reproduce any part of it except a bald abstract of one passage, on this account it is best to let the manuscript speak for itself:

"General Micheltorena's officers and men were well-known to the people of Los Angeles (for they had been here several months before they went up to Monterey). While Micheltorena and a few of his officers were unobjectionable men, much the larger number of them were a disgrace to any civilization; they had made themselves obnoxious by thefts and other outrages of a most heinous nature.

"When it was known that a revolution had broken out in the north against Micheltorena and his rabble, and that he and his men were on their way here in pursuit of the California revolutionary classes, the people of the south joined the movement with great alacrity, to rid the country of what was considered a great scourge.

"I was on my ranch of Jurupa at the time, in the early part of 1845. I had been for several years, and still was, acting as Alcalde of the district. I had, at first, refused to accept the duties, not being a citizen of Mexico. I was not obliged to perform municipal duties, but

at the request of friends, and for the development of my own interests, I had finally consented to act, and was acting as such Alcalde, when an order came to me from the Prefect of the district (I think it was Abel Stearns) to summon every man capable of bearing arms in my district, and to gather every man I could find on my way into Los Angeles. I obeyed, and arrived as early as possible with some twenty or thirty men, and found on my arrival in the town great excitement. Almost every man I knew, among them John Rowland and William Workman of La Puente, were armed and determined to do everything in their power to prevent Micheltorena and his scum from entering Los Angeles.

"All provisions were made, and ammunition prepared that night, for us to march out early the next morning. Accordingly we did all leave the town for the Cahuenga Valley. Mr. Workman had some Americans under him. We joined forces without regard to who commanded. Our joint forces of foreigners then consisted of about fifty men, determined to give the enemy a regular mountaineer reception. Although Castro was ostensibly the commanding general of the forces, the brothers Pico (Governor Pico and Andreas Pico) had the actual control of the people of this end of the country. We arrived in the valley of the Cahuenga, and Pio Pico heard that Micheltorena had camped the night before at the Encinos, about fifteen miles away. We took our position, and awaited the enemy's arrival. This was about noon. Both parties began firing their cannon at each other as soon as they were in sight. I think there was no one killed or hurt. One horse, I believe, had his head shot off. Mr. Workman and myself, having learned that the Americans and other foreigners, who were in the Micheltorena party, were commanded by some of our old personal friends, and feeling convinced that they had engaged themselves on that side under a misapprehension or ill advice, and that nothing was wanting but a proper understanding between themselves and us to make them withdraw from Micheltorena and join our party, we sent out a native Californian to reconnoiter and ascertain in what part of the field these foreigners were. He soon obtained the desired information of their whereabouts. It was at once decided between Mr. Workman and myself that I would approach them, if possible, under a white flag, as I had a personal acquaintance with the leaders. Captain Brandt, and Major Bannot (who had been an old army officer in the United States service) had chief command of the foreign force. Mr. James McKinley of Monterey volunteered to accompany me with a white flag. They were stationed in the same ravine that we were in, but about a mile above us. We succeeded in getting to the point we started for, and raised our white flag, at which moment we were fired upon by the cannon loaded with grape shot, but no one was hurt, and we had gained our point; the Americans on the other side

had seen our flag; we dropped down immediately into the ravine and waited awhile for the coming of some one from that side. Brandt, Hensley and John Bidwell and some two or three others came to us. I at once addressed myself to them, saying that they were on the wrong side of this question, and made the following statement: 'We in the southern portion of California are settled; many of you are settled, and others expect to be settled. This rabble that you are with of Micheltorena, are unfriendly to respectable humanity, and especially to Americans. The native Californians, whose side we have espoused, have ever treated us kindly. If the Micheltorena rabble hold their own in this country, that will constitute an element hostile to all enterprises, and most particularly American enterprize.' Captain Brandt remarked that thus far I was right; that he could see the point; but many of his younger men that were with him had been induced to join Micheltorena by his promise to give them land, of which many already had deeds, and how would Don Pio Pico feel towards these young men and their land grants if they aided to raise him to the position of Governor of California? I replied that on the same morning I had had a talk with Don Pio on this same subject, and that he had said that the thing could easily be arranged; furthermore, that Don Pio was there where I could have him advised of what was going on, and he would, in a few minutes, join us if these gentlemen desired to see him. I was asked to send for Governor Pico, and he came in a few moments.

"I knew, and so did Pico, that these land questions were the point with those young Americans, before I started on my journey or embassy. On Pico's arrival among us I, in a few words, explained to him what the party had advanced. He said this:

"Gentlemen, are any of you citizens of Mexico?' and they answered, 'No.' 'Then, your title deeds given you by Micheltorena are not worth the paper they are written on, and he knew it well when he gave them to you; but if you will abandon the Micheltorena cause, I will give you my word of honor as a gentleman and Don Benito Wilson and Don John Workman to carry out what I promise you, viz: I will protect all and each one of you in the land that you hold now in quiet and peaceful possession; and promise you, further, that if you will take the necessary steps to become citizens of Mexico, I will use my authority under the laws of Mexico and will issue to you people proper titles.' He also added that they need not hurry themselves to become citizens of Mexico, and he would not disturb them in the possession of their lands; but advised that they should become such citizens, for then their titles would become valuable.

"I interpreted to them what Pico had said. They bowed and said that was all they asked, and promised not to fire a gun against us, at

the same time expressed the desire of not being asked to fight on our side; they had marched down with the other party—to which we all assented.

“Brandt and his companions returned to their camp; McKinley and myself went to ours, and the Governor to his headquarters. Micheltorena had discovered (how I do not know) that his Americans had abandoned him. About an hour afterwards he raised his camp and flanked us by going further into the valley towards San Fernando, marching as though he intended to come around the bend of the river to the city. The Californians and we, the foreigners, at once broke up our camp and came back through the Cahuenga Pass, marched through the gap into the Feliz ranch, on to the Los Angeles River till we came into close proximity to Micheltorena’s camp.

“It was now in the night, as it was dark when we broke up our camp. Here we waited for daylight, and some of our men commenced maneuvering for a fight with the enemy, when a white flag was discovered flying from Micheltorena’s front. The whole matter then went into the hands of negotiators appointed by both parties, and the terms of surrender were agreed upon, one of which was that Micheltorena and his obnoxious officers and men were to march back up the creek to the Cahuenga Pass, down to the plain to the west of Los Angeles, the most direct line to San Pedro, and embark at that point on a vessel then anchored to carry them back to Mexico.

“After that campaign, we all went home perfectly satisfied with the result.”

This is all I have been able to collect from Mr. Wilson’s papers that relates to this peculiar event. It shows plainly that the Americans in Southern California were united and firm. A compact body of fifty well-armed American citizens and owners of some property in a country that they had grown to like, are factors not to be neglected in a contest where only about 300 people, not fully united, oppose them; and on the part of Micheltorena the defection of forty men of a race akin to these Americans was a severe blow, for it left him only a dissolute rabble of convicts and desperadoes with which to overpower a body of men fighting for what they believed to be political liberty and safety from an invasion of the dissolute classes, such as they had formerly experienced. These two well-armed bodies of foreigners, as the case stood, practically held the balance of power when they united and exerted a positive and a negative resistance to Micheltorena’s plans.

It is hardly creditable to those from the north that they came down to fight and dispossess a populace with the hope of acquiring land; but if they had been tricked (for the land law was as Pio Pico stated it), then they did all they could do, by withdrawing from a bargain when the consideration failed.

Another thing to be noted: that men such as Micheltorena had, are not anxious to shed their blood as patriotic heroes are, all of which Castro knew, and hence there was no necessity of forcing the battle to a bloody issue when diplomacy and delay would prove truer weapons. That this was planned seems plain, if Wilson is to be believed, because he had previous information of the Americans with Micheltorena; their numbers, names of officers, and their objects in coming, and Wilson and Pico evidently had rehearsed their part in the day's drama; because Pico had promised Wilson in advance just what he would do for the Americans from the north, and Wilson said that Pico was in waiting and came in a few minutes, when sent for, and closed the day's transaction.

When the battle is reviewed from this standpoint, I do not see it as a matter for laughter, but, rather, as the concerted clever effort of the better classes to obtain their rights without bloodshed and the hazard of battle. They were earnest, alert and shrewd, because Micheltorena's night maneuver did not outwit them, and they doubtless would have fought had he not surrendered. They had a ship in the harbor to remove the rabble; this was certainly better than killing a few, jailing some and paroling the rest.

The treatment of the Americans led to better and not worse feelings, and when Stockton appeared later, the conquest of Los Angeles was bloodless; and had the Commodore not made the mistake of leaving Gillespie, or if Gillespie had been a man of moderation and tact, I doubt that there ever would have been occasion for the subsequent events that led to the battle of the Mesa and the forcible recapture and military government of Los Angeles. These events ought to have been wholly unnecessary. Prior to this, things had been wisely ordered; Micheltorena's crusade against foreign settlement had failed; Pico, Castro and the rest had managed their part with skill and judgment, and when the crisis came Castro and Pico both knew in their hearts the hour had come, and quietly made way for the American life. One of Pico's last official acts was to summon Wilson to him and ask his assistance in securing justice and protection for the native populace. It was done, and the first person to ride into Los Angeles with Commodore Stockton was Don Benito Wilson.

These facts prove to me that American influence in Southern California as a political, social, and even municipal power has been underrated. It is necessary to remember that Los Angeles was a small place of not more than 2000, and yet the largest city in the State; that there were no other cities in Southern California between it and San Diego; that the land was all owned by the missions and a few rich families, so that the small farmer who now makes our numerous country populace

was then almost unknown, and the ranch hands, who almost belonged to the rich ranches, would do and be controlled as their solitary feudal lords dictated; to see that the numbers must necessarily be small, and a few land-holders, men of courage and executive ability, easily became dominant factors in military and political life.

Add to this that the resident Americans were generally well liked and were inclined to clannishness when American interests were at stake. They were no longer mere trappers and adventurers, but men of decisive character who had come to make a home and acquire land, with a faith in the ultimate future of the country the native Californian was too indolent to even dream of. These Americans had their eyes fixed on the future acquisition of this State as an absolute necessity for Western interests. The crusade against the foreigners and the exclusion of American trade had been practically fought out. The racial enmity was about over, and the better class of the people were ready to accept the new era.

If these facts are candidly considered in the light of surrounding events, this "bloodless battle," over which shallow writers make merry, emerges from humor and becomes serious history, marking the most important single event in the political death throes of a people who were opposing an old *regime* to the new birth of American power in California.

PIO PICO.

A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CHARACTER SKETCH OF THE LAST MEXICAN
GOVERNOR OF ALTA CALIFORNIA.

BY HENRY D. BARROWS.

[Read Nov. 5, 1894.]

The life of Pio Pico extended over the greater part of the nineteenth century, or from 1801 to 1894. He was born at the mission of San Gabriel, May 5, 1801; and he died in the city of Los Angeles, September 11, 1894, at the advanced age of 93 years.

His father, Jose M. Pico, was Sergeant of a cavalry company stationed at San Diego. He came from the city of El Fuerte, Sinaloa, as an escort to San Luis Rey, at the time of the founding of that mission, in 1795; he died at San Gabriel in 1819. The maiden name of Don Pio's mother was Maria Eustaquia Gutierrez; she died in 1846. Don Pio was one of ten children—three boys and seven girls. His eldest brother, Jose Antonio, and a sister, Concepcion, were born before the family came to Alta California; the former of these served as a soldier at San Diego, where he rose to be Lieutenant, and later he served under Vallejo at Monterey; he afterwards died at Santa Margarita. The sister, Concepcion, married Domingo Carrillo of Santa Barbara. Pio, as before noted, was born at San Gabriel, in 1801; a sister, Maria, or Mariquita, was born there in 1804; she married an Ortega. Another sister, Ysidora, was born at San Diego, in 1808 or 1809; and she married Don Juan Forster, a native of England; she and her husband died in 1882; and Andres, the youngest brother, and also a historic character in California annals, was born in 1810, at San Diego. Don Andres, who, at the head of the Californians, bravely fought Fremont and his battalion at the time of the conquest, and was his good friend afterwards, was State Senator, Brigadier-General, etc., under American rule, and was a capable and very popular man; he died several years ago.

In a dictation of reminiscences made by Don Pio in 1881 to the

writer, he said that the earlier years of his life, or till about 1849, were mostly spent in San Diego; and that he still remembered some of the old settlers there in 1813 and subsequently, whom he named: Jose Polanco, Jose M. Romero, S. Valenzuela, Guillermo Cota, Francisco Javier Alvarado, Juan de Dios Ballesteros, — Poyoreno, Mariano de la Luz, Antonio M. Lugo, Eugenio Valdez, Jose M. Verdugo, Sergeant Cristoval Dominguez, Claudio Lopez, and others, nearly all of whom were the ancestors of the numerous families of the same name, respectively, now living in this and other counties of Southern California.

In a manuscript (in Spanish) of Don Pio's, which he permitted me to translate from, in 1881, he has recorded some interesting recollections of the olden times. In this paper he says:

"I remember that in 1810, my father was put in prison on account of the talk, in the company of which he was Sergeant, of Mexican independence, a question which was, even then, much agitated throughout Mexico. He was released, after a few days, through the influence of the missionary fathers, but the soldiers, Ramon Rubio, Jose M. Lopez, and one, Cañedo, and an artilleryman, Ygnacio Zuñiga, were kept in confinement, each with two pairs of irons (*grillos*), the two first-named dying in prison and Zuñiga remaining there in irons until Mexican independence was established, in 1821."

He mentions in this manuscript his remembrance of the great earthquake of 1812, which destroyed the San Juan church, and which was also very severe at Santa Barbara; that his father was sent to San Gabriel to put down a rising of the neophytes in 1818; and that he was recalled to San Diego the same year, on account of the appearance at that port of Bouchard's pirates. Continuing, he says:

"After the death of my father I had to overcome many difficulties to move my mother and brother and sisters to the Presidio of San Diego, where my sister lived who was married to the Lieutenant of the company stationed there.

"In 1821 I was employed by my brother-in-law, Jose Antonio Carrillo, to take twenty-five barrels of liquor to the northern part of the Territory to distribute to the fathers at the missions, as a particular present to them from him, the same being, at that time, liquor of the first quality. Señor Carrillo was then one of the most influential and capable men in California. At that epoch his brother, Don Anastacio Carrillo, Sergeant of the company stationed at Santa Barbara, was also living here in the Pueblo as Commissioner to see that justice was properly administered by the persons appointed as Alcaldes of the Pueblo. The Commissioner lived in the house of the Curate—"Casa Cural"—near the (old) Catholic Church. This house exists to this day, and is known by that name. He and Jose Antonio lived together as brothers.

"Being, as I said, charged to take the liquor up the country, I contracted with an old man (*un anciano*) named Encarnacion Urquidez, grandfather of Mrs. Governor Downey, for twenty-five mules, and engaged three men, citizens of the Pueblo. . . . On my way northward I made a short visit to the Presidio of Monterey, accompanied by a cousin, Jesus Pico (the same who, in after years, had the exciting incident with Fremont). The first house I visited was that of Don Ygnacio Vallejo, father of the Vallejos of the north. I then paid my respects to Governor Vincente Sola, who received me with much courtesy and kindness (*amabilidad*); only he was surprised to see me wearing a military uniform. I explained to him that my father had died whilst in the military service, leaving his uniform to me, and that therefore I was by right entitled to use it in the form he left it. I remember that on my reply he drew near to me, and, placing his hand on my shoulder, he said to me that I could enjoy my military privileges (*fuero militar*); and he gave me a recommendatory letter to the Commandante at San Diego, who reported in my favor, and I was afterwards appointed Lieutenant of the militia."

Don Pio went from Monterey to San Jose, where he was received and entertained at the house of Don Manuel Pacheco, through the recommendation of his uncle, Don Dolores Pico, retired Sergeant of a Monterey company, who had settled at the Rancho Nacional; and he gives many details of his visit to San Jose, which are too long to insert here; but he concludes with this interesting item:

"Mrs. Pacheco (wife of Don Manuel) had, at that time, 'passed her fiftieth Christmas' (as some cavalier phrased it), but she had retained her beauty, so that, by the general voice, she was known as the most beautiful lady of that section, and by some she was called 'the Flower of the North.'"

The following is Don Pio's interesting account in full (portions of which, only, have been heretofore published) of the "Bringas affair":

"In the year 1828 I was appointed Secretary in a suit which Captain Pablo de la Portilla came (from San Diego to Los Angeles), by order of General Jose M. Echeandia, to try, against a Mexican citizen named Luis Bringas. We arrived at the Pueblo, and the Captain established his office in a building on the site of the present jail (now the Phillips block, on North Spring Street), owned by Antonio Rocha, a Portuguese. The next day Bringas was cited and appeared before Captain de la Portilla. Being asked what he had to say to the charges brought by the Captain, he refused to answer or plead, saying that no Mexican citizen ought to answer before any military authority (*y que como militar, le componia tanto como si fuera la suelda de su zapato*), and that it would be a very great outrage for a civilian to be tried by a military tribunal; that

Mexican citizens constituted the sacred base (*basa sagrada*) of the nation; that it was they who formed the nation, and not the military; and that for these reasons he refused to answer (*declarar*). Seeing that he was resolute, Captain de la Portilla determined to place the refusal of Bringas before the General Commandante at San Diego. His communication to this effect having been prepared, I offered to carry the documents, and I left immediately for San Diego, where I placed the same in the hands of the Commandante, Don Jose M. Estudillo; he received and hurriedly examined them, when he ordered me to retire to my residence, and to return the next day at 10 a. m., to take back his answer.

"Having myself learned, meanwhile, the purport of the allegations of Señor Bringas, and understanding the rights which he showed that Mexican citizens possessed, I was so impressed thereby that on the next day, when I presented myself before the Commandante, Estudillo, I was resolved to make known my rights as a citizen, which, in effect, I did.

"On appearing before the Commandante, he delivered to me the documents, with the order for me to take them back to Los Angeles to Captain de la Portilla. I refused to obey the order, alleging that I was a citizen, and that therefore the military authorities had no jurisdiction over me. Whereupon I was thrown into prison, where I remained one day and one night.

"The next day the Commandante called me before him, and I had the satisfaction of being publicly set at liberty. From that date I began to know the sacred rights of a citizen."

The following is a condensation of Pico's account of the revolution of 1831. Although having been a member of the Diputacion, or Territorial Assembly, in the year 1831, and having published an address to General Victoria in which he showed that the Diputacion in that year was illegal, and for that reason had no right to act as such; but considering himself as having legitimate rights as a citizen, he supplemented said address by another communication, in which he showed the people of the Territory General Victoria's short-comings. "The result was," says Pico, "that the General was very angry, and he resolved to put me down, and threatened to hang me. Knowing then positively that he entertained such intentions, I gathered such opposition as I could; I invited the co-operation of Jose A. Carrillo (who had been banished by this same General Victoria, to Lower California), and of Juan Bandini. We three formed a plan and drew up a '*pronunciamento*,' or proclamation, which we issued November 30, 1831. Twelve citizens of San Diego, all Californians, joined us; also Don Abel Stearns, one of the aggrieved, who had been ordered out of the country to the capital of Mexico by the said Victoria. It so happened that the same vessel, then anchored in the

bay of San Diego, which was to have taken Stearns to Mazatlan, instead, a little later, took the official who banished him, namely, General Victoria himself. We gained the adhesion of the officials of all the military companies, which were: the company of Mazatecos, and the companies of cavalry and of artillery then stationed at San Diego.

"General Echeandia, who had been relieved of his command by Victoria, being then in San Diego, placed himself at the head of the revolutionary force and despatched fifty men under Captain de la Portilla to Los Angeles with directions to arrest and imprison the Alcalde, Don Vincente Sanchez, and set at liberty various citizens who were held as prisoners there.

"When Captain de la Portilla's force arrived at Los Angeles, he carried out the orders of his superior, thrusting the Alcalde, Sanchez, in jail and setting at liberty the imprisoned citizens.

"The next day an engagement took place between de la Portilla's force and that of General Victoria (which had come from Monterey), west of the city, the field remaining in possession of Victoria, with the lamentable loss of two good citizens, namely, Jose Maria Abila and Captain Pacheco, and the serious wounding of General Victoria. After the engagement the General retired with his force to the mission San Gabriel, where he resigned his authority to Captain de la Portilla, who gave an account of the capitulation to General Echeandia. The latter at once set out for Los Angeles, where he arrived three days after the surrender took place. Echeandia dispatched General Victoria to San Diego, where he was placed on board of a vessel which took him to Mazatlan."

Owing to the vacancy in the office of Governor, caused by the resignation of Victoria, Don Pio, as senior member of the Assembly, became Governor in January, 1832, and served till January, 1833. In fact, he was a member of the Territorial Diputacion, continuously, from 1828 to 1841 or '42. He was succeeded in the gubernatorial office by Governor Jose Figueroa, in 1833.

In 1834 Governor Pico married Maria Ygnacio Alvarado. They had no children. She died many years ago.

Don Pio also held the office of Administrator of San Luis Rey Mission from 1834 to 1840.

In 1841 he received grants of the ranchos of Santa Margarita and Las Flores.

On the downfall of Micheltorena, in 1845, Pio Pico, as President of the Assembly, became temporary Governor, February 22; he was confirmed by the Mexican government, and, April 18, 1846, he took the oath of office as constitutional Governor, and continued to perform the functions of that office, till August, 1846, when Los Angeles, the capi-

tal of the province, was captured by the American forces and the authority of Mexico and of the local Mexican civil officers in California finally came to an end. Governor Pico left Los Angeles, and went, by way of Lower California, to Sonora. After the close of the war he returned, I believe, in 1848, and, accepting the inevitable, he became thereafter a good American citizen, making his home mostly at beautiful "Ranchito," till he was ejected therefrom by the hard hand of the law, two or three years ago, when he was offered an asylum in the house of his old friend of more than sixty years' standing, Col. J. J. Warner, southwest of this city, where he continued to reside till shortly before his death, when he came into the city in order to better avail himself of necessary medical attendance.

In the early seventies Governor Pico built and equipped the "Pico House," which then was the largest and most commodious hotel in the city.

I do not know that I shall be able to persuade English-speaking people to see Pio Pico as those, both Americans and native Californians, who knew him best, saw him. Bancroft, who was not particularly friendly to him, says most truly, as all who know him well will aver: "Pio Pico is a man who has been abused far beyond his deserts." And, again, he says of him: "Not much fault can be found with his mission policy; he did not, as has been charged, run away in 1846 with large sums of money obtained by illegal sales of mission estates; he had a perfect right to favor his friends by land grants in the last days of his power, and to prefer that California should fall into English rather than American possession. That he *seems* to have antedated some land grants, after his return in 1848, is the most discreditable feature of his record; yet, my study of *land litigation* leads me to hesitate in condemning or exonerating any official or citizen, native or pioneer, on charges originating in that most *unfathomable pool of corruption*."

Since the death of Governor Pico, his old friend, Colonel Warner, who was intimately acquainted with his character for so many years, told me that he had long intended, over his own signature, to defend Don Pio against what he considered two of the most unjust charges that have been made against him, namely: (1) That he issued land grants after he left Los Angeles in August, 1846; and (2) that he gave contradictory testimony before American courts. And Colonel Warner (now 87 years of age) further charged me, in case he were unable to make his defense before he died, that I should do it for him. Inasmuch as I thoroughly agree with Colonel Warner's views, as somewhat fully expressed to me, on these two points, I the more readily reproduce them here. Although, as all the world knows, it is not easy to prove a negative, still, a somewhat intimate knowledge of Don Pio's character—extending, in my own

case, over nearly forty years, and in the case of Colonel Warner over more than sixty years—ought to enable us to form a reasonably reliable judgment as to whether he was capable of committing the reprehensible acts with which he has been charged, which acts, many Americans, who did not know the man, seem willing to believe he was responsible for. If such acts were charged against any American Governor whom they knew well, they would not be so ready to believe that they were true.

That Governor Pico continued to issue land grants in a perfectly legal manner, under the land laws of Mexico, until shortly before the capture of Los Angeles by the American forces, and after the capture of Monterey, is, I have no doubt, very true—as why should he not? Los Angeles was then the capital, and the Governor and other Territorial officers continued to perform here all their ordinary official functions in a perfectly regular manner for more than a month after Commodore Sloat raised the American flag over the custom house at Monterey—that is, from July 7 till August 12, 1846, on which latter date Governor Pico left Los Angeles, and finally ceased to act as *Gefe Politico* of California, an office whose duties, up to that time, he was as strictly entitled to perform under Mexican law as he certainly was under international law. As Colonel Warner truly says, there would have been as little reason in holding that the capture of Mexico should date, under international law, from the crossing of the Rio Grand by General Taylor's army; and that all official acts of the civil government of Mexico after that date and prior to the capture of the capital should be held as null and void, as to hold that California was captured before the taking of Los Angeles, the capital of the Territory, by our forces, and the dispersion or capture of the regularly constituted authorities thereof; and that all their official acts after July 7 and before August 12, 1846, were null and void.

If this point is well taken—and it must so commend itself to all just minds—the holding by our government as void all the official acts of the Pico administration after the 7th of July and prior to August 12th was contrary to international law and to right and justice; and, consequently, all charges against the lawful acts of the Pico administration, or of Governor Pico, performed in good faith during that interval, fall to the ground.

More than that, this unjust decision of our government, which was but a mere *brutum fulmen* of a conquering power, without any sanction of right, worked a great wrong on private parties who received, prior to August 12, 1846, lawful grants of land; and, besides, it cast a very unjust reflection on the rightful official acts of a man who, in the opinion of those who know him well, was incapable of intentionally wronging any living being.

Colonel Warner, basing his opinion chiefly on his thorough knowledge of the character of Governor Pico, as an officer and as a man, told me with the utmost earnestness that he did not believe that Pio Pico ever signed his name as Governor to a grant of one foot of public land after he left Los Angeles on the 12th day of August, 1846; and that all alleged grants issued *after* that date, either in 1848 or at any time and antedated, pretending to bear his signature and rubric, are sheer, absolute forgeries. Of course the personal opinions of Colonel Warner and many others, both Californians and Americans, who had almost a life-long acquaintance with Don Pio, are not positive proof, in a case of this kind, although to their own minds their convictions come as near certainty as would the convictions of thousands of citizens who knew Governor Downey or Governor Stoneman well, approach certainty, that they, neither of them, ever falsified a public document or signed an official document as Governor after the expiration of their terms of office, although it might be impossible for those who believe thus to positively prove that they never committed such heinous acts. If the Governors named were charged with anything of this kind—which they never were—those who knew them well would simply say: "*They were incapable of such acts!*" And this is exactly what Colonel Warner and others say of Governor Pico; their intimate knowledge of his public and private character, extending over many years, excludes, to their minds, the possibility of his ever having done these dishonorable things which his enemies have charged against him.

Concerning the second serious charge—that Governor Pico's testimony in early "land litigation" (of which Bancroft speaks so contemptuously) before the Land Commission and before the Federal Courts, is contradictory—Colonel Warner is of the opinion that this apparent discrepancy is fully accounted for in the following manner: At the early period when Don Pio, who knew nothing of the English language, or of the methods of procedure in American courts, was called upon to give his testimony, it was not easy to find persons who thoroughly understood both the English and the Spanish languages, much less the accurate equivalents in either tongue, of the technical terms incident to both the well-defined but entirely dissimilar land systems of Mexico and the United States, or who were familiar with the multiplicity of legal terms pertaining to both Spanish and English jurisprudence. Now when Governor Pico's testimony (given in Spanish) was translated into English, he had no means of knowing whether it was correctly rendered or not; very likely the judges themselves were not well enough versed in Spanish to be able always to distinguish if niceties and shades of meaning as given in one language were truly reproduced in the other; in short, Don Pio did not and could not know what he was made to say—what his

testimony was made to appear in English, and in an American court; and if, as would be the most natural thing in the world, he was made by misinterpretation or by defective interpretation, to say things which he did not say, or not to say things which he did say, what chance had he to correct the same?

Again: It is well-known that there are many attorneys, when large interests are at stake and large gains are to be made by such tactics, who are not above taking every possible advantage of a witness by confusing him and making him, if possible, contradict himself. And who would be so utterly defenseless in their hands as one who knew nothing of the language of our courts? And, moreover, if the judge happened to know nothing of the witness' language, and were disposed to protect him, how helpless would even the judge be to extend protection in such a case.

The more one studies or investigates this matter, the more thoroughly he will be convinced of the truth of Bancroft's declaration, that "Pio Pico has been abused far beyond his deserts." He has been abused partly, perhaps, because of unworthy race prejudices, coupled with misinformation, but mainly because it was for *somebody's interest* to misrepresent and abuse him.

Is it not high time that some one spoke out in his defense? Now, that the venerable ex-Governor has been laid in his grave—and that, O most pitiful spectacle, a pauper's grave!—is it not time that calumnies against him should cease? There are many of our people who did not know him, and who aim to be just, who still seem willing to believe ill of him; and there are, I am sorry to say, plenty of writers who are very ready to pander to unworthy prejudices against people who are not of our own race and who do not speak our own language. It may yet be too early, but some day a friendly, sympathetic life of Pio Pico should be written.

The story of the pastoral, almost idyllic, life of the Californians before the United States conquest, and of the disastrous experiences of many of them since the change of government, which they did not invite, but which was forced upon them, has only been told, or partially told, *from the American point of view*. Let us hope that it will some time be told *from the standpoint of the Californians themselves*, and in such a spirit of truthfulness and kindness as will not do them injustice! For I hold that the Spanish Californians have not hitherto been given a fair show in the forum of American public opinion.

There is another charge against Governor Pico which I feel compelled to notice, namely, that he was by nature of a "litigious disposition." This charge, doubtless, has as much foundation and is about as just, as applied to Pico, and to many other native Californians, as it would

be if made against the thousands of Americans who have been financially ruined by the litigation into which they have been forced *in self-defense*, since California became a part of the United States. What could they have done? What should they have done? Quietly submit to be despoiled of their lands by greedy land sharks and sharpers, who have ever stood ready to take advantage of either real or imaginary flaws in land titles, technicalities of the law, perjury and subornation of perjury, conspiracy, forgery, or what not, to harass and badger *Americans* as well as Californians out of their possessions? Pio Pico, who was formerly a very rich man in land and cattle, *was forced* into litigation, which finally left him without a foot of land and absolutely without means of his own, and dependent on gracious charity for shelter and for his daily bread.

Col. George H. Smith, who was for years his attorney, tells me that he defended Governor Pico in the courts in four different suits which were brought against him on four promissory notes, at different times, for amounts ranging from a few hundred dollars to \$16,000! to which Don Pio's name and rubric had been *forged* by expert scoundrels; but that he was able to defeat these suits in every case. These are but a few samples of the class of lawsuits in which Don Pio was compelled to defend himself, and whereby he has acquired the reputation of being of a "litigious" disposition; and they serve to indicate how unjustly that characteristic has been imputed to him.

For one of the most flagrant cases of the miscarriage of justice in the history of California, I refer the members of this Society to the case of *Pico versus Cohn*, as reported by the Supreme Court itself—in Cal. Reports, Vol. 91, pp. 129-135; also in Pacific Reporter, Vol. 25, pp. 970-972—in which, on what, to lay minds, seem the most flimsy technicalities, there was taken from the last Mexican Governor of California, in his old age, property estimated variously to be worth from \$250,000 to \$500,000, for a debt originally of \$62,000, but which afterwards was increased to \$103,000. It is not an easy matter to discuss this case in temperate language. I therefore refrain, and refer the Historical Society to the judicial statement of the case as cited above, which I desire to make a part of this paper.

Perhaps it would add interest to this imperfect sketch to call attention to some personal characteristics of Don Pio, or to relate incidents which reveal these characteristics. All who came into social or business relations with the venerable ex-Governor, spontaneously bear witness to his kindness of heart, to his uniform courtesy, and to his entire lack of malice or ill-will towards any human being. Many Americans believe that he was crafty; and yet, those now living, both Americans and Californians, who associated with him longest, and therefore knew him best,

will, I think, uniformly say that no person was freer from that sinistre trait, *craftiness*, than Pio Pico. On the contrary, he was, if anything, *too confiding*—which weakness was one of the causes of his financial undoing, in that he listened to the advice of one of the conspirators who sought to despoil him of his magnificent estate by persuading him to deposit, for safe keeping, the instrument which would have compelled a reconveyance of that estate, with a party from whose custody it has never since emerged.

I have often talked to Don Pio about the grievous financial troubles that came to him in the last years of his life. In one conversation, he remarked sadly, but, so far as I could detect, without a tinge of exultation or bitterness, which would have been so natural to most men under like circumstances: So and so, who had wronged or overreached him, had died; another person, who had treated him in a similar unjust fashion, had become paralyzed; and now a third person who had wronged him more grievously than all, he is dead. I could not help ejaculating: "It looks as though some Power above took cognizance of affairs in this world," to which he simply responded: "*Parece*" (it would seem so).

On another occasion, as he was telling me of some of the pathetic features of that most pathetic case in which he lost all, I said: "Inasmuch as there may be a doubt as to whether the security given was, as he insisted, merely a deed of trust, or an absolute deed, as his opponents contended; and as he had offered to return to them all the money they were out, with good interest, it is a pity that the courts could not have seen it in the line of their duty, as Judge Howard of the Superior Court, who was a very just judge, had done; to have decreed that the instrument given as security, was a *security deed* only; and thus the money loaners would have gotten their money with good interest, and all costs, and he (Don Pio) would have gotten his land back, and no wrong would have been done to anybody—all parties would have been made whole." To which he fervently, almost devoutly, replied: "*Ojala! Ojala!*" (Would to Heaven, would to Heaven, it might have been so!)

Kindness of heart was a peculiarly prominent trait in Governor Pico's character; and this trait made it difficult often for him to say "No" to those who came to him for favors, or asked him to loan them money, or to lend his name as surety for loans from other parties. He was subjected to this latter annoyance so frequently at one period, and he found it so difficult to stand off this particular class of borrowers, that the late William Wolfskill once told me that Don Pio had specially requested him to refuse to loan money to any man who came to him to borrow on his (Pico's) security or indorsement; and I believe that Mr. Wolfskill through his genuine respect and friendship for Don Pio, strictly thereafter observed that request.

There is a beautiful social relation existing in all Spanish Catholic countries namely, that between god-parents and god-children. In seeing Governor Pico and Colonel Warner together on several occasions during the present year, I was surprised to observe the recognition of this relation between the venerable gentlemen, in their mode of addressing each other. I had long been accustomed to hear young people address persons much older than themselves as "*padrinos*," or god-parents, and to hear the always affectionate response, "*ahijados*" (god-children); but I never before had heard *ninety-year* old people address each other in that way. I asked Don Pio one day for an explanation, how it came about that Don Juan (Mr. Warner) should call him "*padrino*." He said that long ago, Captain Gale, of Boston, left his daughter with his (Don Pio's) family for some time; and that afterwards she was married to Colonel Warner, and that he (Don Pio) stood as *padrino* or god-father at their wedding. And always after that, I noticed that whenever Don Pio and Mr. Warner met, the latter always without exception, affectionately addressed the former, by the endearing word, *padrino*, and Don Pio in like manner addressed Colonel Warner as *ahijado*.

There are two ways in which this very near and pleasant relation may be established, namely, (1) when persons stand as sponsors at the marriage of a couple, and (2) when they stand as sponsors at the baptism of children. In the latter case, the sponsors become *padrinos* or god-parents of the children, and "*compadres*" to their parents. The relation of "*com-padres*," is, I believe, unknown in English speaking countries, and, so far as I know, there is no equivalent word for it in the English language.

HISTORICAL DEBRIS,

OR THE MYTHICAL AND THE FABULOUS IN HISTORY.

BY J. M. GUINN.

[Read April 5, 1894.]

"As for history, we know that is lies," said Sir Horace Walpole, or rather the expression is attributed to him, for even the authorship of the saying is in doubt. Whether it was Horace Walpole or Robert Walpole, or whether either of them gave utterance to it, is immaterial. While refusing my indorsement of so sweeping a charge against the reliability of historical narrative, yet I think that every student of history will admit that the more extensive his historical reading may become the less ready he will be to accept unquestioned that which is presented to him in the name of history.

The present age is irreverent and iconoclastic. Myths and traditions that have passed for ages as authentic history, have by the critical historian of our day been relegated to their proper place in literature. In the present age the truth-seeking historian, untrammelled by fear of church or state has weighed every fact and scrutinized every authority bearing upon the historical events under investigation, and the result has been that much that has passed for authentic history has been found to be mere rubbish—broken, displaced and distorted fragments of some myth or fable that the credulous historian has mistaken for veritable history instead of what they are—historical debris.

Scientists as well as historians have done effective work in ridding history of its debris. Scientific investigation has displaced many a lodgment of historical detritus that for centuries has clogged the channel of history. Huxley and his co-laborers have dried up the waters of the Noachian deluge far more quickly and effectively than did the fabled east wind. Lot's wife—that pillar of salt, that for two thousand years worried historian and theologian—has melted away before modern scientific investigation; and the Dead Sea, that engulfed Sodom and Gomorrah with its sulphurous waters, has been proven to be no dead sea at all—only a very ordinary alkaline lake.

Every student of history recognizes the value of myth and folklore in the study of the evolution of a people. But no historian worthy of the name should give currency to the mythical and fabulous as true history.

Intentional misrepresentation, hero worship, credulity and the bias of prejudice or favoritism, are the most fruitful sources from which have originated the falsehoods of history.

Ancient history abounds in fabulous and mythical stories, that for ages passed current as truthful history, The story of Diogenes, the cynic, in scant attire, searching the streets of Athens with a lantern at midday to find an honest man, does not appear in Grecian literature until long after Diogenes and his lantern (if he possessed one) were dust and ashes. It was doubtless originated by some carping cynic to add luster to the name of the founder of his school of philosophy.

The three hundred Spartan heroes who fell at the Pass of Thermopylæ have grown to seven thousand. To add luster to their heroic defense, Greek historians reduced the number of the defenders.

The praises of Regulus, that brave old Roman who would not break his word with his enemies though death might be his reward for keeping it, have been told in prose and sung in verse through all the centuries that have intervened since the days when Porcius Cato gave utterance to his famous slogan: "*Carthago est delenda*" (Carthage must be destroyed). Modern research has shown that Regulus, instead of returning to Carthage as he promised the Carthagenians to do, violated his word, staid at home and fired the Roman heart with tales of Carthaginian cruelty. Instead of being put to death by being rolled down hill in a barrel set with sharp spikes by the enraged Carthagenians, he died in Rome at an advanced age.

On good authority it has been shown that it was not love of country and liberty that inspired Brutus to thrust his "envious dagger" into Cæsar, but because Cæsar had made a decree that Brutus and his associates should not loan money at usurious rates. Brutus's rate of interest to his needy countrymen was forty-eight per cent.

Ferocious Omar, the Moslem conqueror, did not burn the great library of Alexandria. Modern investigation has shown that he never was at Alexandria and had he come there he would have found no library to burn. The library had been destroyed two and a-half centuries before Omar's time. Julius Cæsar burned a part of it and the Patriarchs of Alexandria completed the destruction of its 700,000 volumes.

Leaving ancient history, and coming down to modern, we find one of the most remarkable instances on record of a myth passing current for history. For five hundred years the Swiss had revered the mem-

ory of William Tell and had exalted him as the savior of their country and the deliverer of its people from bondage. His lime tree was pointed out in the market place of Altdorf and his crossbow hung in the arsenal at Zurich. Some iconoclastic historian, delving among the tomes and archives of Swiss and Austrian history, has proved, beyond a doubt, that the Swiss were never conquered by the Austrians; that there was no tyrant Gesler, that William Tell is a mythical personage and the story of his exploits in its general features is one of the myths that our Aryan ancestors are supposed to have brought with them from their mountainous homes in Central Asia.

It is only a few years past since the beautiful story of Pocahontas saving the life of Captain John Smith, ceased to be regarded as authentic history. The story as told in the histories of our boyhood days runs about as follows: King Powhatan in his great Council Chambers is seated on a wooden throne, with his two daughters, beautiful Indian princesses, beside him. Smith, the captive, is brought before him, is soundly berated for the sins of his countrymen, and doomed to die. The captive's head is placed on a great rock, and a stalwart brave swings high his war club. Pocahontas, the princess, moved by pity, dashes down from the throne and throws her arms around Smith's neck at the imminent risk of having her own beautiful head broken by the the war club. Powhatan is moved to pity. Smith is saved. That such a story should have passed current as truthful history for two centuries, in a country where Indian character and Indian customs were so well understood as they were in ours, is an anomaly in credulity. To anyone understanding Indian character and customs the story is a weak invention. No American Indian had then, or has now, any conception of kingly power, or of a throne. Their squaws were not admitted to the Council Chamber. Captives were usually burned at the stake with all the tortures that the untutored savage could invent, and foremost in inflicting these were the squaws, young and old. No Indian maiden would have dared to save a prisoner when doomed by the Council to die. Pocahontas was the daughter of a chief, Rolfe, who already had a wife in England, married her out of policy and with a hope of making a profit out of the Indian trade. She was regarded by the English as a princess, and King James and his Council gravely discussed the question whether Rolfe, a common subject with no royal blood in his viens, had committed treason by marrying a princess of the royal blood and an heir to the throne of Powhatan. They were ignorant of the fact that the chieftainship among Indian tribes was never conferred upon women; nor was it hereditary. The story was invented by Smith long after the death of Powhatan and Pocahontas. Had Smith lived in our day he would have made a fortune in writing dime novels.

Passing by the detritus of Colonial and Revolutionary history we hasten on to that greatest event in our nation's history—the Civil War. Fought as it was, during the last half of the nineteenth century, in an age of telegraphs, and newspapers, with every appliance for obtaining correct reports, we shall find no conflicting accounts, no fabulous stories to contradict, no myths woven into its history. Let us see. In the past thirty years every important battle has been fought over and over again on paper by survivors of the engagement. Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan on the one side, Lee, Davis, and Johnson on the other, have each told his story of the war, and columns and whole volumes of refutations have followed the appearance of each one's story. Thirty years have passed since Sherman's Legions marched through the Carolinas, and though argued through all the years since then, the question who burned Columbia is no nearer an answer now than that of the burning of Rome in the days of Nero.

The survivor of the late war, as he reads the historical descriptions of battles and sieges in which he took part, is sometimes compelled to doubt his senses and even his own identity. The special artist, the army correspondent, and the intelligent contraband were potent factors in the making of war news. To the war correspondent of a great newspaper, the columns of his paper were of more importance than the movements of the columns of an army. War news was manufactured by the correspondent, the more startling and improbable the bigger the scoop of his contemporaries. In the transition from news to history, not infrequently has it happened that the improbable has been substituted for the actual. That which did happen has been denied or forgotten, and that which did not happen has gone on the record as veritable history.

The artist's license, like the poet's, is highly elastic and often assists in the preservation and dissemination of historical inaccuracies. My space permits me to give but one example from the many that might be given. It is an artist's attempt to depict a battle in which I took part, and which I saw, or think I saw, from inception to finish. In Harper's Pictorial History of the Civil War, the illustrations for which purport to have been sketched on the field by special artists, appears a picture of the battle of Winchester, or Kernstown as it is now called. General Shields, mounted on a magnificent gray horse, epaulets on his shoulders, and a cocked hat on his head, with his drawn sword pointing to the Confederates, far in advance of his troops, is leading the charge. His horse is in the very act of leaping over a stone wall and a regiment of Stonewall Jackson's troops. The Union soldiers, dressed in perfect line, with knapsacks on their backs, overcoats buttoned to their throats, and bayonets at a charge, follow in the rear of the General. The context describing the battle is of a piece with the picture. The

facts are that Shields was wounded in a skirmish the day before and was in the hospital at Winchester, four miles from the battlefield; the artist was probably much further away. Shields never wore epaulets, nor a cocked hat; his usual uniform was an old blouse and a slouched hat. He did not command in any battle during the war, nor was he in a battle. There was not a general on the battlefield. The ranking officer on the field was Colonel (afterwards General) Kimball of the Fourteenth Indiana Volunteers—one of the founders of the Indiana Colony, now Pasadena. After stubbornly fighting Jackson's forces, which were posted behind a stone wall, for three hours, it occurred to some one that they could be flanked. Sullivan's brigade moved up on their right flank, their position was rendered indefensible and they began to fall back. Some one (supposed to be a corporal of the Seventh Ohio) yelled "Charge!" The cry ran through our irregular line and away we went on the run, every man in command of himself and all of us bound for the wall. Jackson's soldiers retreated. A number of them who could not run as fast as their pursuers were captured, and the battle was over. Both history and art credit the victory to the bravery and strategy of Shields. Strategy, there was none. The victory was won by the bravery of that thing which has no personality in history—the common soldier. Three colonels were made brigadiers as a reward for the bravery of the private soldiers in their respective commands.

The poet's license has played an important part in the originating and perpetuating of historical inaccuracies. As an illustration, take Buchanan Read's stirring poem, "Sheridan's Ride." It is a magnificent poem, but as history it is sadly misleading. The ride, while regarded by Sheridan as an insignificant performance, has from the rythm of Read's immortal lines, come to be considered the most wonderful of Sheridan's daring deeds. The actual distance from Winchester to where Sheridan saw, not

"The groups of stragglers and the retreating troops,"

but to where he saw General Wright's line of battle ready to advance on the enemy, was twelve miles, not twenty,

"And striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat was checked, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause."

The "wave of defeat" was checked before Sheridan left Winchester. His presence, no doubt, inspired the troops who knew that he had arrived on the field, but many of them were not aware of his presence until after the Confederates were driven back and defeated.

Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" has made the name of

that organization immortal. The superficial readers of history regard that charge as the bravest, the most deadly, and the most desperate in the annals of modern warfare. Stripped of the poetic imagery that Tennyson has woven into it, it was not such a wonderful charge after all. More than one hundred regiments on the Union side and a number on the Confederate, in our Civil War lost a higher percentage of killed and wounded in single engagements than did the Light Brigade at Balaklava. And these not only did this once but repeatedly, while the only fighting the Light Brigade ever did was its one foolish charge. The loss of the Light Brigade at Balaklava was thirty-six per cent. of those engaged. The loss of the First Minnesota Regiment at Gettysburg was eighty-two per cent. At least three members of our historical Society, Gen. Mansfield, Major E. W. Jones, and the writer of this paper, took part in charges in which the per cent. of killed and wounded in their respective regiments was nearly double that of the Light Brigade. "The Battle Above the Clouds" the poetical name for the battle of Lookout Mountain was no battle at all, only an insignificant skirmish in which the Union loss was nine men, while the battle of Missionary Ridge cost the Union Army seven thousand.

Instances of intentional misrepresentation of the facts of history are numerous, but my space forbids me giving more than one example. In the Century Magazine War Papers, which now form four large volumes of what purports to be history, is a paper by the Confederate General Imboden entitled "Stonewall Jackson in Shenandoah Valley." He gives, what he claims, is a full history of Jackson's movements and battles in the valley. He describes at length Jackson's victories over the armies of Hunter, Banks, Fremont, and Tyler but carefully avoids the slightest mention of Jackson's disastrous defeat by Shield's forces at Kernstown. As reliable history, many of the Century papers are worthless. They abound in biased statements, inaccuracies and intentional misrepresentations. The authors of some of these papers evidently seized this opportunity to vent their malignant hatred of their late enemies, even though they had to falsify the truths of history to do it.

Contemporaneous histories are usually unreliable on account of the bias of their authors. The writer must pander to the prejudices of his constituents by abusing those of the opposite side if he would make his wares salable.

The element of the fabulous enters largely into all one sided histories of any great contest. The histories of the conquest of California abound in numerous examples of this. We never have had, and probably never will have, a history of that event written by a Mexican or native Californian. We look at it from the American side only. Most of the contemporaneous writers on the American side seem to have been in-

spired by two motives ; first, to magnify the numbers, and, secondly, to debase the character of their opponents. Stockton's military and naval reports of the conquest of California abound in misrepresentations and fabulous stories. The Commodore was a veritable Munchausen, when narrating his own exploits. Stockton, in reporting his first expedition down the coast, reported that he had chased the Mexican army 300 miles along the coast, driven them into the interior and dispersed them in the mountains. Exactly how he, on board the frigate "Congress," out of sight of land, could chase the Mexican army over the mountains of the Coast Range, 300 miles down the coast, is a military and naval exploit that the Commodore does not explain. Tuthill (usually considered a reliable historian), describing Stockton's second expedition down this coast, says: "Stockton effected a landing of his troops at San Pedro on October 23 (1846), in the face of an army of 800 of the enemy." The story of Stockton's heroic exploit is told as follows by B. D. Wilson (who had been taken prisoner at the battle of Chino). Wilson was stationed on the mesa under the charge of a Mexican sergeant, with instructions to run up a white flag and under cover of that to bear a message from Jose Antonio Carillo, the officer in command, to Stockton, asking a cessation of hostilities. Carillo, with the intention of giving Stockton an exaggerated idea of his strength and thus obtaining more favorable terms, collected droves of wild horses from the plains; these his caballeros kept in motion passing and repassing through a gap in the hills which was plainly discernible from Stockton's vessel. Owing to the dust raised by the cavalcade, it was impossible to discover that most of the horses were riderless. The troops, who had landed, were signalled to return to the vessel, the anchors were hoisted and the Commodore sailed away to San Diego to join Fremont. Bancroft says: "Of the 800 men attributed to the enemy, 700 at least existed in the American imagination."

Stockton, in his official account of the battles of the Rio San Gabriel and the Plains of the Mesa (as he called it), gives the enemy's loss in killed and wounded at between seventy and eighty. At the battle of Paso de Bartolo or Rio San Gabriel two Californians, Sepulveda and Ramirez, were mortally wounded and died a few days later at the Mission San Gabriel. At the battle of La Mesa, a Yaqui Indian named Ignaceo, was killed and one Californian wounded. Some American historians place the strength of the Californians in these battles at from one thousand to twelve hundred men. Their fighting strength was between three and four hundred. Stockton's was about six hundred, Tuthill, in his historical account of Stockton's first advance on Los Angeles, August, 1846, says: "As they neared the intrenched camp, a courier from Castro came out, kindly to warn them that the town would prove their

grave if they entered it. "Then," answered the Commodore, "Tell the General to have the bells ready to toll at eight o'clock as I shall be there at that time." Castro had no intrenched camp. He and his army had disappeared before Stockton's arrival. Tuthill states that Gillespie, when driven out of Los Angeles by Flores took up his line of march for Monterey—a slight error of only 300 miles in Gillespie's destination, and yet, Tuthill's history, before Bancroft's appeared, was regarded as the most reliable history of California extant.

As an illustration of the unreliability of contemporaneous history when the evidence of only one side is heard, I give this from Dr. John Frost's *Pictorial History of California*, written a year after the close of the Mexican War. After describing Stockton's landing at San Pedro on his first expedition down the coast, and the advance of his army against Castro's forces at Los Angeles, he gives this account of a battle: "At the Rancho Sepulvida a large force of Californians were posted. Commodore Stockton sent one hundred men forward to receive the fire of the enemy, and then fall back on the main body without returning it. The main body of Stockton's army was formed in a triangle, with the guns hid by the men. By the retreat of the advance party the enemy were decoyed close to the main force, when the wings (of the triangle) were extended and a deadly fire from the artillery opened upon the astonished Californians. More than one hundred were killed, the same number wounded; Castro's army was routed and one hundred prisoners taken." The mathematical accuracy of Stockton's artillerists was truly astonishing. They killed a man for every one wounded and took a prisoner for every man killed—a very remarkable battle indeed. Castro's whole army did not exceed 300 men and as these all ran away they all lived to fight (or run) another day. The first capture of Los Angeles was accomplished without the firing of a gun. Capron, the author of a history of California, who visited the state in 1850, and spent several years here, describes the same battle. He calls it the battle of Rancho La Sepulvidad. He puts Castro's loss at one hundred killed, and one hundred prisoners, but says nothing about the wounded. "Dead men tell no tales;" Capron was safe from contradiction by the dead, and the wounded, if there were any, concealed their scars. Dr. John Frost was a noted compiler of histories, and in his day was regarded as an historical authority. He wrote L.L.D. after his name. From what source he derived his information in regard to this battle he does not state. There was not then, nor is there now, a Rancho Sepulvida between Los Angeles and the sea, and consequently no such battle there nor at any other place in California.

Historical accuracy is a thing of slow growth. It is only by a careful collection of evidence and the testimony of many witnesses, gathered through years of tedious search, that a true verdict establishing an his-

torical fact is reached. The historian should possess the judicial instinct for weighing evidence and arriving at a decision unbiased either by prejudice or favoritism. He should possess enough honesty and independence to expose falsehoods, even when they have the official stamp of church or state.

In conclusion, pardon a slight digression from my subject. Californians owe a debt of gratitude to Hubert Howe Bancroft for his historical work. His history has its defects. What history has not? He may have dealt severely, and even unfairly, with certain historical personages. Possibly some of these deserved a little severity. His energy, industry and perseverance in collecting vast stores of historical material, that but for him would have been lost and destroyed, as much had been before his time, are deserving of praise. He has gathered together material from which some future Macaulay will write a true history of the State. His recent expulsion from the society of California Pioneers reflects no credit on that somewhat discordant body. Bancroft will be remembered with gratitude by future generations.

OVERLAND TO LOS ANGELES,

BY THE SALT LAKE ROUTE IN 1849.

BY JUDGE WALTER VAN DYKE.

I have been requested many times by members of your Society to furnish a sketch of my trip overland and some pioneer experiences. My time, however, is so fully occupied that I have very little to devote to outside matters; besides, I have hesitated to repeat the events of pioneer days, as they have been so often told that there can be at this time very little interest in their repetition. I say repetition, because the experience of one was pretty much the same as that of the thousands who flocked to this State at that time by the overland route. The wise Ulysses was made to say to Achilles, while sulking in his tent, that "to have been, is to hang quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail in monumental mockery." The world cares very little for the past or those who figured in it further than the recital of the events may either instruct or amuse those of the present.

About the time I was admitted to the bar in Cleveland, Ohio, the whole country was electrified, as it were, by the accounts of rich gold discoveries in California, a portion of the country then recently acquired from Mexico. A company of young men, including some of my friends and acquaintances, was organized in Cleveland in the spring of 1849 to come overland to California; and being in the right frame of mind for a little adventure, it did not require much urging to induce me to join it, which I did.

We left Cleveland on the last of May, by steamer for Chicago, where we organized an outfit for the plains. That city at that time was one of the dirtiest and muddiest imaginable; streets unpaved, excepting a few where plank were used; and the ordinary roads leading from it nearly bottomless in mud. The place gave very little evidence then of becoming the leading city in America during the lifetime of many of the Argonauts.

We left Chicago June the 6th, taking a direction to strike the Mississippi River opposite Burlington, Iowa, at which point we crossed June 18th, being twelve days making this distance, owing to the condition of the roads, the inexperience of the men with that kind of traveling, and the wild unbroken stock we had secured for the trip.

From Burlington we went by the way of Oskaloosa, Iowa, at which place we were obliged to halt and have an overhauling of our outfit by the abandonment of some of our heavy wagons and the substitution of lighter vehicles; and here we spent the 4th of July.

Between the Des Moines and the Missouri we saw no settlements. We followed the old Mormon trail to Council Bluffs, where we arrived July 16th. There was a little trading place at or near Council Bluffs called Kanessville, established by the Mormons after being driven out of the Indian Territory on the opposite side of the river. At this place three of our party concluded to abandon the trip, and the company was dissolved or reorganized and the men thereafter traveled independently, but remained together. The late Judge O. A. Munn, of San Jacinto (then a young lawyer from Cleveland, like myself), was my especial companion thereafter during the trip.

We were ferried across the Missouri River above Council Bluffs opposite the old abandoned Mormon village called by them Winter Quarters, from which they had been driven by the authorities of the government, as already mentioned. We left the Missouri River July 24th and crossed the Elk Horn July 26th about where the Union Pacific crosses it; thence following up the Platte Valley on the north side of the river about on the line of said road; and on August 1st came up to a train of Mormon emigrants.

We were late in the season compared with the great rush of overland gold seekers that year; in fact, I think one of the last parties. The great body of the emigration went up the Missouri by boat; and most of them outfitted and left the frontier from the town of St. Joseph, Missouri, striking the Platte near Fort Kearney. The route we took, therefore, was not so much traveled and the feed was quite good until we reached that point where the main road came in; after which our progress was very slow, inasmuch as the whole country near the road was eaten off by the stock of the vast numbers which had preceded us. As a general thing, our progress was not much more rapid than the Mormon emigrants, and we frequently traveled along with them, and from one train to another, the rest of the way to Salt Lake. And for the reason stated we saw very few buffalo along the route; and saw no Indians till we crossed the north fork of the Platte about twenty miles below Fort Laramie. This was the last day of August. About five miles above the crossing we found quite a large encampment of Sioux and Cheyenne Indians. The trains encamped on the river just above their lodges.

Another member of the party and myself rode on in advance to the fort. The road all along above Kearney was like a highway of nations—so trodden and worn by the immense number that had traveled over it. As we rounded a point on the road we caught a glimpse, to the west of

us, of the American flag fluttering over the fort. After two months' journey across the plains from the frontier settlements this sight was a joyous one to us, as emblematic of the presence of the power and glory of our country even here in the midst of this vast wilderness. My companion returned to camp, but I remained over as the guest of Major Sanderson, commandant of the fort, until next day, when the rest of the train came up.

Beyond this point the main road passes over the Black Hills and strikes the north fork of the Platte near the mouth of the Sweetwater, the river between these points making quite a bend to the north. Inasmuch as the feed along the main road was all eaten off, our party, as well as the later Mormons, were obliged to follow up the river, which lengthened the distance and caused further delay.

When we arrived at Rock Independence, a Mormon elder was dispatched to Salt Lake City, as a sort of messenger to report the progress of their trains. At his request Munn and myself started with him, but Munn's horse soon gave out and he fell in with another company of Mormons we overtook on the Sweetwater. From there the Mormon elder and myself traveled alone. We were twelve days coming into Salt Lake City, and on the way passed a large number of Mormon trains, camping with one nearly every night. The night we reached Fort Bridger it commenced snowing, and continued the following day, so we remained over at the fort. The altitude there is so high that snow commences to fall early in the season.

We arrived at Salt Lake City on the 8th of October. In about ten days or two weeks the remainder of our party came in. I kept notes of our trip and corresponded with a Cleveland paper, sending back letters whenever an opportunity offered. While at Salt Lake I sent back two letters descriptive of the country and these peculiar people who had located there, then a thousand miles or more from the frontier.

Owing to the lateness of the season and from accounts of some Mormons returned from the gold mines on the American River, it was evident that before we could reach the foot of the Sierra Nevada it would be impossible to cross with any degree of safety. The fate of the Donner party was a warning against any such foolhardy attempt in the winter season. The great body of the overland emigrants by the South Pass route preceded us, going either by the Humboldt or Fort Hall, and most of them had already reached their destination in the Land of Gold. While we were thus delayed at Salt Lake, undetermined whether to remain over winter or attempt a southern route, some Missouri traders—Pomeroy Brothers—having sold out their merchandise, brought into the Valley early in the summer, were preparing to take their live stock and freight wagons to Southern California. We concluded to join them. A

Mormon, Captain Jefferson Hunt, who had just returned from San Bernardino, where they had located a colony, was engaged as a guide. We left Salt Lake the 3rd of November, 1849, pursuing a southerly and southwesterly direction along the foot of the Wasatch Mountains. The route is through a series of fertile valleys to the point where the road crosses the southern rim of the great Utah basin.

The first and largest valley south of Salt Lake is the Utah Valley. At the southern end of the Utah Lake we struck the old Spanish trail, the northern route traveled by the Spaniards between the pueblo of Los Angeles and Santa Fe. A number of fine streams put down from this range of mountains, flowing into the desert, timbered along their banks, the largest being the Spanish Fork and Sevier River. Where the range turns westerly there is a low depression called the Mountain Meadows. It was a famous camping place on the line of the old Spanish trail. The camp ground is near a spring at the foot of the mountain on the west side of the valley or meadow, with timber on the slope of the mountain. The night we camped there, it commenced snowing and we were obliged to corral the cattle and other stock and guard them; and build fires of the dry cedar hauled down from the side of the mountain to keep ourselves warm. The storm continued the next day with considerable violence and the stock were guarded to keep them from straying off. Owing to the snow there was no chance for feed here, so we were obliged to move on without delay. It was at this same camp ground, some years later, that a party of emigrants from Arkansas and Missouri were attacked by Indians and some Mormons as allies; and, after being given assurance of protection if they would surrender, were brutally massacred—men, women and children. Soon after we commenced descending the southern slope of the divide the weather became warmer, and from that on we had no difficulty as far as the climate was concerned.

We reached the Santa Clara, a tributary of the Rio Virgin, December the 11th. The Virgin River is a considerable stream coming down from the Wasatch range, of mountains that we had crossed and flows southeasterly in the Colorado. Along the Santa Clara and Rio Virgin, we found considerable feed; but being without so long, already the stock were nearly starving; and many cattle gave out and were left along the road. I noticed on these river bottoms cornstalks and some squash or pumpkins still remaining on the ground, and also indications of irrigation, the work of Indians, of course, as no white people were then in this region of country. These Indians are the Piutes, described by Fremont in his report of explorations of 1843-4 as causing him considerable trouble on his return by this same route. They are a marauding and savage tribe of Indians and seek ever opportunity to waylay and massacre small

parties or stragglers from larger ones. Our company was so large, however, that we were not troubled with them except in the stealing and killing of stock that wandered from camp.

Las Vegas, further on this way, is another famous camping ground. It is a large meadow with several springs at the head which, uniting, form quite a stream flowing through it. One of these springs is so large as to make a good bathing pool, and the water is warm and boils up with such force as to buoy the swimmer like a cork.

We were at a point about where the state line crosses this trail at the close of the year 1849 and the beginning of that of 1850; as to which side there is some doubt. However, in after years, the Society of California Pioneers gave me the benefit of the doubt by admitting me as a member of its body; its constitution requires the applicant to have been within the state prior to January 1st, 1850.

So many of the cattle had died or been abandoned that the remainder were not able to move the trains except very slowly; and in consequence we had already exceeded the time anticipated in getting into the settlements, and our provisions were nearly exhausted. It was proposed therefore that some one should go ahead and send back some relief, and about a dozen of us volunteered for that purpose. We reached the Mojave River the second day after leaving the camp, at a point not far below Barstow, as near as I can judge. We continued along the same old Spanish trail that we had been following up that river and across to the northern end of the Cajon Pass, where we arrived quite late the last day of January. Our provisions being exhausted and there being a moon, we concluded to venture through the pass that night instead of remaining over till morning. From my notes I quote: "I never shall forget this night's adventure in this wild mountain pass. We issued from the pass into the valley about four o'clock the morning of February the 1st. We halted at the mouth of the cañon until daylight, and then renewed our walk. If we hadn't been in a famished and exhausted condition we might have appreciated with pleasure the agreeable change in the country. Even yesterday we were traveling in a dry and barren desert; today we are treading on beds of beautiful flowers and wild clover, and the morning breeze is laden with their perfume."

We reached the Cucamonga Rancho about ten o'clock, February 1st. We found an American family here and were supplied with an abundance, including milk and butter—a rare treat, indeed, and a great change in the fare we had been accustomed to during the many months of our trip. A few days later we passed over to the Chino Ranch, better known among the immigrants of that period as Williams's Ranch. Colonel Williams, the owner, had, during that season, sent out many parties for the relief of the immigrants. The next morning Colonel

Williams, furnished me a horse and a guide to come into Los Angeles, as I had some letters and packages to deliver to parties here. On the way we stopped at Rowlands on the Puente and were treated in the same hospitable manner characteristic of all the ranch owners here.

In a week or ten days the other members of our Cleveland party came in with the train, and we had thus crossed the continent. We had consumed eight months on the trip—much longer than was anticipated when starting—still all arrived well and no one had been seriously sick on the way, though subjected to many hardships. This could not be said in regard to most of the overland companies of that year. The numerous graves along the road up the Platte and through the Black Hills were sad evidences that many a poor fellow had dropped by the way.

The year 1849-50 is memorable as one of early and heavy rains, as well as for deep snows in the Sierra Nevada. At the time our large party came from Salt Lake to this place, encumbered with ox teams and heavy wagons, and without any further inconvenience than the delay caused by the poor condition of the stock, nothing but a bird or an expert on snow shoes could have scaled the wall of ice and snow over the Sierra Nevada range. This fact of itself shows that this is the natural route for a railroad from Salt Lake to the Pacific. The grades are much lighter and trains could be run over it all seasons of the year without the necessity of forty miles of expensive snow sheds.

When we arrived here the season was at its best and the country charming in appearance. There was very little business carried on, however, aside from stock raising and matters incident thereto. The great body of immigrants, both by land and water entered California in the central part of the State. Even of those who came this way overland very few remained here; the upper portion of the State, where the mines were located, was the point of attraction.

While waiting for an opportunity to go north, I formed the acquaintance of several of the English-speaking residents of Los Angeles. Among those I particularly remember was Don Abel Stearns, as he was called, who was one of the leading men here. He had acquired large landed interests and married in one of the prominent Spanish families; had been alcalde and held other offices under the old regime, and was a member of the first constitutional convention. B. D. Wilson was another; he afterwards represented this county in the Senate. Benjamin Hayes, a lawyer from Missouri had just arrived here by the Gila route; had opened a law office already, and wished me to remain and go into practice with him. He was subsequently District Judge of this judicial district. This place at the time was still a small Spanish pueblo and gave no promise of much growth in the immediate future.

The great body of population drawn here by the discovery of gold settled in the central and northern portions of the State. The upper portion of the State was thoroughly explored, towns founded and cities built. Every branch of enterprise was developed—mining, commerce and agriculture—while these southern counties remained in nearly the same condition as before the acquisition of the State. Cattle and horses covered the plains, but the great resources of this section, in other respects, were undeveloped, and in fact its capabilities were not then realized. Nearly everything, aside from live stock, was shipped here from San Francisco. Owing to their meager population, these counties were hardly taken into account in the political conventions and other matters concerning the State. They were referred to as the "cow counties," not so much by way of derision as expressive of the pastoral pursuits of the people. This condition of things continued so long that it is difficult, even at this late day, for the old-timers of the upper portion of the State to realize that a change has taken place down here. However, it is beginning to dawn on them that this section has taken on a new life and is forging ahead in population, wealth and enterprise at a rate that threatens to catch up with them, and if they do not bestir themselves may outstrip them in the race.

One word in reference to the pioneers and this paper closes. So much of the Bret Harte style of flashy literature has been written concerning the early Californians that their true character has been misunderstood by those not acquainted with the real facts. It is true there were many adventurers and lawless characters as in other new states and territories, but in no greater proportion. The mass of the early population was composed of law-abiding and enterprising people. Most of them were well-educated and possessed all the elements that go to make up good citizenship. As is well known Congress failed to establish a territorial government here or even to pass an enabling act for the creation of a state government. The people were left, as it were, without any laws, and still, not only in towns but throughout the mining regions, life and property were as safe as in most older states. Of their own motion a constitution for a state government was framed and adopted, which in many respects was a model. State officers and a legislature were elected, laws passed and judges and other officers appointed and elected to enforce them. In fact, the whole machinery of a state government was put in operation before Congress came to our relief by admitting the state, which was not till the 9th of September, 1859. The land grants Congress had made to the newer states for the purpose of internal improvements was, by a provision in our constitution, diverted to the cause of education, which was ratified by the admission of the State into the Union. Provision was also made for the early founding of a State Uni-

versity. The laws of our early legislatures were, in many respects, far in advance of those of the other States, and have been since followed by many of them, for instance, laws in reference to the rights of married women, reform in judicial procedure, and many other questions. In learning and ability the early bench and bar ranked high. Many new and important questions arose in this State growing out of the mining industries and the Mexican and Spanish grants, and the decisions of our early courts in solving these and other questions compare favorably with those of the higher courts of the rest of the country. As merchants, business men, and in all the various walks of life, the early pioneers were not behind their brethren in other States. But their work in founding this State and shaping its institutions is their best eulogy; they need no other.

NECROLOGY.

The following members of the Society died during the year 1894:

ANTONIO FRANCO CORONEL.

Antonio Franco Coronel was born in the City of Mexico October 21, 1817. He came with his father to California in 1834. In 1838, he was appointed Assistant Secretary of Tribunals of the City of Los Angeles. In 1838, he was made Judge of the First Instance. In 1844, General Micheltorena appointed him Captain and Inspector of the southern missions.

During the invasion of Southern California by the Americans in 1846 he was made Captain of Artillery and was present at the battles of Paso de Bartolo and La Mesa. In 1850 and 1851 he was County Assessor and made the first assessment of Los Angeles County. He was elected Mayor of the city of Los Angeles in 1853, and served ten years in the City Council. He was a member of the State Legislature, and for four years served as State Treasurer. In 1873, he was married to Dona Mariana Williamson.

Mr. and Mrs. Coronel were intimate friends of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, and gave her great assistance in her study of Mission Indian life. She presented them the first copy issued of her famous story, "Ramona." Mr. Coronel, with the assistance of his wife, had gathered one of the largest collections of California curios in existence.

Don Antonio Coronel took an active part in the organization of the Historical Society of Southern California. Both he and his wife have been active members of the Society since its organization.

He died at his home in this city at midnight, April 17, 1894.

PIO PICO.

Pio Pico, the last Governor of Alta California under Mexican rule, was born at the mission of San Gabriel May 5, 1801. He died in this city September 11, 1894. (See sketch of his life on page 55 *et seq.*)

CHAS. MULHOLLAND.

Charles Mulholland was born in Ireland in 1839. He came to America in 1862. He entered the United States Navy and served as Assistant Engineer to the close of the Civil War. In 1880, he represented Plumas and Lassen Counties in the Assembly of the California Legislature. He was an enthusiastic admirer of California mountain scenery, and author of a number of papers on the scenery, resources, etc., of the Owens Valley country. He died at Independence, Inyo County, in July, 1894.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

1894.

Number of meetings held.....10

Number of papers read.....15

The following are the titles of the papers read :

JANUARY MEETING.

Inaugural Address of President C. P. Dorland.

"The Riot Precipitated by Los Angeles Chinamen," by H. D. Barrows.

"The Chinese Massacre at Los Angeles in 1871," by C. P. Dorland.

FEBRUARY MEETING.

"A Brief History of Conchological Researches in San Pedro Bay and Vicinity," by Mrs. M. Burton Williamson.

"Meteorological Myths and Superstitions," by J. M. Guinn.

MARCH MEETING.

"The Old Tehunga Grove," by Emma Seckel Marshall.

"Men and Social Customs of California in the 30's," by F. J. Polley.

APRIL MEETING.

"Great Earthquake of 1872 in Owens Valley," by C. Mulholland.

"Biographical Sketch of Don Antonio Coronel," by H. D. Barrows.

MAY MEETING.

"Historical Debris," by J. M. Guinn.

JUNE MEETING.

Elopement of Capt. H. D. Fitch and Dona Josefa Carrillo, and the Famous Ecclesiastical Trial of Fitch at San Gabriel," by F. J. Polley.

JULY MEETING.

"California in the Thirties," by H. D. Barrows.

OCTOBER MEETING.

"American Influence at the Battle of Cahuenga, 1845," by F. J. Polly.

NOVEMBER MEETING.

"Pio Pico, A Biographical and Character Sketch of the Last Mexican Governor of California," by H. D. Barrows.

DECEMBER MEETING.

"Recollections of the Old Court House and Its Builder," by H. D. Barrows.

The meetings of the Society have been fairly well attended. The papers read cover a wide range of subjects, but nearly all of them treat on some phase of California history. The work of the Society has been done by a few members. It is to be hoped that during the coming year the number of workers may be increased.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN, Secretary.

REPORT OF THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.

To the Officers and Members of the Historical Society of Southern California:

We, the undersigned members of the Committee on Publication, do respectfully report that, in accordance with the order of the Board of Directors, we have selected matter for, and have had printed, 500 copies of the Society's Publication for 1894. In the selection of papers for the Annual, we have endeavored to select those especially pertaining to the history of California. A number of valuable papers remain in the hands of the Committee, which, for want of funds, cannot be published this year. It should be understood that the papers in this and in previous publications of the Society set forth the views of their authors on the various subjects of which they treat. The Society does not hold itself responsible for the statements made nor the opinions expressed.

The By-Laws of the Society require that a copy of every paper read before the Society shall be filed with the Secretary. Several authors have failed to comply with this requirement. The titles of such papers do not appear in the list below.

UNPUBLISHED PAPERS IN POSSESSION OF THE SOCIETY.

- 1 "Annals of Los Angeles," by George Butler Griffin.
- 2 "Legal History of the First Protestant Church Organization in Southern California," by C. N. Wilson.
- 3 "History, and the Study of History," by Dr. Edwin W. Fowler.
- 4 "History of Tariff Legislation," by Fred H. Clark.
- 5 "On Looking Backward," by George Butler Griffin.
- 6 "Fragments of Local History," by J. M. Guinn.
- 7 "Memorial and Biographical Sketch of Hon. Henry Hamilton," by J. J. Ayers.
- 8 "Origin of the Historical Society of Southern California," by Noah Levering.
- 9 "Biography of Judge Volney E. Howard," by Gen. John Mansfield.
- 10 "Extracts from the Diary of a Pioneer of 1838," by J. M. Guinn.
- 11 "The Great Storm of February 22, 1891," by J. M. Guinn.
- 12 "History of the Ladies' Clubs and Societies of Los Angeles"—A series of papers written by representatives of the different clubs and societies; these were edited, compiled and bound into a volume by Mrs. M. Burtón Williamson. They form a book of 172 pages of valuable historical matter.
- 13 "Relics of the Donner Party," by Emma Seckel Marshall.
- 14 "Reminiscences of the Bell Block and of Capt. Alex. Bell," by H. D. Barrows.
- 15 "The Historical Society of Southern California—Its Past, Present and Possible Future," by J. M. Guinn.

- 16 "The Financial Panic of 1857," by R. H. Hewitt.
- 17 "The Big Tejunga Grove," by Emma Seckel Marshall.
- 18 "The Riot Precipitated by the Los Angeles Chinamen," by
H. D. Barrows.
- 19 "Meteorological Myths and Superstitions," by J. M. Guinn.
- 20 "Sketch of the Life of Don Antonio F. Coronel," by H. D.
Barrows.
- 21 "John Charles Fremont," by A. W. Blair.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN, E. BAXTER, T. L. KELSO,	}	Pub. Com.
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CURATOR'S REPORT.

Number of bound volumes (cloth or leather) in the library.....	700
Number of pamphlets and paper-covered books.....	3285
Number of daily newspapers received and filed for binding.....	6
Number of weekly newspapers received and filed for binding... ..	26
Number of monthly magazines.....	3
Number of quarterlies.....	5

The Society has a large collection of curios, relics, pictures, photographs, autographs, maps, and manuscripts in Spanish; also files of Los Angeles newspapers, nearly complete, running back forty years.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN, Curator.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

I submit the following report of receipts and expenditures:

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand at the beginning of the year.....	\$ 3 30
Received from membership dues and fees.....	104 25—\$109 55

DISBURSEMENTS.

Postage, cards and envelopes.....	\$11 25
Advertising and printing notices.....	3 75
Expressage on books.....	4 50— 19 50
Balance on hand.. . . .	\$ 90 05

EDWIN BAXTER, Treasurer.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

LOS ANGELES, 1895.

PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

BY E. BAXTER.

[Delivered, January 7, 1895.]

Fellow Members of the Historical Society of Southern California—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It is incumbent upon your president to present to you some suggestions, on assuming the duties of his office.

What I shall say to-night may not be different in its material features from what has been presented by my predecessors—only common place—neither original nor new.

Our constitution declares the objects of this society to be: "The collection and preservation of all material which can have any bearing upon the history of the Pacific coast in general and of Southern California in particular; the discussion of historical, literary or scientific subjects, and the reading of papers thereon; and the trial of such scientific experiments as shall be determined by the society."

The word "history" is said to be derived from a Latin word signifying a matter of record; or Greek words signifying knowing, learned; and, to inquire, explore, or learn by inspection or inquiry. History, therefore, includes, or treats of, almost everything we know, see, do or suffer, present as well as past.

Since our organization other societies have come into existence in this city, and in Southern California, among which might be mentioned the Scien-

tific Society, which, its name would indicate to be devoted more exclusively to the study and discussion of scientific subjects, and embracing questions not historical, aside from the facts it seeks to establish, the existence of which, when settled, properly becomes a matter of history. Among others also might be mentioned the Friday Morning Club—more exclusively for women.

These other societies deal mostly with subjects not necessarily pertinent to the line of our investigations, and which we may well leave out of our plans, recognizing the sister societies as co-ordinate with ours, each having its own sphere and its own special work. But in so far as it is necessary to investigate the origin, formation or history of rocks, ores, shells, fishes, reptiles, beasts and birds, and even of man himself in many cases, from relics and fragmentary remains, by scientific knowledge, which points to certain eras in the world's existence, and again, by reflection, determine the eras by their present condition and sometimes by petrified particles, we cannot wholly separate history from science.

Some of our newer citizens, recently arrived on this coast, who naturally wish to join and take part with us, are persons who have been interested in the history of other parts of our country, east of the great "divide," and in scientifico-historical subjects there. Their minds have been actively trained on the very lines which will render them our most valuable members. These cannot write or speak with personal knowledge of the history, either animate or inanimate, of Southern California or of the Pacific coast. But they can give us instructive and exceedingly interesting essays or historical papers, regarding or concerning the localities where they have lived, and, in fact upon subjects affecting the whole country, which will tend to throw light on the history of this coast, or of its aborigines or earlier occupants; as, for instance, many of the eastern Indian tribes, their habits, occupations, tombs, etc., which will serve to show their relation or otherwise to those of this coast and locality.

For the benefit of any such, who have doubted their ability to assist us, and doubt their being able to derive any benefit from membership in our society, I deem it not amiss to say here, that we have always warmly welcomed and highly appreciated all well considered papers of that nature, though they only indirectly, or by comparison, affect the history of California. In fact, most of us are comparatively new residents, who came from localities distant from each other and from this coast. New comers, too, are inclined to seek old residents and ask questions. Information thus obtained is frequently new to older settlers.

It is neither necessary nor practicable that this society or its members or contributors confine their efforts to the discovery or record of events or facts, one hundred, fifty, thirty, twenty, or even five years in the past. True, we have members who know something of the more an-

cient history of our State, and this part of the State, by personal acquaintance with the former occupants who have gone from earth. Many more are not members who have retentive memories of the earlier times. The acquaintance of such should be cultivated and their store-houses unlocked whenever we can find them, that the more important facts may be recorded and given to the world.

It is well to record and preserve the record of the more recent events as they occur, or as soon after as they can be impartially weighed. The last two years have been eventful. A great financial panic has swept over the land. We should endeavor to put in brief, compact and concise form, its effect upon this coast and especially Southern California. The record of it in periodicals is smothered in chaff; we want only the wheat. This crisis has been followed by a year of almost unparalleled depression, stagnation of business and enforced idleness of thousands of people. Men have congregated in what seemed to be armies, and marched across the country to and fro. Traffic and travel and labor have been suspended by edicts from secret orders; and lawlessness has supervened in such proportions as to call out the military arm of the government. It is well known that the reports that went abroad and were published in the East, of the part that California and Californians, and Southern Californians enacted, were fearfully distorted, and even now have not been corrected.

So, also, locally we have the strange anomaly that, during the very "hardest" times, when thousands are on the verge, and many actually over the verge into the vortex of financial ruin, we have an era of building of costly and commodious blocks, business houses, and even of dwellings, that is phenomenal.

Some of us should crystalize these facts, briefly but not dryly.

The first impressions of new-comers, notes of things most noticeable, of what is, or was when they first came, written down and presented here, in future years, and even now, if read abroad as endorsed by this society, would be both interesting and valuable history. Such papers are sure to call attention to the distinctive features of Southern California. They would be the records of events, practically written on the spot. What is now, will be history of the past, next year.

Doubtless most of us are usually impressed with the idea that our own experiences are all or nearly all, commonplace. But I apprehend there are few, if any, who do not regret that they did not put in writing and preserve the record of many events and facts known to them a score or more years ago, that then seemed trivial, but now seem very important. We all know that not all the history of a period, and seldom all the facts concerning a single event, can be written by a single individual, even though an eye-wit-

ness. Our society suggests perpetuity, and perpetuity is only obtained by continued activity. We are all engaged in other pursuits than writing or discovering history. Therefore each can only bring a fragment.

I made mention of the Scientific Society and others co-ordinate with ours. A suggestion has been made that an association of all the Historical, Scientific and Literary societies existing here be formed for mutual benefit. The several societies might thus, both help and relieve one another. I commend this suggestion to your attention.

There is one matter of business to which I will call attention. It is an evil which affects all volunteer societies. The entrance fee to this society is two dollars; the annual dues are three dollars, payable quarterly. This has been, so far, our only source of revenue. We are not only an association, but a corporation, of which every member is a part; and by signing the roll of members, every member pledges himself or herself to aid the rest, to bear a proportionate share of the burden and expense of the Society, at least to the extent of the annual dues, while the Society as a whole promises to each a share of the benefits. By signing the roll, a member assumes an obligation to pay his dues as fully as if he signed his promissory note for the amounts as they become due. But in looking over the list of members on the Treasurer's books, I find the names of more than forty members who, within nine or ten years—mostly since 1890—have been marked, "dropped for non-payment of dues." Some have never paid any dues, and none are thus marked who are not two years or more in arrears, except those who have refused—not simply neglected—to pay dues. The aggregate of dues thus lost to the Society is over five hundred dollars. This does not include those who have died or moved away before they were "dropped." And all these "dropped" might be restored on paying arrearages. The list includes perhaps a score of occupations, professions, etc., mechanics, physicians, teachers, professors, merchants, literary men, lawyers, and even judges, and some more or less prominent members of religious societies. The sums are usually so small that it would be expensive to collect them by suit. Some are "outlawed," and many of these non-paying members have no property; while others are well-to-do. Our Treasurer has no salary, and much time would be required to collect, of those who are collectable, by persistent dunning. I simply lay the matter before you.

This Society is the owner of no abiding place and is not even able to pay rent for a room. The City permits us to hold our meetings in a court room and the County allows us to keep our valuables in the court house; but in each case we are tenants by sufferance. We should continually keep in view our need of a permanent home. We need all the money equitably due us, and if possible should devise some means to collect dues of those on our rolls. The Treasurer's report shows no surplus of money after paying for the annual publication. But there are many dues that will doubtless yet be voluntarily paid.

It is earnestly hoped that a greater interest may be awakened among those able to assist us, as well as our present membership, which should be continually increased; and that the Society may early be placed on a more solid and permanent basis.

Origin of the Historical Society of Southern California.

BY NOAH LEVERING.

[Read November 1, 1893.]

Soon after my arrival in Los Angeles in May, 1895, I learned there was no historical society in the State. After I had spent several months in and about Los Angeles, and made the acquaintance of many of the leading citizens, from whom I learned much of the early history of California, I was thoroughly convinced that this was a grand field for historical work and that steps should be taken at once to gather up and preserve the unwritten history which would be prolific with interest to those who should come after us. I suggested to several persons the propriety of the formation of an historical society, and was as often met with the reply that the effort would be fruitless, as people would not take sufficient interest to accomplish the object. I could not make up my mind to abandon the enterprise. During the week of the county fair in October, 1883, I resolved to make a determined effort, by canvassing the city for volunteers to organize a society. I was soon convinced that it was much easier to secure volunteers to quell a rebellion than to preserve the history of the same. When I called upon one of the wealthy citizens of the city and, after stating my business, I was asked, "Is there any money in it?" I said no. The reply was, "Well, I want nothing to do with things that there is no money in." I was disappointed but not discouraged. Believing that there were men of larger souls and more liberal minds, I continued my efforts. The first man that I found who took an interest in the project was Prof. Marcus Baker of the National Magnetic Observatory, which at that time was located in this city, near the State Normal School.

Prof. Baker was the first to enroll his name in a little book that I had provided to obtain signatures in. With many kind words of encouragement and wishes for my success, he sent me on my way rejoicing. After considerable time spent in canvassing, I secured the following additional names: R. H. Hewitt, 37 Banning St., Los Angeles; Horace Bell, Los Angeles; G. W. Ingalls, Vacaville, Cal.; Thomas A. Gary, 917 Downey Ave., Los Angeles; H. Fuller, Alostia, Cal.; J. B. Niles, Los Angeles; Joseph D. Lynch, Los Angeles; Horatio Rust, South Pasadena; F. M. Palmer, Los Angeles; Ira More, Los Angeles; John Mansfield, Los Angeles; twelve names in all

Having secured enough signers to organize, I consulted Mr. Rust in regard to the time and place for the first meeting. The Normal School building was selected as the place, the exact date of the time set for the meeting I have forgotten. I saw Prof. Ira More and obtained his office, in the Normal School building, for the meeting. The professor said he would have it lighted and in readiness for us.

On the evening appointed, I repaired to the professor's office at about 7 o'clock only to find it as dark as lost hope. My spirits, which had indicated a point far above zero, now suddenly dropped as far below, and I seated myself upon the steps in front of the building and began whistling, like a boy passing through a graveyard in a dark night, to keep up his spirits. I realized that I was a lost mourner at the grave of my hopes. While thus contemplating the gloomy prospect, I heard a racket in the basement of the building, which revived hope, and I was soon tending in that direction where I found the janitor, who informed me that he knew nothing of the meeting but would light up, which he did at once. Soon after Col. Warner came in, a few minutes later H. Rust arrived, which were all that I now remember. Before adjourning we concluded to hold an adjourned meeting a few evenings later in the council chamber in Temple block, provided the room could be obtained. We resolved ourselves into a committee of the whole to make the necessary arrangements. The room was secured, I had a notice of the meeting inserted in each of the city papers and also personally notified a number of persons. Gen. Mansfield also interested himself in getting an attendance. On the evening of November 1, 1883, in the city court room, old Temple block, the following named gentlemen met for the purpose of organizing a historical society: Col. J. J. Warner, H. D. Barrows, N. Levering, Gen. John Mansfield, Prof. J. M. Guinn, Maj. C. N. Wilson, Ex Gov. J. G. Downey, Prof. Ira More, J. B. Niles, A. Kohler, Don Antonio F. Coronel, George Hansen, A. J. Bradfield, Maj. E. W. Jones and Prof. Marcus Baker. Col. J. J. Warner was elected president; Maj. C. N. Wilson, secretary. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws, and from that evening dates the beginning of the Historical Society of Southern California. Its proceedings since then are all of record.

CAPT. ALEXANDER BELL AND THE "BELL BLOCK."

BY HENRY D. BARROWS.

[Read February 6, and March 6, 1893.]

As I saw in December of last year, (1892), the work of demolishing the historic "Bell Block" on the old corner of Aliso and Los Angeles streets, to make room for the foundations of a new brick block covering the former site and extending forty or fifty feet, or more, westward to the new line of Los Angeles street, a flood of reminiscences came over me of persons, events and episodes connected with that locality, in the olden time.

I first saw that historic landmark, (for it was one of the few two-story adobe buildings in this then one-story adobe town), in 1854; though it was built nine or ten years before. My old friend Elijah Moulton, who is still a resident of this city, tells me that Capt. Bell was building the block when he, Moulton, arrived here in the year 1845.

The early archives in the Recorder's office of Los Angeles county, show that Don Luis Vignes, the very earliest pioneer of the French colony, whom I remember well, sold a lot to Capt. Bell in 1844, "contiguous to the Zanja (water-ditch) and fronting the house of Senora Teodocia Saiz, which extended 95 varas on the east, 105 on the west; Los Angeles street, about 292 feet; 80 varas on the north, or about 222 feet on Aliso street, and 88 varas on its south side," or adjoining Dona Teodocia's place, which was where the "White House" now stands.

The deed, which is written in large, fair hand, in the Spanish language (probably by Don Ygnacio Coronel, father of Hon. A. F. Coronel), is acknowledged before "Manuel Requena, Alcalde I^o constitucional: Jues de I^o instancia, y presidente del Yl. ^o Ayuntamiento de la ciudad de Los Angeles, etc., Abril 1, 1844." It was witnessed by Casildo Aguilar and Juan Domingo; and a note was appended that the instrument was written on common paper for lack of stamped paper.

Exactly how long a time was consumed in building the Bell Block, or "Bell's Row" as it used to be called, I do not know. The two-story portion of the building only extended along the Aliso street front; and a part of the Los Angeles street front. The balance of the latter to the south consisted of a one-story row of stores, which were occupied by small dealers for many years.

The upper story on the corner and fronting Aliso street was long the residence of Capt. Bell, and also, for a considerable period, of Mr. Francis Mellus. I remember very well attending a grand ball given there by the Melluses, I think in 1855 or '56.

Of the few persons whom I can now recall as being present then, (I was a comparative stranger and had not made as yet many acquaintances,) I distinctly remember Don Juan Bandini, ancestor of the Bandinis of Southern California and a prominent historical character, who was a fine dancer and a very vivacious and distinguished personage. Most of the principal families of the Pueblo were present.

There was a spacious area back of the block which included a small flower garden, orangery, etc., near the zanja.

In the latter part of Capt. Bell's life, he sold portions of the south end of his lot to, I think, Mr. Heinsch, and perhaps others.

As the portion of the block which he retained came to need repairs, and as the march of improvement seemed to demand a better building, he was in doubt whether or not he would tear down the adobe and replace it with a brick block. But, as I suppose, his available means would not justify so expensive an undertaking, (brick blocks in Los Angeles cost more then than they do now,) he finally put up a brick facing around the adobe walls of his block and made other improvements costing, I believe, about \$12,000 or \$15,000.

Of the tenants who occupied the corner store in early times (this was then a central and very prominent corner,) there were the dry goods merchants, Lazard & Kremer, (both still living and still residents of Los Angeles) Lazard & Wolfskill, S. Lazard & Co., Lazard & Eugene Meyer (the latter now being manager of the London, Paris and American Bank of San Francisco;) Kalisher & Wartenburg, (both deceased;) and later, for a number of years, this corner was occupied as a butcher shop by the Sentous Bros.

When I first came to Los Angeles, I remember very well that one of the small stores of the one-story "Row" on Los Angeles street, some distance south of the corner, was occupied as a book and stationery store by two Hellman brothers, one of whom was the late I. M. Hellman, who afterwards had a large dry goods store in the "Arcadia or Stearns Block" on the opposite side of Los Angeles street; and who later built the block extending from Main to Los Angeles street, now occupied by the Crystal Palace store; the Schlessingers, and if I mistake not, Louis "Chino" Phillips, now of Spadra, used to do business in this Los Angeles street "Bell Row."

The wide space between the Bell Block on the east and the Stearns property on the west side of Los Angeles street, and the Coronel Block now demolished, between Sanchez street and Negro alley on the north, formed quite a large public square or area, which was the scene of many interesting events and episodes, first and last. For many years the city scales were located on this square where the farmers and teamsters used to come to weigh their hay, grain, brea, (asphaltum), etc.

Sheriff Getman was shot and killed on this square, near the foot of Negro alley; and the Chinese riot of the early 70's took place mostly on this square.

At the Bell corner some time in the 60's, I saw a shooting affray between Col. E. J. C. Kewen and a man by the name of Fred Lemberg, well known at the time by the sobriquet of the "Flying Dutchman."

The latter, who was a thoroughly peaceable man, though he did not fear the face of man or devil, was a son-in-law of old man Bors, the miller, who owned, and I believe built the mill which was located on the site of the distillery east of the river on Macy street.

Kewen and the Flying Dutchman had previously had some difficulty.

At this time they met on the sidewalk on the west side of Los Angeles street, near Commercial, in front of the store now occupied by J. B. Cohn. They apparently had some words, and soon came to blows; whereupon the Dutchman, who was a rather slightly built but muscular man, promptly knocked Kewen down. The latter jumped up and made for his antagonist, who again knocked him *hors du combat* on the dirt sidewalk. (We had no cement sidewalks here in those days.)

Lemberg then went about his business, going up Commercial street and Kewen came towards our store, (next to Foy's harness store) where he met my partner, John D. Hicks, and myself and Tom J. Wiggins of El Monte. The latter had a six-shooter in his belt, and Kewen begged Wiggins to let him have his pistol, for, said he in tragic tones, "He struck me!"

Those of us who knew both parties well, and who saw the whole transaction, were of the opinion that if he had given no provocation, he would not have been "struck." Hicks asked Kewen to go back to the hydrant, in the rear of the store, and wash off the blood on his face, which he did.

He then tried hard to borrow Wiggins' pistol, but without avail, then. But he subsequently obtained a pistol from somebody, and, later in the day, as Lemberg came down Commercial street, across Los Angeles street, and passed along by the "Bell Row" towards Aliso, Kewen, who it appeared had been on the watch for him, crossed over from John Jones' store (now Harrison & Dickson's) to the Bell corner, to head him off, where he opened fire on the Dutchman, who promptly returned the fusillade. There was a big post on the corner, on the edge of the sidewalk, and around this post the battle raged.

Bang, bang! shot after shot was fired, till at last Lemberg fell, having received a ball in the groin, I believe.

As he fell, I remember Hicks ejaculated with intense feeling, "Oh! that is too bad! too bad!" And we all felt that it was a sad commentary on our civilization that a citizen should be driven into a fight, and then shot down (and, as we then supposed, killed) in that way.

The wounded man was taken to the east end of Bell Block on Aliso street, or to the next building, where I believe he and his family lived, where, after some months, in mid-summer, his wound finally healed. I recollect seeing Kewen come in town from San Gabriel one day not long after, or before Lemberg had entirely recovered, in his buggy; and I noticed that he had a double-barreled shot-gun by his side; and he also had a man in the buggy with him. But Lemberg did not disturb him then or afterwards.

The German and other friends of Lemberg contributed funds to aid him to go to Arizona or Sonora, where he had some mines which he proposed to work.

On the way, and on the other side of the Colorado river, I believe, he was waylaid and killed by highwaymen or Indians.

Kewen, I think, was afterwards fined lightly by the court, and thus the affair ended.

CAPTAIN ALEXANDER BELL

Having thus given an account of the Bell Block, it may be of interest to tell, in the same connection, something about Capt. Bell himself, and incidentally of others who resided, or did business, in the Block, or otherwise were intimately connected with him.

Mr. Bell was a native of Washington county, Penn., where he was born January 9, 1801, the same year in which Ex-Gov. Pio Pico was born, who is still living.

In 1823, when 22 years of age, Mr. Bell went to Mexico where he engaged in trade about nineteen years, or till 1842, when he came *via* Guaymas and Mazatlan to San Pedro and to Los Angeles, at which latter place he resided till his death, July 24, 1871.

In 1844 he married Doña Nieves Guirado. Don Manuel Requena and Don Santiago Johnson, each married sisters of Mrs. Bell; and Don Rafael Guirado, father of Ex-Gov. Downey's first wife, was a brother of these three sisters. All of these persons are now deceased. I knew every one of them, some of them quite intimately, except Mr. Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Bell were my "Compadres," that is they were "padrinos" of my eldest child, and therefore sustained towards me that exceedingly near and pleasant relation of "Compadre" and "Comadre," so common in all Spanish countries, but which is almost unknown among Anglo-Saxons or Anglo-Americans, and for which, I believe, there is no equivalent term in the English language.

Those terms of "comadre" and "compadre," and of "padrino," (God-father,) and "madrina," (God-mother,) as well as their correlative terms, "Ahijado," (God-son,) and "Ahijada," (God-daughter,) are terms of endearment which bind millions of families together all over the world,

where the Castilian language is spoken and the Catholic religion prevails.

The standing as "padrinos" or God-parents at the baptism of a child, theoretically supposes that the God-parents (as in the administration of the same symbollic rite in the Episcopal church,) will look after the religious training of the child, in case of the death or neglect of its natural parents.

But whether this theory is carried out from the religious standpoint or not, the tender relations of "padrinos" and "ahijados," i. e. between God-parents and God-children, and the ties,—only second in nearness and eventually in genuine affection, to those of blood-relationship—of "Compadres" between the real parents and the God-parents, are firmly and permanently established, only to be severed by the death of one or other of the parties.

Mr. and Mrs. Bell had no children of their own; but they stood as sponsors for the children of a great many other people, whereby they became the "compadres" of the latter, and the affectionate "padrinos," or "foster-parents" as it were, of the former.

Whenever the parents and God-parents met, the salutations would be, "compadre" or "comadre," as the case might be; and the greeting of God parents and God-children would be, "padrino" or "madrina," and "ahijado" or "ahijada."

These relationships are beautiful and tender, and add a wonderful charm to life in Spanish-Catholic communities, to which English-speaking communities, as a rule, are almost total strangers.

In Mexican times Mr. Bell had a store on Main street, where the St. Charles hotel now stands, the building then being a one-story adobe.

When I came here in 1854, Mr. and Mrs. Bell lived in a two-story frame house on the east side of Main street, north of Arcadia, which he afterwards sold to Signoret. Whilst they lived on Main street, Mr. Francis Mellus resided in the Bell Block, which, meanwhile, and for a number of years, was known as the "Mellus Block," or "Mellus Row." I believe Mr. Mellus bought the block of Capt. Bell and then sold it back to him again.

At the time of the change of government, Mr. Bell became captain of an American military company; and he took part in the engagement with Carrillo and Flores, near the Lugo ranch. Afterwards he went with his company to San Diego. A portion of his men returning with Capt. Hensley's command, took part in the affairs of "Paso de Bartolo" and "La Mesa." Some of these men were: Victor Prudhom, H. C. Cardwell, Jose Mascarel, John Behn, Daniel Sexton and John Reed. All of these were citizens of

Los Angeles city or county, and all of them I knew. All are dead except Mr. Mascarel, and possibly Mr. Sexton, who, the last I knew of him, lived in San Bernardino county.

When Frémont was here the first time, he made his headquarters at Bell's Block ; and while there he gave a grand ball which was largely attended.

Capt. Bell was an ardent republican, and was one of the four Frémont presidential electors for California, in 1856.

Capt. Bell was the owner of "La Providencia" rancho, on a portion of which the town of Burbank is located. This rancho joined the ex Mission rancho of San Fernando ; but the line dividing the two, in the Mexican title papers, was not very clearly defined. The United States court appointed two commissioners, with authority, in case they could not agree, to select a third commissioner, to run this line. The two commissioners appointed by the court were Col. J. J. Warner and H. D. Barrows. Capt. Bell represented the "Providencia," and Gen. Andres Pico, half-owner, (with Eulogio de Celis of Spain) of the ex-Mission rancho of 120,000 acres, represented the latter.

We met many times ; went onto the ground when necessary ; but it seemed next to impossible to agree on any division line which would conform to the terms of the grant, and which, at the same time, would at all satisfy the claimants. The question of water was the chief point on which they would not agree.

Whilst the commissioners might have decided the matter arbitrarily, they preferred to exhaust every means possible, to secure the assent of both parties in interest, to their decision, before they made the same final. Each meeting would end in a hot discussion between the two claimants, always courteous but without practical results.

At last, Matthew Keller was chosen as the third commissioner, and after numerous meetings, a dividing line reasonably satisfactory to the representatives of the two big ranchos, was agreed upon, and was embodied in a report to the Court, which finally approved the same ; and I suppose, it is the one which is recognized as the boundary line to the present day.

Capt. Bell, in after years, sold the Providencia rancho to Dr. David Burbank of this city, who, I believe, still retains an interest in it ; though in the boom, the rancho, or a portion of it, was sold to a syndicate, and the town of Burbank was laid out, on the line of the Southern Pacific railway.

The contiguous ranchos were, on the west, the ex-Mission rancho ; on the north, public lands ; on the east, San Rafael and Los Felis ranchos ; and on the south the top of the range of hills east of Cahuenga Pass.

The rancho is a valuable one.

Capt. Bell, my "compadre," came to me, sometime in the sixties, and asked if I would serve as one of the administrators of his estate in case he were to name me as such in his will.

As I could give no very valid reason why I could not serve, if he really desired it, he had his will drawn up accordingly, and brought it to me to be deposited in our safe, as there were no banks or safe-deposit vaults in those days. Two or three times, as he sold real estate, (the southern portion of his block, or his house on Main street, or the Providencia rancho,) he came to me to get his will, to make the necessary changes required by such real estate sales.

He made these several wills, and what their provisions were, of course, I never knew, as those were matters that did not interest me. His final will, made just before his death in 1871, by Mr. Glassell, I think, appointed John G. Downey, Solomon Lazard and myself, as executors and trustees of the estate during the lifetime of Mrs. Bell; giving one undivided half of the property to his grand-nephew, Jas. H. Bell, the other half going by operation of law, to his wife.

The three executors of the will, after the death of Mr. Bell, qualified and served about a year, when Gov. Downey and Mr. Lazard resigned. I served about nine years. Mrs. Bell died a few years ago. Mrs. Trudell, formerly the wife of Henry Mellus, and her niece, took care of Mrs. Bell during the latter years of her life.

* * * * *

In jotting down these desultory reminiscences of my old "Compadre," Capt. Bell, and his "Block," memories of many other persons and scenes and episodes of the "olden times" have been awakened; but I will close with a brief mention, (condensed partly from Bancroft's Pioneer Register,) of the two Melluses, who came here as boys or young men, from Boston; both of whom afterwards became prominent and respected citizens of this place; Henry Mellus having been elected mayor of this city in 1860; and his brother, Francis, having been for years a leading merchant.

Henry Mellus came to this coast in 1835, with Dana before the mast, on the *Pilgrim*. In the census of the Pueblo, taken in 1836, his name was included and his age given as 26 years. In 1837-8 he visited the United States, but returned in 1839, and made his home chiefly in Los Angeles.

In 1845 Henry Mellus formed a partnership with Capt. D. M. Howard, and this firm became the most prominent firm in San Francisco, buying the Hudson Bay Co's property there in 1846, and building the first brick store in town, and established branches at San Jose, Los Angeles and Sacramento. He became the owner of many town lots and a very rich man.

In 1847 he married Anita, daughter of James (Santiago) Johnson of Los Angeles, and in 1848 he made a visit to the East; and on his return he had a stroke of apoplexy, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered.

In 1850 he sold his interest to the firm of Howard & Mellus, and went East. Subsequently he lost a portion of his wealth in unfortunate business enterprises.

In 1859 he returned and settled in Los Angeles. I remember he lived with his family in the west portion of the second story of the Temple Block, which old Johnny Temple had just built.

Henry Mellus was elected Mayor of Los Angeles in May of 1860, but died in office in December of the same year. He left a widow and several children. Mrs. Mellus afterward married J. B. Trudell.

"Henry Mellus," as Bancroft says, "was a man of remarkable business ability, of good character and of courteous and pleasing manners."

Francis Mellus was a native of Boston, and he came to this part of the world on the *California*, in 1839, when he was fifteen years of age, as a clerk of A. B. Thompson of Santa Barbara. At a recent meeting of this society Mr. J. Guinn read an interesting account of Frank Mellus' first visit to Los Angeles, derived from his own diary, kept for a number of years after he left Boston. From January, 1849, he was a partner with his brother, in the firm of W. D. M. Howard & Co., of San Francisco; and from 1850 to '56, with David W. Alexander, he had charge of a branch of the business at Los Angeles, where he thereafter became a permanent resident.

In 1852-3 he was County Treasurer; in 1854 he was a member of the City Council; and in 1855 he represented the County in the Legislature.

He died in 1863, leaving a widow, Doña Adelaida, (daughter of Santiago Johnson,) and seven children. Doña Adelaida, who is still a resident of this city, after the death of her first husband, married D. W. Alexander, who died not many years ago at Wilmington.

There are now many descendants of the two Mellus brothers residing in Los Angeles county.

A HISTORY OF UNIVERSITY TOWN.

BY MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.

[Read Oct. 7, 1895.]

As the question of annexing the suburban towns of Vernon, Rosedale, Pico Heights and University to the city of Los Angeles, has this month been put to ballot, a brief history of the little town of University may be of interest. Especially as the annals of our Historical Society do not contain a record of the inception and growth of this thriving little town.

As there is some confusion in the minds of many regarding what constitutes the town of University, some thinking the whole University precinct belongs to the town, a short explanation may be in order. "University Tract," "University School District," and "University Voting Precinct" are not one and the same in the amount of territory, University town being the smallest in size. University School District includes a larger boundary and University Precinct covers an area of land about two and a half miles wide to about three miles long. It begins at the city limits and extends to what is called "Baldwin's Ranch," west of Western Ave., on the west, and on the north begins at Adams street and, including the Harper tract, extends to Vernon Ave., on the south. These are all situated in "Ballona township." There are two Justices of the Peace in Ballona township, one of whom has an office in University town.

"University," received its name from the fact that at this place the college known as the "University of Southern California," is situated. The town at first was called "University Place. As the town owes its beginning and name to the college, a brief reference to the origin of the school may be worthy of record.

Before any college or school is erected it must first be conceived of and plans matured for its future. The question naturally arises who conceived the idea of planting a college at this point?

A history of its inception was given in an address delivered before the annual council of the University, June 22, 1886, by its President, Hon. R. M. Widney. In this address which was afterwards published in the "Minutes of the First Session of the Annual Council," Judge Widney says: "The University in its origin was wholly disconnected from all other educational

schemes. The plan upon which it is organized has been maturing since 1868. The Hon. Don. Abel Stearns had with the writer (R. M. Widney), nearly matured a plan to put Laguna Rancho, embracing some 11,000 acres adjoining Los Angeles city, into a building and endowment fund for a University. Just before he left Los Angeles for San Francisco he came to my office and said that upon his return we would proceed and see if it could be put into a satisfactory and safe educational work. While in San Francisco sickness came upon him and death took away a grand and powerful man, and the educational plan remained in abeyance until the University was organized."

This was in 1868, and about eleven years afterwards, in 1879, Judge Widney and a number of shrewd business men, members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held meetings with a view to building a Methodist College or University in or near Los Angeles city. They had faith that Southern California was on the "eve of a great rise in real estate." They considered that the location of an institution of learning upon any tract of land would more than double in value and therefore the owner could, for business reasons, afford to donate at least one half.

Various offers were made by property owners in East Los Angeles, Boyle Heights, Temple Street and West Los Angeles. A majority of the trustees of the University were in favor of West Los Angeles, as the town site of University was called. In July 1879, 308 lots in West Los Angeles were deeded in trust to the Trustees for an endowment fund for the Methodist College. The present deed of trust "for the University school," was, on July 29, 1879, executed by Ex-Governor J. G. Downey, O. W. Childs and I. W. Hellman to A. M. Hough, J. P. Widney, E. F. Spence, M. M. Bovard, G. D. Compton and R. M. Widney. In addition to these lots about 40 acres of land was also donated by adjacent owners of land."

In 1880 it was decided to sell 30 of these lots for \$200 each. "The market value of these lots was about \$50, each," but according to Judge Widney, "friends purchased the lots for \$200 each." The money that accrued from the sale of these lots was used in the erection of a frame building. This building is now the Music Hall of the College. Immediately afterward 243 lots were offered for sale at \$200 each, payable \$50 in cash, balance in five yearly payments, with interest at the rate of ten per cent. per year.

Of the first building of the University on the campus it is recorded that, "the unfinished building in the midst of an unoccupied, uncultivated plain was a lonely looking object to those who only saw the present." This was in 1880. One good Methodist brother told me how he was lost and wandered around the desolate region one night, being unable in the darkness to guide

his horse in the proper direction. For here the wild mustard grew for miles with an almost uninterrupted growth, a veritable thicket.

In the Autumn of 1886 the present four story brick building of the University was finished. It was situated on Wesley Ave., between 34th and 36th streets. At that time the little college town called "University Place" began to look quite like a little village, situated as it was, about four miles south of the business part of Los Angeles, and not easily accessible, many strangers built homes in the town in order to send their children to college. When the brick building was erected it was during the days of the "boom" and there was also built a neat little M. E. Church one block south of the college. The town had become a post office town in 1883 under the name of "University Place." A horse car line running along on Wesley avenue made trips to the city every ten minutes running out as far as Agricultural Park, about one half mile south of the college. At the Park the County Fairs were held, as well as unnumbered horse races that were considered by the inhabitants, the only drawback to the college town.

In the course of time University was extended, LaDow School District was divided and one part was called "University School District." This district built a good two-story frame building just west of University tract.

During the boom lots had "gone up" in value. For a good lot near the school we were asked fifteen hundred dollars, when we moved to University.

Then came the collapse of the boom when realty depreciated, and, today, the figures of the real estate frenzy have not been reached in University, although lots are rapidly rising in value. The building of the Grand Avenue car line three quarters of a mile from University, on Jefferson street, gave some impetus to the town, but the building of the electric car line with its closed car service connecting University with the heart of the city (Second and Spring streets) in twenty-five minutes, instead of forty minutes on the horse car line, was of the greatest benefit. It was at this time that all the streets running east and west were numbered to correspond with the numbers of Los Angeles streets, those in University continuing the numbers beyond those of the city. When the town was laid out in streets they had been named in honor of Methodist Bishops. For the most part the community is composed of Methodists, although on account of the college privileges members of other denominations have built homes in it. There is also a growing number of non-church goers dwelling in the village. Each year the town grows more varied in its inhabitants, but the morality of the town has never been questioned. Like most University towns the community is above the average in its intellectual activities.

Heretofore University town has depended for water upon numerous wells pumped by windmills, but now the Pico Heights Water company has carried its pipes out to University. Fires are almost unheard of, and the question

of fires in connection with the water supply, causes no uneasiness.

There are several good business houses in the town and new ones building; an enumeration of the stores in University town shows a preponderance of some lines of trade with a scarcity of other lines of business that would be found in it but for its contiguity to the city of Los Angeles. There are five groceries, combining crockery and hardware departments in most of them, two butcher shops, one bakery, two drug stores, one dry goods and general merchandise, shoe store, ladies furnishing, book and news stand, two barber shops, one shoemaker's shop; one tailor shop, millinery, two delicacy shops, a postoffice, three real estate and insurance offices, a justice's office with a constable, and, a livery stable just outside University tract. There is one block of stores with rooms for lodges above the stores. There are six doctors including three surgeons and a dentist, not a block from the town line. In the southern part of the town at what is often called "Park Station" on Santa Monica avenue, is the Southern Pacific depot with telegraph office, Wells, Fargo & Co's express office, grain warehouse, lumber yard, and a hall used for public purposes, also a grain mill and a planing mill. These are not far from Agricultural Park, which contains a fine race track. The Redondo depot is about three fourths of a mile from the college buildings.

The University Courier is published in the interests of the school with a local column for the community, and a University printing office for job work is now a feature of the town.

The University Public School is a large two-story building that contains six rooms, now full of pupils. There are six teachers in this school.

The University school has a college academy and music school all on the college campus, with a dormitory and boarding school for young ladies. The only church that is situated in the town of University is the Methodist, but a new church has been built two blocks north of the town site, close to the Harper tract, it is a Baptist church.

The number of physicians living in University may cause some surprise until the fact is known that these physicians do not depend upon the town patronage as there is a large area of country around the town. The same may be said regarding the presence of two drug stores in so small a place.

MEMORIAL SKETCH OF COL. J. J. WARNER.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

[Read May 6, 1895.]

Since the last meeting of our Society, one of its founders and its first president, and also one of the American founders of this commonwealth, has passed away. It is fitting that the Society should preserve in its archives some record of his life and work.

The data on which the following brief sketch is based, are derived mainly, first, from a pamphlet of some fifty pages, printed in 1882, (a copy of which accompanies this sketch) entitled, "The Warner Family in America;" second, from a valuable manuscript, unfinished, "Reminiscence of Early California, from 1831 to 1846, by J. J. Warner of Los Angeles," (a copy of which is promised to our Society by his daughter); third, from a short biographical sketch in "The Golden Era" for October, 1890;" fourth, from Bancroft's Pioneer Register, vol. v. pp 767-8, and fifth, from the personal recollections of the writer hereof, whose acquaintance with Col. Warner extended over a period of forty years.

Jonathan Trumbull Warner, (or Juan José Warner, his middle name being changed to José, as Trumbull was not easily pronounced in Spanish—and it had no equivalent in that language) was born November 20, 1807, in Lyme, Conn. His father was Selden Warner, a graduate of Yale college in 1782, and several times a member of the Connecticut Legislature; and his mother was Dorothy Selden, daughter of Col. Samuel Selden.

The first American ancestor of the Warner family of Connecticut was Andrew Warner, a son of John Warner of Hatfield, Gloucestershire, England. He came from there to Cambridge, Mass., in 1630, and to Hartford, Conn., in 1635. His descendants of the same name and of other names by marriage, in Connecticut and other parts of the United States, are very numerous. Col. Warner's maternal grandfather, Samuel Selden, who was also the maternal great-grandfather of the late Chief Justice Waite of the U. S. Supreme Court, was a Colonel in the Revolutionary army; and being ill, he fell into the hands of the British in New York upon its evacuation by Gen. Washington, and died there.

It is believed that he was the Major Selden who led a force of Connecticut militia at the battle of Bunker Hill. The Warner and Selden

families at a very early period, purchased vast tracts of land from the Indians, twelve or fifteen miles above the mouth of the Connecticut river on which some of their descendants have lived ever since.

Col. Warner was the youngest of nine children, the eldest of whom was the father of Mrs. Waite, widow of Chief Justice Waite, now a resident, with her daughter, of Washington city. Before his death, Chief Justice Waite and daughter visited Col. Warner. Later Mrs. Waite came with her daughter to visit her uncle. She also assisted him in collating and correcting the history of "The Warner Family" referred to above. It was the pleasure of the writer to be invited to ride through the San Gabriel valley with Col. Warner and Judge Waite and daughter on the occasion of the visit of the latter, who seemed greatly to enjoy seeing their uncle, as well as this, to them, new and strange land.

Col. Warner left home an invalid in the fall of 1830, at the age of 23, in search of a milder climate in which to pass the ensuing winter. He had no set purpose at the outset, of coming to California, but, as he himself says, in his reminiscences, he "was swept westerly by the strong and uninterrupted current of humanity flowing in that direction until I arrived in St. Louis in November, with improved health." Smith, Jackson & Sublette, who constituted the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, had just arrived at St. Louis from the rendezvous of the company on the Yellowstone river with a wagon train of furs, which (because it was the first of that kind that had ever arrived there, and because of the great quantity and value of the furs brought down) caused quite a sensation. The next spring he joined a trading expedition bound for Santa Fé. He was impelled to do this partly from the novelty of going to the mountains, and partly from the hope of further improvement in health. The expedition, which consisted of 85 men and 23 wagons; hauled by mules or oxen, reached Santa Fé July 4, 1831. On the 6th of September he left the latter place with a small party of eleven men, under Jackson, Waldo and Young, bound for far-distant California, taking with them five pack mules laden with Mexican silver dollars to purchase mules for the Louisiana market. The party traveled down the Del Norte river, passing Albuquerque and the other towns along the Rioabajo and by the Santa Rita copper mines, the abandoned Mission of San Javier de Tubac, Tucson, then a military post and small town, the Pima villages, etc., crossing the river Colorado a few miles below the mouth of the Gila, reaching San Diego via San Luis Rey, in the early part of November, and Los Angeles, December 5, 1831. Here he remained with one other man, whilst Jackson, with the rest of the party, went north as far as the Missions on the southern shores of San Francisco bay for the purpose of purchasing mules and horses; Jackson returned in March with only 500 of the former and 100 of the lat-

ter, instead of 1500 or 2000 animals which he had expected to have secured. In May, the party which was to have returned East, embracing most of the men who came with Young and Jackson, left camp on the Santa Ana river with these animals, for the Colorado river, where they arrived in June and found the river, bank full. With great difficulty, and after twelve days of incessant toil in the burning sun of that locality and with considerable loss of animals from drowning and other casualties, the mules and horses were swum to the opposite shore; and Jackson, with about thirty men, proceeded East with them; whilst Young, Warner and three others of the party returned to Los Angeles.

Mr. Warner, with Young and a small party went on a hunting expedition on the Coast in the summer of 1832; and during the succeeding fall and winter, he was one of a party of fourteen who hunted beaver in Central and Northern California and Oregon. He finally settled down in Los Angeles in 1834, where for some time he engaged in merchandizing. His store was on Main street, between the present site of the St. Elmo hotel and Downey block.

It was here that an exciting episode occurred in 1838. A force of some fifteen Californians were sent down from Monterey to arrest and take north the Pico brothers and José Antonio Carrillo. These soldiers came to Mr. Warner's store and demanded to know where the Picos were, to which he replied that he knew nothing of their whereabouts; but they apparently suspected, but without cause, that one or both of the brothers were about his premises, one of the soldiers remarking that he, Warner, ought to be arrested and put in the guard-house. Warner immediately stepped back to an adjoining room and brought to the front a double barreled shot-gun and asked the crowd where the man was who wanted to take him to the guard-house. No further attempt was then made to molest him; but shortly afterward, several of the soldiers gained entrance to his store and seized him unawares, and in his attempt to break away, he dropped his gun, thus leaving him unarmed. After further struggles to free himself, and an attempt by another man to shoot him with a pistol, he wrenched the pistol from his assailant, when he was struck with a broadsword across the arm, breaking the bone, whereupon William and John Wolfskill, who were working near by, rushed to Warner's rescue, William seizing his rifle and snapping it at one of the ruffians, but it did not go off. This demonstration caused the soldiers to desist from further attack, and Warner begged Wolfskill not to shoot, and so the incident ended.

In 1837 Mr. Warner married Anita Gale at the Mission San Luis Rey. Miss Gale was the daughter of Capt. Wm. A. Gale of Boston, who brought her to California when five years old and placed her in the family of Doña

Eustaquia Pico, widowed mother of Gov. Pio Pico, where she remained as a daughter and sister till her marriage. She died in Los Angeles April 22, 1859. There are three children living from this union.

In 1840-41 Col. Warner visited the Atlantic States, going and returning by way of Mexico. He delivered a lecture at Rochester, N. Y., in which he urged the building of a railroad to the Pacific, he being the pioneer advocate of this great national enterprise, though Stephen Whitney laid claim in after years, to that honor.

In 1843 he moved to San Diego, and, in 1844, having been previously naturalized as a Mexican citizen, he was grantee of *Agua Caliente*—widely known as "Warner's Ranch," where he lived with his family some thirteen years, or until he was driven off by an uprising of the Indians. In 1846 Col. Warner was the confidential agent of Consul Larkin for the United States. He was a State Senator from San Diego county in 1851-2, and a member of the Assembly from Los Angeles county in 1860. He settled in Los Angeles in 1857, where he resided permanently the remainder of his life. In 1858 he commenced the publication of the "Southern Vineyard" newspaper, at first as a weekly, and afterwards as a semi-weekly. Our co-member, Mr. Oscar Macy, was the foreman of his printing office, which was located in the adobe building that formerly stood on the site of the present Phillips block on Main street. Col. Warner was a warm supporter in his paper of Douglas for the Presidency. Till the breaking out of the civil war, he had always been a democrat. In this county, at that time, the democratic party, which was largely in the majority, was divided into two factions, the "Rosewater" party, led by J. Lancaster Brent, a very astute lawyer and politician, who afterwards went south and joined the Confederate army; and the "Plug Uglies" or "Short Hairs," the leader of which was the late Gov. Downey, who, though his faction was in the minority, in the local convention, secured in the State convention, the nomination as lieutenant-governor, to which office he was elected in 1859, and, as Milton S. Latham the governor, immediately on assuming office was elected United States Senator, Downey became governor. Col. Warner, both personally and in his paper, very efficiently supported Downey in his canvass. The contest in that political campaign, was extremely bitter. The county convention met in the United States court room, north of the Plaza, since demolished, which belonged to Downey; but it split wide open, or into two conventions, on organization. E. C. Parrish, still a resident of this county, was chairman of the "Brent convention," which claimed to have a majority of the regular delegates; and Wm. G. Ross, afterwards shot by Charley Duane in San Francisco, was chairman of the "Downey convention."

I remember as an independent outsider, I gave the San Francisco *Bulle-*

tin a sort of free lance, and I suppose somewhat ribald account of the convention which made both Col. Warner and Gov. Downey very angry and the former pitched into me in his paper, somewhat rancorously, and for some time after, neither of them liked me ; but they both got over it, and we became, and remained till their death, good friends.

The war made Col. Warner a strong Union man ; loyal democrats and republicans formed the "Union party," which included all voters who were not "secessionists." When the war closed Downey and others returned to the democratic party, whilst Warner and other northern democrats thereafter affiliated with the republican party. At one period of the war Col. Warner was appointed Provost Marshal. He was a notary public in this city some fifteen years until his resignation in 1885 on account of failure of eyesight. He was joint author with Judge Benj. Hayes and Dr. J. P. Widney of the (1876) Centennial "Historical Sketch of Los Angeles county," a valuable publication, but now out of print ; his contribution covering the period from 1771 to 1847. He is recognized as one of the best authorities on early California history, and especially of the trading and trapping expeditions which entered the Territory whilst it was yet a province of Mexico. The unfinished manuscript reminiscences referred to above, contain much reliable and valuable data concerning these expeditions.

With a clear memory and a remarkable capacity for straight, logical thinking to the last, he was a veritable cyclopedia of early local annals, as well as of information on most subjects of human interest. Although modest and undemonstrative in his demeanor, he was a man of many sterling qualities and of a high order of intelligence. He made no claim or pretense to prominence, historically or otherwise, because, as he has himself said, "he had not figured in any great event upon which important changes in the government or geography of the country had hinged."

In person Col. Warner was tall and, till the infirmities of age caused him to stoop, erect, being six feet and three inches high, from which fact he was known as "Don Juan Largo" by many of the native Californians. The title of Colonel by which he was familiarly called for so many years, was not an official one, but was popularly bestowed on him partly as a compliment, and partly, it has been said, because of his prowess on a memorable occasion when his ranch was raided by a band of hostile Cahuilla Indians, numbering nearly three hundred. He had received warning and removed his family, and when attacked, demoralized his immediate assailants by killing four of the leaders, and effecting his escape on horseback during the panic which ensued.

When the Indians approached, there were several horses saddled and ready for instant mounting, and there were loaded weapons in readiness for

the attack, which was expected. When Col Warner went to the rear door of his house to look for his horses, he was greeted with a shower of arrows from two hundred Indians; only one horse was left and an Indian was untying that. A shot from Warner's unerring rifle put a stop to his movements. Two other Indians renewed the attempt to get away with the horse. They both fell beside the first. This so demoralized the Indians that Col. Warner was enabled to untie the horse, and strap two rifles and his pistols to the saddle preparatory to his escape. Tying a crippled Mulatto boy, servant of an army officer in San Diego, who had been sent to him for the benefit of the hot springs on his rancho, to the horse behind the saddle, Col. Warner mounted and rode away before the Indians had recovered sufficiently to again assume the aggressive. On reaching a village of friendly Indians, where his vaqueros (herdsmen) were quartered, he sent the boy on to San Diego, and gathering a band of his own men, he rode back to the rancho, where he met a stout resistance from the Indians, who, in overwhelming numbers, were luxuriating in the spoil of six thousand dollars worth of merchandise which he had in his store; and, as his own men could not be depended upon to keep up the fight he was compelled to ride away to San Diego and abandon his property to the hostile savages.

In looking back, from the standpoint of the present generation, one cannot help but admire that heroic first group of Argonauts who "blazed the way," as it were, to those far distant, and then almost unknown land bordering on that Pacific Ocean, or, as it was known to early English navigators, the "South Seas." This earliest group of pioneers, mostly Americans, who came about, (that is before or a little after) the year 1830, have, I believe, every one passed away, except Alfred Robinson, leaving very few indeed of the second group, who came a little before or a little after 1840. Of the former, I personally knew William Wolfskill, John Temple, Abel Sterns, Samuel Prentice, Michael White, Louis Vignes, John Domingo, J. J. Warner, Capt. Cooper, David Spence, J. P. Leese, Samuel Carpenter, John Ward, etc., and of the latter, William Workman, John Rowland, Francisco Temple, John R. Wolfskill, (still living,) Dr. Richard S. Den, Stephen Smith (of Bodega,) Jos. P. Thompson (living in San Francisco,) John Reed, B. D. Wilson, Henry and Francis Mellus, D. W. Alexander, Alexander Bell, etc.

Some of these I knew very well; and I have thought of contributing to the records of this society, brief sketches of each one of them including some personal recollections of each. For, as may be readily imagined, men who could traverse an untraversed continent, or come 15,000 miles or more by water to find a home and help found a State, must have been strong characters, whose lives were worth recording, whose memories are worth preserving. How few of the present generation have the standing to endure all the appall-

ing hardships which were endured by the earliest settlers of California, whether Americans or Spaniards.

During the latter part of Col. Warner's life, his sight failed till he became totally blind with this exception he enjoyed good health, both physical and mental, till the last. His home in this city for many years was located where the Burbank Theater now stands. In 1887 he moved to the University district, just outside of and south west of the city. Here, with his daughter Mrs. Rubio, and with his grandchildren, he lived till his death, which occurred April 11, 1895. Here, near his friend and "Padrino," Gov. Pio Pico to whom he gave shelter and asylum in his old age and misfortunes, his last years were cheered by the memories which each could recall of a friendship that had existed for more than sixty years, and of a history of California, covering that period, which they themselves had helped to make.

FROM ARIZONA TO CALIFORNIA IN THE EARLY '70s.

BY P. W. DOONER.

[Read July 1, 1895.]

After experiencing the vicissitudes of frontier journalism in Arizona for a few years I found myself on board the California bound stage at the town of Prescott, in the month of April, 1872. My fellow-passengers for California were two disappointed mining operators and a very clever and enterprising gentleman who represented the United States in the capacity of Indian Agent for the Mojave Indians.

Those were the days of Indian raids, and our path led through many defiles and passes that were then, and I have no doubt are still, marked by the humble little stone heaps or mounds that overlie the final resting places of those of the Argonauts of the '60s and '70s who fell before the arrows or bullets of the savage Apache Indian of that period.

The Arizona stage of those days was a sort of improvised battery, and in our case the armament consisted of four repeating rifles carried obliquely across the laps of the inmates so that two muzzles should protrude from each side door. In addition to these more formidable weapons there was one revolver to each passenger and two or more of these latter were disposed about the person and seat of the driver.

Thus equipped for war we took our departure from one of the prettiest towns, in one of the most charming locations anywhere in the West, and were soon whirling away behind four spirited horses that were guided by a professional driver of the old school, whose peculiar skill seemed to consist in a rare ability to have his stage forever upon the point of capsizing without once involving the threatened catastrophe.

But it must not be inferred that our armament was by any means a mere ostentatious display. It was only a few months prior to the date of our journey that the tragedy which has gone down to history as the "Wickenburg Massacre" was enacted upon the route over which we were to pass within the next succeeding twenty-four hours, and that event was the third of a series of successful Indian raids upon travelers by this road within the period of eighteen months, or thereabouts.

This was the particular tragedy in which the California-bound stage with seven passengers was attacked by a band of hostile Apache Indians,

resulting in the death of four persons, among whom was Frederick Loring, a young Bostonian of extraordinary promise in the world of letters, as well as a man of very distinguished presence and most fascinating address. He had lately graduated from Harvard and was returning home after a protracted outing across the continent when he became a passenger by the ill-fated stage. The atrocity of this massacre sent such a thrill of horror through the country that it was, in all probability, the immediate cause of the inauguration of the new policy of force that soon thereafter culminated in the complete and permanent subjugation of the hitherto unsubdued Apache. And thus, however deplorable his loss and the manner of his death, Fred Loring had not lived and died in vain.

It will thus be understood that the measures which were taken to defend our conveyance were presumably necessary, and besides this they had the sanction of custom and were the usual precautions observed by travelers to secure their safety over this route in those turbulent times.

But our party was one of the fortunate ones, for our stage ran the gauntlet without any adventure save a small panic occasioned by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of one of the party which, of course, suggested an attack until the incident was hurriedly explained.

But notwithstanding the safe arrival of our conveyance beyond the most westerly hostile outpost toward the afternoon of the third day, it was still a great relief to look upon the turbid waters of the Colorado river at the town of Ehrenberg, a few hours later, and to feel that we were about to enter a Land of Promise. It was at this place that we bade good-bye to Dr. Tanner, the Indian Agent; and before I dismiss the Doctor, this evening, I will give his estimate of the "Noble Red Man" of the reservation as a reasonable or reasoning animal. Replying to my inquiry in this particular I was requested by the Doctor to draw my inference from his narrative, which was briefly as follows: The Indian Bureau had suggested the placing of the Yuma and the Mojave Indians upon a single reservation located in the traditional territory of the Mojaves; but the strong opposition of the Mojaves, in council, invariably thwarted this economic purpose. Upon being questioned by the Agent as to the nature of the deliberations of the Mojave Council that resulted in such sturdy opposition, the Chief gravely stated that the Yumas were not any braver than squaws, and that if they should be brought to the Mojave reservation they would be sure to fall into the river and that the brave Mojaves would have to go into the water to pull them out. And so, to maintain this position the Mojaves held themselves ready to revolt.

The traveler who at the present time crosses the Colorado desert in a palace car and yet breathes out invective against the zephyrs that agitate its atmosphere, (as I am reliably informed that some of them have been known

to do,) because those breezes are a trifle sultry, is, I fear, a most degenerate production of our modern pampered civilization. In those pre-railroad days of which I speak the tourist was dragged slowly across this sandy expanse at a rate of progression by which the hours of the railroad train were almost lengthened into days—and the traveler of that heroic period didn't grumble about it either, but calmly, at least, if not coolly, submitted to the desiccating process; and those travelers were not always of the male sex either, for women were frequently passengers by the trans-desert stages of those days, and they were never the first to betray a lack of fortitude under the hardships or dangers incident to the journey.

Toward the close of our first day hitherward from the Colorado river we reached Chucawalla. Chucawalla was then, and is now I believe, a station where refreshments and lodging are supposed to be furnished. The place was just about as classic in its surroundings as the jingle of its name would suggest. We came upon the scene at a moment when all the indications pointed to a recent domestic calamity. We were informed by the driver that the occupant was blessed by an Indian wife, taken according to Indian rites, and that unhappy differences of opinion had agitated the domestic hearth within the period of twenty-four hours, which had deprived the establishment of its mistress, and which would materially affect the accommodations of the place. A notice which had just been posted in a conspicuous place upon the outer front wall of the family hut gave the only other information that we could gather concerning the family trouble. This was scrawled in plain but uncouth letters—Roman and Script intermixed—and was carefully copied into my diary. It reads as follows:

"Notice:—An oldish squaw about 30 ; blind in one eye—the left one ; a slight halt in one leg ; a thoroughbred. She has abandoned the ranch, and anyone who will get her back will receive two sacks of mezquite beans."

We were detained here for some four hours, and up to the time of our departure no person had come to claim the proffered reward.

From Chucawalla westward was the usual desert journey, undisturbed by incident, but still an experience that must have been undergone in order to be appreciated. No words can convey an adequate conception of the desolation of the mid-desert region. The stillness and silence are unbroken by any motion or sound except it be the vibration of the palpitating air under the torrid heat, or the voice of the driver as he urges the weary mules to renewed exertion. In one direction the view is swallowed up in the mirage, or exhausts itself over an endless expanse of sand, and in the opposite direction a reddish-brown sandstone bluff rims the horizon. But indigenous life there is none at all—nothing but sky and sand and sweltering heat. One might reasonably suppose that the twilight hour would bring some relief

from the oppressive heat, but, while the temperature of the night may have been much lower than that of the day there was always some compensating influence in the atmosphere of the night that made such change hardly, if at all, perceptible. The night breeze, if such there happened to be, was invariably so warm as to make it much more comfortable to screen the face from its contact than to invite exposure to its biting influence; while, in a calm, the constant radiation of heat from the burning sands of the preceding hours of day maintained the atmosphere at a temperature always above the normal heat of the human body.

In the first week of May, 1872, we arrived at Los Angeles and were duly delivered over to mine host of the Bella Union, Dr. J. B. Winston. Only about twenty-three years have elapsed, and yet the transformation of Los Angeles is the evolution of a great, populous city, instinct with business and industrial energy, from a mere business corner centered at the little plaza in front of Temple Block. There was then practically no city west of Hill street or south of Fifth street, and the outlying habitations within these limits were quite suburban. The entire hill districts of the city, in whatsoever direction, were the homes of the squirrel, the rabbit and the burrowing owl. The dreamer had not yet slumbered whose sanguine visions were thereafter to take form in the cities of Pasadena and Santa Monica and Pomona and Santa Ana. The erstwhile mound that raised its summit where our magnificent Courthouse building now stands was still crowned by the ocean sediment with which it emerged from the ancient sea. Broadway came to an abrupt termination in a bluff at a point between First and Franklin streets, while almost immediately above the line of the southerly sidewalk on Temple street there arose the crest of a ridge to nearly the same elevation as the present site of the Bradbury residence. The intervening gulch or ravine having been filled in by the demolition of this ridge is now the site of shapely residences that give forth no hint of the foundation upon which they rest.

And now when we contemplate the future, and see in the distance the archæologist of the fiftieth century excavating at this point and turning up the tons of broken china and refuse kitchen and household utensils that were dumped into that ravine some twenty-five or thirty years ago, we are prepared to prefigure his report: He has unearthed the ancient city that was destroyed by the northern invaders in the dreadful sack and pillage of 1846. But as I do not wish to further anticipate the scientific gentleman of A. D. 5000 I will leave him to finish his great work upon this plan.

Of course no archæologist of the future can possibly fall into any such grave and ludicrous error if the City of Los Angeles, or the County of Los Angeles, or if both of these municipal bodies combined will take immediate action in the matter of furnishing suitable permanent quarters for the museum and records of the Historical Society; and we should see to it that this purpose be persistently urged, not merely as a matter of expediency, but as an urgent necessity to preserve the truth of history.

SHIP BUILDING AT THE SAN GABRIEL MISSION.

BY FRANK J. POLLEY.

[Read March 4, 1895.]

The fact that a ship was constructed at San Gabriel and carried in pieces to San Pedro; there placed in position and properly launched, is generally overlooked in treating of the achievements by the mission fathers. The historians have almost nothing on the subject and the data left by old pioneers is distressingly meagre. The construction of this ship marked the beginning of a new era in Southern California's prosperity which later on many circumstances conspired to defeat.

The first ship ever constructed on the southern shores of the Pacific was built by the Jesuit Father Ugarte in 1719. A ship was needed for the coast survey. After traveling many miles in the mountains suitable timber was found at last. Its transportation to the coast presented difficulties considered almost insurmountable. Father Ugarte's ship for a time became a matter for joke. But his energy overcame all obstacles. He had the timber felled, hewn and dragged to the coast and there built a ship which he named the Triumph of the Cross. The recollection of this fact may have stimulated the priests of San Gabriel to a like achievement.

Father Sanchez was a priest of great executive ability. When called to San Gabriel the lowering clouds of secularization were in the sky, but the revenues and assets of the mission were still prosperous and in the present, the probabilities of the future were dismissed. The lands were well tilled, the stock had multiplied and the trade with coasting vessels had furnished a handsome profit for all concerned. The energy and executive ability of Father Salvidea, his predecessor in office, had given an impetus to the work at the San Gabriel Mission and Father Sanchez, if he was desirous of perpetuating his own fame, must have realized that it would be incumbent upon him to divide the honors by the origination of some plan that would direct a new channel of wealth to the mission coffers. The mission fathers by means of the coasting vessels and travelers, kept well informed of occurrences on the coast. There were large numbers of otter and they knew the business had already proven profitable at Clemente and Catalina Islands. In the journals of Father Peña and Crespi the Indians are described as dressing in the skins of the otter and the pelts seem to have been put to many uses by

the Indians. The old adobe owned by the mission fathers and situated on the San Pedro bluffs was then in a good state of preservation and was used as a warehouse. It would be a source of great financial gain to the mission if the warehouse could be filled with otter skins instead of hides and tallow. There was no question but that the supply of otter would not last long. Reports were current at Monterey and in the North of the reckless slaughtering of these valuable animals. About this time a small vessel had been built and launched near Santa Barbara for the purpose of engaging in this trade. Little is known of her. Practical shipwrights were exceedingly scarce on the Pacific Coast in the thirties. The Indians had no knowledge of the details of ship building. Many Indians were then on the main land who had formerly lived upon the islands. The early missionaries report them as possessing large canoes capable of holding a dozen or more, but though clever in many things they had not yet acquired the skill of constructing sailing vessels.

For nearly a year the matter of the ship must have been in abeyance at the San Gabriel Mission. Joseph Chapman was then living there doing odd jobs as a man of all work. He, alone, of all men there, seems to have been the only practical shipwright. After a remarkable career and an adventurous life he had apparently settled down to steady employment. He was married; had a family, and was especially fitted for the work in hand.

It is said a launch was constructed in 1824 at San Francisco by an Englishman. The Russians certainly brought their own boats and what the Californians had used previous to this time came from Mexico or were purchased from the Russians and Americans.

Los Angeles had a population of 1300 and ranked among the first towns in the state, but as a rule the people did not belong to the working class. The Spanish colonists did not come here with a desire to work. The Indians could do only menial tasks and the soldiers very seldom engaged in labor. The Indians regarded both them and their guns with a superstitious reverence and it was hardly consistent with their role of superior beings to be seen engaged in daily toil. Dana's indictment of the California people is well known to be true. He says—"as a rule they were shiftless; they had grapes and paid high prices for Boston wines; they had hides and paid exorbitantly for shoes made from California skins that had twice been around the Horn." Robinson and, in fact, all other travelers, bear testimony to substantially the same facts.

At the missions the priests produced some remarkable results though in the line of manufactured articles but little of the Indian work has come to us of any special value. The American element was just making itself felt at this time. They were slowly settling on large tracts of land, were marrying into good families, and becoming of social and political importance. Joseph

Chapman, especially, seems to have fallen into good hands. From the time of his capture among the Bouchard pirates he had had friends in the state. He was a favorite with Father Sanchez who kept him quite regularly employed at the mission posts. Being a sailor he was a jack of all trades and was the very man for the priest's purposes. Father Sanchez was, doubtless, stirred to renewed activity from the fact that shortly before this there had been much talk about secularization. The trading instinct in him had led to some peculiar transactions; as the result of which he had been charged with smuggling. Though not convicted he had felt chagrined and had asked for a pass to retire from the country only to be refused. All these matters made his tenure at the mission of uncertain duration; and meanwhile the slaughter of the otter meant their ultimate extermination; the small vessel built at Santa Barbara also meant opposition to the plans of the friar so from now on the project of a vessel to be used in otter hunting was pushed with all his characteristic energy.

Timber was available in the mountains. The priests were thoroughly conversant with every cañon and trail for miles around the mission. Indians were to be had in plenty for the labor of transportation, but it was important that the vessel when built should be manned by men experienced both as mariners and sailors. Prior Laughlan and Yount, who had recently come to Los Angeles, answered these requirements. The exact place from which the timbers were taken will, perhaps, always be a source of uncertainty. Tradition points to a number of such, but strict investigation is apt to dispel all theories. It was certainly a custom to cut large sticks of timbers in the mountains, haul them overland and by turning the logs from time to time partially smooth and plane them during the hauling. Some of the rafters in the San Fernando Mission were treated in this manner. It is also on record that on Christmas eve in 1828 or 9 the brig Danube of New York, with a party of twenty-eight men, dragged her anchors in San Pedro bay during a south-easter and went ashore a total wreck. The party were taken to the house of Antonio Rocha and doubtless some of these men were available for the project of Father Sanchez.

It is certain that Samuel Prentice afterwards was in the otter hunting scheme and at his death was buried on Catalina Island. Some of the older fishermen now engaged at the Island remember the otter hunting in the olden times, but the grave of Prentice is lost forever. The timbers and derelict of the brig Danube must have afforded material for Chapman and Father Sanchez. The most careful gleaning of history, memoirs and manuscripts will only yield vague rumors and isolated facts about the San Gabriel ship yard but it seems certain that the vessel was not completed for more than a year, and perhaps two, after this storm. It is also in evidence that parties from Santa Barbara visited San Pedro to gather material from the wreck.

Merchants who visited the coast in these years noted the schooner's construction and the wide spread interest it excited. Such an event would, doubtless, attract much attention. The men were a nation of riders who thought nothing of a trip from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles and doubtless there was not an idle cavalier in Southern California who had not interested himself in the acts of these Americans and the project of the Mission fathers.

Invitations were issued long before the expected launch took place. There is nothing in the California records about the license to trade; but it was a necessary prerequisite and if the difficulties experienced by those in Santa Barbara be a criterion, it dispels the mysterious delay in the construction and launching of the San Gabriel ship. The elaborate studies by Blackman in relation to the new institution of Spain have opened up a maze of errors, difficulties and senseless rules by which Spain crippled the domestic commerce of her colonies. Smuggling was fast becoming so fashionable that stringent measures were necessary for protection of revenue.

As before intimated Father Sanchez being there under the ban of suspicion and former associations, doubtless experienced all the vexatious trials and delays of the law. At Santa Barbara the governor stopped work on the vessel until a proper permit was obtained. After several weeks' delay this was granted; then more delays, and by the end of the year a license to trade was issued but with the restriction that it be only for one year, six men to constitute a crew and more than one-half of these must be Mexicans. Before even this permit could be granted it required several months' correspondence with the authorities in Mexico.

Our historians seem to have over-looked data for Father Sanchez' vessel. Bancroft does not know her name and in the three places she is mentioned the tonnage is given as 6, 60 and 99 tons. Col. Warner has about three lines devoted to its history. It is all the more surprising since it was a cause celebra as the first vessel of any importance to be launched in the Southern California waters. Father Sanchez did not live to see the vessel launched. Mission troubles bore heavily upon the old priest and his sudden death cut short his ambitious plans, but as the time drew near for the launch the vessel was taken to pieces and great carts were prepared for its overland transportation to the water. Invitations had been sent far and wide to guests. The carts used by the Californians were drawn by oxen and were rough, heavily made structures. The ordinary ones in use at the time consisted of a frame or platform about five feet by twelve set on a rough axle and a pair of wheels. These wheels were sawn from a solid block of wood two or three feet in diameter. They were about ten inches in thickness at the centre and tapered down to about five inches at the rim where they were sometimes bound with tires but more generally not. The yoke was fastened across the foreheads of the animals by means of raw-hide thongs placed below the horns. There were

generally outriders to such carts. The men mounted their fiery horses, swung their reatas and beat and urged on the oxen with loud cries. Probably in this manner the long, dusty miles from San Gabriel to the port were accomplished. The details of the launch rest upon the authority of Alfred Robinson who had received an invitation and was present. In his "Life in California" he says: "A launch was to take place at San Pedro—the second vessel ever constructed in California. She was a schooner of about 60 tons that had been entirely framed at San Gabriel and fitted for subsequent completion at San Pedro. Every piece of timber had been fitted thirty miles from the place and brought down to the beach on carts. She was called the Guadalupe in honor of the patron saint of Mexico and as the affair was considered quite an important era in the history of the country many were invited from far and near to witness it.

"Her builder was a Yankee named Chapman who had served his apprenticeship with a Boston ship builder. He was one of a piratical cruiser that attacked Monterey at which time he was taken prisoner and had lived in the country ever since. From his long residence he had acquired a mongrel language. English, Spanish and Indian being so mingled in his speech that it was difficult to understand him. Although illiterate, his ingenuity and honest deportment had acquired for him the esteem of the Californians and a connection in marriage with one of the first families of the country. Father Sanchez of San Gabriel used to say Chapman could get more work out of the Indians in his unintelligible tongue than all the mayor domos put together. I was present on one occasion when he wished to dispatch an Indian to the beach at San Pedro with his ox wagon, charging him to return as soon as possible. His directions ran somewhat in this manner: "Ventura! Vamos! trae los bueyes go down to the playa and come back as quick as you can puede."

San Pedro today is not so lively a place as it must have been at the time of this launch. On all important occasions crowds flocked to the beach, and Robinson describes the busy scenes both on sea and shore when vessels were in the harbor,—Boats flying to an fro; men, women and children crowding the docks, lining the bluffs and all taking in the general excitement; there were loaded crafts along the beach; men and Indians busily employed in their various duties; groups of individuals seated around little bon-fires upon the ground; there were horsemen rocing their animals over the plains. Thus the hours were spent, some arriving and some departing. Until long after sundown the dusty road leading across the plain to Los Angeles appeared a living panorama. After the launch had been successfully accomplished the vessel made a number of trips for otter.

Col. Warner saw her many times lying in the roadstead, but it is not known where she was finally wrecked, although the event happened only a few years after her launch.

The festivities at San Pedro and the first vessel of any importance ever constructed on the California coast, have passed away, and a cause celebre is now almost a myth in our local annals. The facts supposed to be known are: The vessel was named *Guadaloupe*; she was owned by the San Gabriel mission; built under the supervision of Joseph Chapman; constructed at San Gabriel, and about 1831 launched at San Pedro. Everything connected with this curious event in our forgotten local annals, when severally studied, is strongly dramatic. The advent of Chapman from Bouchard's pirate ship; his subsequent marriage, naturalization and employment as utility man at the mission; the wreck of the brig "*Danube*;" the struggle of Father Sanchez with mission troubles and ship building; the enlisting of the American pioneers in the labor of construction; the cartage to the beach and festivities among the populace; and, last scene of all, the wreck of the boat.

Every one of the pioneers, from Chapman to Prentice, made his mark on the history of our country, and, although the historians have sadly neglected this abortive attempt at domestic shipping, it is certain that its many scenes lingered long in the memories of our old pioneers, and by piecing together such narratives as are accessible, the faint outline of the story has been presented in the hopes that later research and more general interest in these matters may lead to the discovery of live matter with which to rehabilitate this antique historic skeleton.

THE PLAN OF OLD LOS ANGELES

AND THE STORY OF ITS HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

BY J. M. GUINN.

[Read December 2, 1895.]

The history of the founding of our American cities shows that the location of a city, as well as its plan, is as often the result of accident as of design. Neither chance nor accident entered into the selection of the site, the plan, or the name of Los Angeles. All these had been determined upon years before a colonist had been enlisted to make the settlement. The Spanish colonist, unlike the American backwoodsman, was not free to locate on the public domain wherever his caprice or his convenience dictated.

The Spanish poblador (founder or colonist) went where he was sent. He built his pueblo after a plan designated by royal reglamento and decreed by the laws of the Indies. His planting and his sowing, the size of his fields and the shape of his house lot, were fixed by royal decree. He was a fief, a dependent of the crown. The land he lived on was not his own, except to use. If he failed to cultivate it, it was taken from him and he was deported from the colony.

The pueblo plan of colonization did not originate with the Spanish-American colonists. It was older even than Spain herself. In early European colonization, the pueblo plan—the common square in the center of the town, the house lots grouped around it, the arable fields and the common pasture lands beyond, appears in the Aryan village, in the ancient German mark, and in the old Roman praesidium. The Puritans adopted this form in their first settlements in New England. Around the public square or common, where stood the meeting house and the town house, they laid off their home lots, and beyond these were their cultivated fields and their common pasture lands. This form of colonization was a combination of communal interests and individual ownership. Primarily, no doubt, it was adopted for protection against the hostile natives, and secondly, for social advantage. It reversed the order of our own western colonization. The town came first, it was the initial point from which the settlement radiated; while with our own western pioneers the town was an afterthought—a center point for the convenience of trade.

The plaza is a an essential feature in the plan of all Spanish-American towns. It is usually the geographical center of the pueblo lands. The old plaza of El Pueblo de Nuestra Señera, La Reina de Los Angeles (the town of our Lady, the Queen of the Angels) as decreed by Gov. Felipe de Neve in his "Instruccion para La Fundaccion de Los Angeles," was a parallelogram one hundred varas in length by seventy-five in breadth. It was laid out with its corners facing the four winds or cardinal points of the compass, and with its streets running at right angles to each of its four sides, so that no street would be swept by the wind. Two streets, each ten varas wide, opened out on the longer sides, and three on each of the shorter sides. Upon three sides of the plaza were the house lots 20x40 varas each, fronting on the square. One half of the remaining side was reserved for public buildings—a guard house, a town house, and a public granary; the other half was an open space. Around three sides of the old plaza clustered the mud-daubed huts of the pioneers of Los Angeles, and around the embryo town, a few years later, was built an adobe wall—not so much perhaps for protection from foreign invasion as from domestic intrusion. It was easier to wall in the town than to fence in the cattle and the goats that pastured on the ejidos or commons, outside the walls.

The area of a pueblo, under Spanish rule, was four square leagues of land, or about 17,770 acres, (a Spanish league contains 4444 acres.) The pueblo lands were divided into solares or house lots, suertes or planting fields, dehesas or outside pasture lands, ejidos or commons—lands nearest the town where the mustangs were tethered and the goats roamed at their pleasure; propios—lands rented or leased from which a revenue was raised to pay municipal expenses; realengas—royal lands, also used for raising revenue for the town government.

In 1786, five years after the founding of the Pueblo of our Lady of the Angels, Alférez José Arguello, aided by corporal Vicente and private Roque, put the nine settlers who had been faithful to their trust, in possession of their house lots and planting fields. Three of the pobladores originally recruited to found the pueblo had been deported for general worthlessness.

Lieut. Arguello spent but little time over surveys and probably set up no land-marks to define boundaries. The proprios were said to extend southerly 2,200 varas from the dam (which was located near the point where the Buena Vista street bridge now crosses the river) to the limit of the distributed lands. The realengas were located on the eastern side of the river.

The boundaries of the Plaza vieja or old plaza, as nearly as it is possible to locate them now, are as follows: The southeast corner of the plaza would coincide with what is now the northeast corner of Marchessault and Upper Main streets. From the said northeast corner of these streets draw a line

northwest one hundred varas (278 feet)—this line would constitute the east-
 erly line of the old plaza. On this line construct a parallelogram with its
 opposite or westerly side one hundred varas in length, and its northerly and
 southerly sides seventy-five varas each. These boundaries will locate, ap-
 proximately, as near as it is possible now to locate the plaza real or royal
 square of the old Pueblo of our Lady of the Angels.

At the founding of the pueblo, September 4, 1781, the plaza was dedi-
 cated with solemn ceremonies. A mass was said by a priest from the Mission
 San Gabriel aided by the choristers and musicians of that mission. There
 were salvos of musketry, a procession with a cross, candlesticks, etc. The
 standard of Spain, with the image of our Lady the Queen of the Angels, (the
 latter carried by the women) was borne at the head of the procession. This
 procession made a circuit of the plaza, the priest blessing the plaza and the
 building lots, and it is said that Governor Neve made a speech, the first ever
 made within the limits of Los Angeles. I have been unable to find any satis-
 factory reason assigned for the abandonment of the old plaza. The probable
 cause of the change was the location of the Church of our Lady of the
 Angels on its present site. The first church or chapel was a small building,
 25x30 feet, begun in 1784, and completed in 1789. It fronted on the plaza.
 The new church was begun in 1814. By order of Governor Sola, in 1818,
 the site was changed to higher ground—its present location. The building
 was completed in 1822—forty-one years after the founding of the Pueblo.
 The open space in front of the church was part of the ejidos or commons, and
 was used for a place to picket mustangs while the owners were attending
 church. In course of time it became recognized as the plaza or public square.

Neve's streets that were to be free from the sweep of the winds, have dis-
 appeared. There are no land marks to show the location of the twelve house
 lots that clustered around the old plaza. Nor can we locate the boundaries
 of any one of the twenty-seven suertes or sowing fields that were laid off on
 the alluvial lands below the plaza. Time, flood, and the hated gringos have
 long since obliterated all ancient landmarks and boundary lines of the old
 Pueblo as effectually as did Neve's pobladores all traces of the Indian town,
 Yangna, that once stood on the site chosen for the Pueblo of our lady of the
 Angels.

As the town grew, it straggled off from its nucleus—the old plaza in an
 irregular sort of a way—without definite plot or plan. When a house was
 to be built the builder selected a site most convenient to his material—adobe.
 If his house did not conform to the lines of the street, the street must adjust
 itself to the house. Fifty years after the founding of the Pueblo there was
 not a regular laid off street within its limits. Indeed there was but little neces-
 sity for streets. There were no wheeled vehicles, save a few old screaming

carretas, used for hauling brea or asphaltum—the roofing material of the adobe houses. The caballero on his wiry and sure footed mustang, threaded his way among the scattered and irregularly built houses, and it mattered little to him whether the path zigzagged or ran in straight lines. Walking was a lost art to the native Californian. He was a centaur—half horse and half man—and only half a man, without his horse. As he never walked when he could ride, sidewalks he did not need.

With the growth of the town southward, the business center drifted from its first locality on Upper Main street, and for a time became fixed at the head of Los Angeles street where that street intersected with Aliso, Arcadia, Sanchez and Negro alley. At that point Los Angeles was then a very broad street probably two hundred feet wide; it narrowed as it ran southward and widened again at its intersection with First street. In the early part of the century it was known as Zanja, (ditch) street. In the early thirties it had been dignified into the Calle Principal or Main street and with its continuation the Calle de Los Huertos—the street of orchards—(now San Pedro) formed the principal highway running southward from the center of the Pueblo; later on it was known as Vineyard street.* First street at its intersection with Los Angeles and San Pedro was known as Broad street or Broadway—A misnomer now but appropriate enough in the days of cheap lands.

Under Spanish rule the absolute title of all the lands in California was vested in the King. The individual occupant held only a usufructuary title. It was his to use so long as he used it for the purpose for which it was given him. Possession then was ten parts of the law. The occupant could hold on but he could not let go of it. To cease to use his land was to lose it. He could not sell it, he could not even indulge in that privilege so dear to the American land owner, he could not mortgage it. The land passed from father to son by the law of primogeniture.

When California became a part of the Mexican Republic the title to pueblo lands became vested in the ayuntamiento or town council. When the Pueblo of Los Angeles became a city in 1835, there was not a land owner in it who had a written title to his lands. Under Spanish rule the military *commissi-*onados, and under Mexican, the ayuntamiento made verbal grants. In 1836 owners ^{were} ~~was~~ ordered to apply for written titles but little heed was given to the Order. Efforts were made from time to time to induce the occupants of town lots to perfect their titles. But the easy going methods of the pobladores had been transmitted to their descendants. Land was cheap and plentiful. There was no inducement to land grabbing, consequently disputes over titles and

NOTE.—For information in regard to the old names of streets I am indebted to C. C. Grove of the West Coast Abstract company, Los Angeles.

land boundaries were of rare occurrence and title deeds when given were loosely drawn. The more or less in a conveyance never worried the party of the second part. In the minutes of the ayuntamiento may be found the grant of a certain piece of land now known as the Requena tract which is described and deeded as that lot or tract on which the "Cows ate the apples."

On the 23rd of May 1835, Los Angeles ceased to be a Pueblo. The following is a translation of the copy of the decree erecting it into a city:

His excellency, the president ad interim of the United States of Mexico Miguel Barragan. The president ad interim of the United States of Mexico to the inhabitants of the Republic let it be known: That the general congress has decreed the following: That the town of Los Angeles, Upper California, is erected to a city, and shall be for the future the capital of that territory.

BASILO ARRILLAGA,	ANTONIO PACHECO LEAL,
President House of Deputies.	President of the Senate.
DEMETRIO DEL CASTILLO,	MANUEL MIRANDA,
Secretary House of Deputies.	Secretary of the Senate.

I, therefore, order it to be printed and circulated and duly complied, with. Palace of the Federal Government in Mexico, May 23, 1835.

MIGUEL BARRAGAN.

Although the Mexican Congress by decree had erected Los Angeles to a city yet to the Californians it was still the Pueblo. Even now after sixty years of city life, to the old time native Californian it is still the "Pueblo." The decree made it a city but it was ten years after, before it became the capital. The citizens failed to provide suitable buildings and the denizens of Monterey clung to the archives. The "Ciudad de Los Angeles" was a city of magnificent distances when it first took on metropolitan airs. The Departmental Assembly of 1834 designated the boundaries of the Pueblo of Los Angeles to be "two leagues to each wind from the center of the Plaza." This gave the Pueblo, when it was "erected into a city," an area of sixteen square leagues or over one hundred square miles. There was no survey of boundary lines, and the city fathers worried along ten years without knowing exactly where the city ended and the country began. In 1846, an attempt was made to fix the boundaries but all that was done was to measure two leagues "in the direction of the four winds from the Plaza church" and set stakes as boundary lines. Then came the American invaders.

At the time of the American occupation (1846), the city had skirted along the foothills as far down as First (or Primero) street with possibly a few scattering houses below that point.

The discovery of gold and the rush of immigration to the mines aroused the sleepy old "ciudad" of Los Angeles from its bucolic dreams. A stream of immigration, by the southern route, poured through its streets and gold

flowed into its coffers from the sale of the cattle that covered the plains beyond. With increasing prosperity the city became ambitious to make a better appearance. The ayuntamiento decided to have a portion of the mesa lying to the south of Calle Primero and west of Calle Principal surveyed and subdivided into city lots and sold to procure a fund to make some needed improvements.

In the city clerk's office is a copy of a map of the first subdivision of Los Angeles city lands made after the American occupation. It is entitled, "Plan de la Ciudad de Los Angeles, by E. O. C. Ord, Lt. U. S. A., Wm. R. Hutton, Asst., August 29, 1849." Ord's survey embraces all that portion of the city bounded north by First street and the base of the first line of hills, east by Main street, south by Twelfth street and west by Pearl street. Also that portion of the city north of Short street and west of Upper Main to the base of the hills. On the "plan" the lands between Main street and the river are designated as "plough grounds, gardens, corn and vine lands." The streets in the older portion of the city are marked but not named. The blocks, except the first tier, are 600 feet in length, and are divided into ten lots each 120 feet front by 165 feet in depth.

Ord took his compass course for the line of Main street S. 24° 45' W. from the corner opposite José Antonio Carrillo's house which stood where the Pico House now stands. This lot was granted Carrillo by the Comissionado in 1821 and is one of the earliest transfers of which there is any record. On Ord's map, Main, Spring and Fort (Broadway) streets ran in parallel straight lines to Twelfth street. How Main street came to zigzag below Sixth street, Spring to disappear at Ninth street, and Fort to ignominiously end in Governor Downey's orange orchard, (subdivided in 1884), are things that as Lord Dundreary says, "No fellow can find out." Ord probably made an accurate survey but many of the blocks now are irregular, some contain an excess and others are short and some of the streets have drifted away from their original locations. This, in part, is due to the easy going methods of those early days. The ayuntamiento was to have placed permanent monuments to mark the corners of blocks, but neglected to do so. The corner stakes were convenient for picketing mustangs and were rapidly disappearing. The Council, a year or so after the survey was made, gave Juan Temple a contract to place stone monuments to mark the corners. He hired a gang of Mexicans to do the work. If they found a corner stake they placed a monument; if not, some one of the gang paced off the length of the block and set the corner stone. The excess in some blocks and the shortage in others might be accounted for if we could find out whether it was a long-legged or a short-legged paisano that did the stepping. The price of Ord

survey lots on Spring street in the fall of '49 and spring of '50 ranged from \$25 to \$50 each.

The names of the streets on Ord's plan are given in both Spanish and English; beginning with Main they are as follows: Calle Principal—Main street; Calle Primavera—Spring street, named for the season spring; Calle Fortin—Fort street; Calle Loma—Hill street; Calle Accytuna—Olive street; Calle de Las Caridad—The Street of Charity (now Grand avenue); Calle de Las Esperanzas—The Street of Hopes; Calle de Los Flores—The Street of Flowers; Calle de Los Chapules—The Street of Grasshoppers (now Pearl street). North of the plaza church the north and south streets were the Calle de Eternidad—Eternity street, so named because it had neither beginning nor end, or, rather, each end terminated in the hills. Calle del Toro—Bull street, significant of the national pastime of Spain and Mexico—the bull fight. Calle de Las Arispas—Hornet street; an exceedingly lively street at times when the hornets had business engagements with the paisanos. Calle de Las Adobes—Adobe street, well named. The east and west streets were Calle Corta—Short street; Calle Alta—High street; Calle de Las Virgines—Street of Virgins; Calle del Colegio—College street, the only street that retains its primitive name.

The Calle de Las Chapules was for many years the extreme western street of the city. The name originated thus: On certain years, mostly during the dry or drouth years, myriads of grasshoppers hatched on the low grassy plains of the Ballona and Cienegas. When they had devoured all vegetation where they originated, they took flight, and, flying with the wind, moved in great clouds towards the east—like the locusts of Egypt, devouring everything in their course. When the destroying hosts reached the Calle de Las Chapules, the vinatero knew his grape crop for that season was doomed. The voracious hopper would not leave a green leaf on his vines, and the vineyardist considered himself fortunate if the destroying host did not devour the bark as well as the leaves.

Calle Primavera—Spring street, sixty or seventy years ago was known as the Calle de Las Caridad—the Street of Charity. The aristocratic part of the city in those days was in the neighborhood of the plaza, and on Upper Main street. Spring street being well out in the suburbs, its inhabitants were mostly peons and Mexicans of the poorer class, who were dependent largely upon the charity of their wealthier neighbors. There is a tradition, which I have not been able to verify by written record, that back about the beginning of the century, Spring street was known as Calle Cuidado—Lookout or Beware street, so-called because of the numerous washes and gulches cutting across it from the low foothills. The name would be

appropriate now, but it would be for other reasons.

Main street below the junction, about that time was known as Calle de Las Alegria—Junction street. The question is often asked why was Spring swung off on a diagonal to form a junction with Main? The historical facts of the case are that Main street forms a junction with Spring. That portion of Spring street between the junction and first, is the older street by many years. It is part of an old road made more than a century ago. It began at the old plaza and followed the present line of Main street to the junction. In Ord's "plan," this old road is traced from the junction north-westward. It follows the present line of Spring street to First street, then crosses blocks 2 and 4, diagonally, to the corner of Third and Broadway. It intersects Hill at Fourth street and Olive at Fifth street, skirting the hills it passes out of the city near Ninth street to the brea springs from which the colonists obtained the roofing material for their adobe houses. This road or street was used for many years after the American occupation and was recognized as a street in conveyances. Within the past three years the city council gave a quit-claim deed to a portion of this street to a lot owner in Block 11½ O. S. It has been, by some poetical historiographers, claimed that this road was part of the Camino del Rey, (the King's highway) of the olden times. "The King's horses and the King's men" may have galloped over it bearing royal mandates from pueblo to presidio, but creaking carretas, loaded with brea, were more common than the King's caballeros on this "royal road." On a map of the pueblo of Los Angeles, made in 1786, when Arguello surveyed the lands of the founders, there is a road marked as beginning at the southeast corner of the old plaza, from thence running southeasterly until it intersects what is now Aliso street; thence following the present line of that street it crosses the river and passes out of the pueblo to the southeast. There are traces of this road in the old records. It leads southeastward through the Paso de Bartolo, thence to San Juan Capistrano and San Luis Rey, to San Diego; then down the coast of Lower California to Loreto, near Cape San Lucas. This, in the days of King Carlos III, was the Camino del Rey, or Camino real. It was not like "the road from Winchester town, a good broad highway leading down," but rather a camino de herradura—a bridle path. Wheeled vehicles seldom traveled it. Although but the semblance of a road, yet time and again has this old highway echoed the tread of marching armies. In the troublous times of 1831-3, when Echeandia of the south and Zamarano of the north waged a bloodless warfare against each other and fired off sesquipedalian pronunciamientos as ferocious in the rhetoric as they were harmless in effect, down this old camino from Paso de Bartolo rode Echeandia's faithful adherent, Captain Barroso, at the head of a thousand mounted Indians intent

on the capture of the recalcitrant Pueblo of Angeles, but at the intercession of the beleaguered inhabitants, this modern Corilanus turned aside to regale his neophyte retainers on the fat bullocks of the San Gabriel Mission. And via the Camino real from Los Nietos rode Juan Gallardo, the cobbler, in command of his fifty Sonoran patriots, when, in imitation of the hidalgos of his native land, he essayed to play at the national game of Mexico—revolution. And by the same highway, he entered the pueblo in the small hours of the morning, and awoke its conscript fathers from their dreams of peace by the drum beat of war. And along the same Camino real, from Paso de Bartolo, marched the saxon conqueror, Stockton, with his invading army. On this roadway was fought the last battles of the conquest, when the boom of Stockton's cannon sounded the death knell of Mexican domination in California.

Going northward the Camino real, or main highway, crossed the river near the base of the hills and followed up its valley to the Mission San Fernando; from there westerly to San Buenaventura, then on to Santa Barbara and the missions beyond, to Monterey. In the waning years of the last century out from the capital, Monterey, on the first day of each month, rode a courier southward, gathering from each mission, pueblo and presidio its little budget of mail as he made his monthly trip to Loreto on the Gulf—a perilous ride of a thousand miles over the old Camino del Rey.

There was one street in the older portion of Los Angeles that is not named in Ord's plan, but which, in the flush days of gold mining from 1850 to '55, had a more wide-spread notoriety than any other street in the city. It was the Calle de Los Negros in Spanish, but Americanized into Nigger alley. It was a short and narrow street extending from the then termination of Los Angeles street to the plaza. In length it did not exceed 500 feet. Yet within its limited extent it enclosed more wickedness and crime than any similar area on the face of the earth. Gambling dens, saloons, dance houses, and disreputable dives lined either side. From morning to night, and from night to morning, a motley throng of Americans, Mexicans, Indians and foreigners of nearly every nation and tongue crowded and jostled one another in its dens and dives. They gambled, they drank, they quarreled, they fought, and some of them died—not for their country—although the country was benefitted by their death. In the early '50s there were more desperadoes, outlaws and cut-throats in Los Angeles than in any other city on the coast. In the year 1853 the violent deaths from fights and assassinations averaged over one a day. The Calle de Los Negros was the central point towards which the lawlessness of the city converged. It was, in its prime, the wickedest street on earth. With the decadence of gold mining the character of the street changed, but its morals were not improved by the change. It ceased to be the rendezvous of the gambler and the desperado and became the center of the Chinese quarter of the city. Even in its decadence its murderous

character clung to it. On this street in 1871 took place that terrible tragedy known as the Chinese Massacre, when eighteen Chinamen and one white man were murdered. The extension of Los Angeles street obliterated it from the plan of the city.

When the United States Land Commission, in 1851, began its herculean task of adjudicating the Mexican land grants in California, the city of Los Angeles laid claim to sixteen square leagues of land. The Hancock survey of 1853, had divided the city lands south of Pico street, to the Ranchos Los Cuervos (Crow Rancho) and the Paso de La Tijera, and on the west to the La Cienega, into 35 acre tracts known as city donation lots. The city limits on the south, (west of the river) extended nearly three miles below the present boundary line of the city, and on the west nearly two miles, to the Cienega. All the territory sought to be annexed to the city at the recent election was once within the city limits. The streets, south of Pico, were named after the presidents. Beginning with Washington, in regular succession followed, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams and Jackson streets. All these streets, except parts of the first three, have long since disappeared in the orange groves of Vernon and the market gardens of University and Rose-dale. The Mexican governors, after whom the north and south streets were named, have been more fortunate than the presidents. We still have Echandia, Figueroa, Alvarado and Micheltoreno streets, although considerably curtailed as to length. South of Boyle Heights and east of the river, the Ro. San Antonio curbed the city's ambition to expand in that direction. On the north and north-west the Ro. Los Feliz and the Verdugos encroached on the city's area and the hostile owners refused to be surveyed into the city. On the east, from the center of the plaza it was two leagues to the city line. The area of the city according to the Hancock (or Hansen) survey of 1855, was a fraction less than 50 square miles—a magnificent city on paper. The land commission in 1856, confirmed to the city a grant of four square leagues (about 28 square miles) and rejected its claim to all outside of that. After many delays, in 1875, nearly twenty years later, a United States patent was issued to the mayor and council—and then the greater Los Angeles of the early 50's, shrank to the proportions of Felipe de Neve's Pueblo of 1781,—"one league to each wind measured from the center of the plaza."

It was not to be expected that Neve's ease loving pobladores would long preserve in its entirety the musical but long drawn out name of the new born town by the Rio Porciuncula, El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora, la Reina de Los Angeles, was inconveniently syllabic for every day use; in 1787 it had been abbreviated and changed to Santa Maria de Los Angeles, later on to Santa Maria. It was at one time proposed to change the name to Villa Victoria la Reina de Los Angeles so that it might not be confounded with Puebla in

old Mexico. In the tumultuous days of '39 when the seditious and turbulent angelenos vexed the righteous soul of good old prefect, Cosme Peña, he was wont to speak of it as the Pueblo de Los Diablos—the town of the devils. In official documents, under Mexican rule, it was simply Angeles. It is to be regretted that the Americans after the conquest did not continue the custom and thus save posterity the necessity of speaking and writing the prefix "Los."

In almost every "write up" of the early history of Los Angeles appears this venerable fiction "The founders of the town numbered twelve adult males, all heads of families." "There were forty-six persons in all." "The men were discharged soldiers from the Mission San Gabriel." This fiction has not that merit of the old time novels, "founded on facts." It is all fiction. There were not twelve founders—Rivera enlisted fourteen pobladores in Sonora and Sinaloa, two deserted, one was left behind at Loreto * in Lower California and then there were only eleven. There was not forty-six persons in all—only forty-four. Not a man of the eleven was a discharged soldier from San Gabriel. None of them had ever been at San Gabriel until they arrived with Zuñiga's expedition on the 18th of August preceding the founding. Of the twenty-two adults, two were Spaniards, nine were Indians and one mestizo (one was classed as a coyote—wild indian) and ten were negroes and mulattoes. Early in 1782, three of the founders, one of the Spaniards and two of the negroes were deported from the colony for general worthlessness and their property taken from them, and then there were but eight founders. In 1785, Sinova who had been a laborer in California for several years, joined the colony making nine heads of families, the number to whom Arguello distributed the house lots and the sowing fields in 1786. The founders left no lasting impress on the town. Not a street in the city bears the name of any one of them. Five of the Mexican governors have had streets named after them, but not one of the Spanish governors of California has been so honored. No street or landmark bears the name of good old Felipe de Neve, the real founder of Los Angeles. Nor have Portola, Fages, or Borica, men of honor and high standing been remembered in the nomenclature of its highways. Of the old Pueblo de Nuestra Señora, La Reyna de Los Angeles, so carefully planned and so reverently named by Governor Felipe de Neve only an abbreviation † of the name remains, and even the signification that that conveyed to the good old governor has been changed by the modern dwellers in the new city of The Angels.

* There is no evidence that he ever joined the colonists at Los Angeles.

† Los Angeles.

THE RECENT ORIGIN OF MAN.

BY STEPHEN BOWERS, A. M., PH. D.

Recently the newspapers contained an account of the discovery of a skeleton in Colorado, by a Columbian college professor, which he was pleased to call the "missing link" between man and the apes. He gave this remarkable creature an antiquity of a million and a half of years. The friable bones were carefully wrapped in cotton and shipped east. But scarcely had the learned professor gotten away with his prize when certain cow-boys came forward and claimed the bones to be that of a pet monkey which they buried but a dozen years previously.

A few years ago the newspapers contained an account of the discovery of a human skull in the Carboniferous limestone of southern Kansas, by a teacher in the Osage Mission of that State. This was taking our race farther back into the misty past than the most sanguine believer in a high antiquity or man dared to hope. But like the well known story of the fossil man found in the Eningen quarries, who under the magic touch of true science proved to be but a fossil salamander, so this skull was pronounced by one of our savants to be but the body-whorl of a large cephalopod shell allied to the goniatites, and that which was found in the same spot and supposed to be portions of a "petrified haystack," were fragments of some kind of slag.

The proof upon which the theory of pre-Adamite man professes to rest is the trace of man's presence in the spots which he inhabited, and the soil upon which he walked. It is claimed that however savage he may have been he must have had some kinds of weapons of defense, and for procuring food, and that he must have left some scraps of clothing and some vestiges of his industry. We are also referred to "human bones buried in the earth and preserved by the means of the deposits of calcareous salts which have fossilized them; the intermixture of these bones with those of extinct animals, and that in geologic periods anterior to the present." Special appeal is made to certain ancient habitations in Europe, kitchen middens or "refuse heaps" in Europe and America, the deltas of the Mississippi, Nile, Po, Ganges, etc.; cave deposits, and human remains found in peat clay and in gravel beds, and in terraces in various portions of the globe.

Concerning the divisions of the periods of "pre-historic man," archæologists differ. Perhaps that of Lartet finds most favor amongst the advocates of a

remote antiquity for man. He divides it into two general periods, viz: The stone age, and the metal age. The first he divides into three epochs. 1. That of the extinct animals, such as the mammoth and the cave bear; 2. That of the existing migrating animals, which he calls the reindeer epoch; 3. That of the present existing domestic animals, which he denominates the polished stone epoch. The second age he divides into two epochs; 1. Bronze; 2. Iron.

We shall also find great diversity concerning the meaning of "pre-historic times." Sir Charles Lyell says: The first Olympiad "is generally regarded as the earliest date upon which we can rely in the past annals of mankind, about 776 years before the Christian era." Why this date is to be accepted and that of the birth of Moses, the hegira from Egypt or the building of King Solomon's temple are ignored, this eminent geologist fails to tell us. Mr. Lubbock styles his book "Pre-historic Times," but does not define the meaning he attaches to the term. He refers to Hesiod and speaks of Usher's Chronology. "He professes to write about 'pre-historic times,' says the London Quarterly Review, "and gives us an elaborate dissertation about unhistoric times." Figuiet places the creation of man at an indefinite period in the past. He tries to reconcile his theory with the Bible as follows: "It was thought that the Old Testament stated that man was created 6,000 years ago. Now the fact is nothing of the kind can be found in the book of Genesis. It is only the compilers of chronological systems, and the commentators who have put forward this date as that of the first appearance of the human race." Lartet holds similar views. "In Genesis," he says, "no date can be found which sets a limit to the time when primitive mankind may have made its appearance." He then says that chronologists have differed more than 3,000 years in their calculations of the time between the creation of Adam and the birth of Christ. Baron Bunsen ignoring Hebrew chronology claims an antiquity for the human race of 20,000 years.

Baldwin, in his *Ancient America*, says: "Archæology and linguistic science, not to speak here of geology, makes it certain that the period between the beginning of the human race and the birth of Christ would be more accurately stated if the centuries counted in the longest estimates of the Rabbinical chronologists should be changed to millenniums." Foster says in his *Pre-historic Races*, "that man lived at a time far too remote to be embraced in our system of chronology, surrounded by great quadrupeds which have ceased to exist, and under a climate very different from what now prevails, has been so clearly demonstrated that the fact must now be accepted as a scientific truth. Revelations so startling have been received with disquietude and distrust by those who adhere to the chronology of Usher and Petavious. * * In tracing back the antiquity of man to the earliest monuments that indicate

his presence on the earth, the historic period forms but an inconsiderable part in the great cycle of events."

While quotations of this kind might be extended much further, those already quoted will answer our purpose. They show us that scientists are not agreed among themselves as to what is historic and what is prehistoric.

Some archæologists claim for man an antiquity reaching back in geologic time to the Pliocene period; but I hesitate not to say that facts do not warrant the conclusion. Concerning the now famous skull found in Calaveras county, in this State, which Prof. Whitney claims was procured at the bottom of a shaft 150 feet deep, under five beds of lava and volcanic tufa and four beds of auriferous gravel, "if authenticated" says Dr. Foster, "will carry us back to Pliocene times." But it has not been authenticated in the interests of high antiquity, nor can it be. I made a somewhat thorough investigation of this professed find, and am convinced that it was a trick practiced by several miners to deceive Prof. Whitney, whom they disliked because of his unwillingness to receive information from them, and his offensive reserve in their presence. This skull, with many others, was found near the surface in an old Indian rancheria, and was let down the shaft by the indignant miners, and covered with earth and gravel at the bottom, after which they brought it up and presented it to Mr. Whitney who was in the neighborhood. The whole thing was intended as a clever deception. This professed find is quoted by French and English savants to establish man's long residence upon the earth.

The London Quarterly Review says of the jawbone found in the gravel pits of Picardy by Boucher de Perthes, which so greatly exercised French savants, also the human skeletons which were found in the cave of Aurignac, but which were never seen by the English scientists, that they with many others were impositions of shrewd workmen. To these we may add the "holy stone" of Newark, and the "inscribed stone" from Gravel Creek Mound, Va., and other professed finds over which a vast amount of archæological learning has been expended.

Science is continually adding facts which greatly reduce the estimated years of geology. Mr. Lyell, after a somewhat careful examination of the delta of the Mississippi, estimated its formation to have required about 100,000 years, thus pushing the human remains found therein into a remote antiquity. But our government survey, by careful measurement, found that it advances into the gulf of Mexico at the rate of 262 feet in a year, at which rate it has required little more than 4,000 years in forming the whole. Several years ago a human skeleton was found near New Orleans at considerable distance from the river and buried sixteen feet below the surface. Drs. Nott and Dowler, and Mr. Gliddon decided that it belonged to the "aboriginal American" race, and from the strata of sand and earth that had formed over the skeleton they concluded that it had lain in that spot nearly 60,000 years. But near

by was found the gunwale of a flatboat, and the skeleton was that of an unfortunate flatboatman neither of which had lain there 200 years.

Mr. Lyell, and others, estimated the growth of certain peat beds in which stone implements have been found, to be so slow that at least 20,000 years must have elapsed since these works of art were deposited. But in these same beds the upright stalks of hazel and native alder are found, showing that the peat formed over and around them in the space of a few years instead of unnumbered centuries. The Earl of Cromartie records an instance of a dead forest, standing at the base of a high hill, near the seashore, in 1651, which before the close of the century had fallen and was turned into peat. This occurred in a single lifetime.

The "Stone Age" is divided by some archæologists into "Paleolithic" (old stone) and "Neolithic" (new stone.) In the first I have no faith whatever. It is folly to suppose that every flint chip and chert flake is the work of art, for their number is beyond computation. They form whole strata in some places. It is preposterous to believe that men continued making these "chips" for unnumbered ages without improving upon them, and that they produced them in such quantities that they may be traced for miles, in some places, in a stratum a foot thick!

In all deference to the learning and research of many archæologists, I must be permitted to say with Reclus, that the ability to doubt is "not the meanest attribute in genuine philosophy," and that I attach but little importance to the ages into which archæologists have divided it. Higher and lower states of the art seem always to have co-existed. And should we admit the successive ages claimed by them, in some instances we would find that the hands on the dial plate had gone backward. In North America the Mound Builders dwelt in cities and used copper and possibly iron. It was formerly believed that they were driven out by a race who used stone exclusively, but further investigation has led ethnologists to believe that the "Mound Builders" were our race of Indians. Living while men, as Major Powell, and others, have seen them erect mounds. They undoubtedly retrograded and went back to the use of stone.

History informs us that the people on the west coast of Greenland attained to the use of metal, but intercourse with Europeans ceased for about 300 years in which time they returned to the use of stone. Some tribes still use stone implements, while others have but recently exchanged stone for iron.

Joseph Shangaratta, a christianized Indian chief in Oregon, informed me in 1873, that he distinctly remembered when the tribe was in the "stone age," and used stone arrowheads, spearpoints, mortars, pestles, etc., and described to me the method of their manufacture. A year later I visited a tribe of Indians in Lake county, about 100 miles north of San Francisco, who

were still in the "stone age," manufacturing and using stone mortars, pestles and arrowheads. Two of their number manufactured arrowheads and spear-points in my presence, one very fine specimens and the other rude ones. I was the first to publish, as far as I know, the process of their manufacture. Since then white men in England and in this country have learned the method, and have become such adepts in the art as to deceive the most profound savants.

The finding of rude implements is not evidence of high antiquity. Nearly any rancheria on the Pacific slope, either ancient or modern, yields them in greater or less abundance. Amongst the tons of implements I found in the burial places of the Indians of Southern California were those of rude workmanship mingled with the finest forms.

In his explorations of Mycenea and Tyrens, Dr. Schliemann found some beautiful obsidian arrowheads, dating back about 1000 years B. C. Some had rounded and others indented base. He also found perforated discs in the old Grecian tombs. I sent him drawings of exactly similar specimens I had obtained from the burial places of the Indians in California, though differing nearly three thousand years in the age of their manufacture. The eminent explorer expressed his surprise at the fact that I could duplicate all the specimens of stone which he had found in the ancient Grecian tombs. It shows that the art of manufacturing stone implements has gradually traveled around the globe, closing perhaps with the California Indians.

The Pliocene period in geology affords no traces of human remains or implements, and we believe the same may be affirmed of the Post Pliocene which embraces the Glacial period and its subsidence.

Dr. Dawson, the eminent geologist of Canada, believes the time required for the Post Glacial period has been greatly exaggerated; that the calculations of long time based on the gravels of the Somme, on the caves of Tiniere, on the peat bogs of France and Denmark, and on certain cave deposits, have all been shown to be more or less at fault, and that probably none of these reach farther back than six or seven thousand years, which, according to Dr. Andrews, has elapsed since the close of the boulder clay deposits in America. Dr. Andrews' careful and elaborate observations on the raised beaches of Lake Michigan enables him to calculate the time when North America rose out of the waters of the Glacial period at between 5,500 and 7,500 years ago. Dr. Dawson says this fixes the possible duration of the human period in North America, though he believes there are other lines of evidence which would reduce man's residence here to a much shorter period.

That man appeared as cotemporaneous with certain extinct animals I think possible. But the juxtaposition of human bones and those of extinct animals is no certain proof of high antiquity. Many years ago Siberian hunt-

ers found a mammoth frozen in the ice and mud at the mouth of the Lena in such a state of preservation that they fed its flesh to their dogs. Some of the wool of this monster is still preserved in the museum at St. Petersburg. Since that time several other extinct mammals have been found in Siberia in a good state of preservation, in some instances even the blood corpuscles not being broken down, showing that they came to their death suddenly as if overwhelmed with annular matter. The remains of a mastodon were found in Orange county, N. Y., that had several bushels of pine and maple twigs in its stomach upon which it had made its last repast. Even the vegetable fiber between its teeth was well preserved. The remains of another was found in Indiana with the marrow so well preserved that the workmen used it for greasing their boots. The remains of a mammoth were found in a ditch of the Tez-cu-co-co road, the animal having doubtless perished after the Incas had excavated the ditch. The Indians of this country had a tradition that their fathers hunted a huge deer which had a hand on its face, and slept leaning against trees. The Indians of Alaska declare that the mammoth is still living in the interior of that country, and that they have seen it. The bones of the animal are found nearly or quite all over the territory of Alaska in such a fine state of preservation that it is evident it has but recently become extinct in that region. In the Quarternary formation at Ventura I found the remains of the mastodon, llama and "fossil horse" commingled. Evidently these animals have but recently become extinct.

During and after my connection with the U. S. Geological Survey, I exhumed several thousand skeletons of Indians on the islands of Southern California and on the mainland. In many of the graves I discovered fossil remains of shells and cetaceans. One shell known as *janira bella*, and the teeth of a shark *carcharodon rectus*, Ag. were common. I thought this shark extinct, but Prof. David S. Jordan informs me that an occasional example is still found in the Pacific ocean, but under another name. Instead of these forms having perished with the Indians, they had gathered them as fossils, as they had the vertebrae of whales, and deposited them with their dead. So of many of the fossil bones of extinct mammals found with the remains of man; he had collected and brought them together while living.

As to "prehistoric man," I doubt if such a being ever existed upon this continent, notwithstanding the fact that here, probably, appeared the first dry land. The books and traditions of the inhabitants of Central America and Mexico show that a race came from the south and gradually spread over the Mississippi valley until they reached the copper mines of lake Superior. It is intimated that they originally crossed from the old world on an elevated plateau known as Atlantis, and there is much to prove that they were of Egyptian origin. Afterward they were driven south by a race coming from the northwest, who were doubtless Asiatics, and the ancestors of our present

Indians. After many years they reached Mexico, and built a town called Tollanzinco, and later the city of Tullan. These were the Toltecs. When Cortez invaded Mexico he found the Aztecs in power. They had come from the south and subjugated the Toltecs. In his war with the Aztecs he found the former willing allies.

As far as I know all well informed archæologists accept these conclusions as the most probable theory respecting the race formerly inhabiting this continent, which leaves us without such a thing as "prehistoric man" in America.

I do not understand the Bible to represent Adam as the first human being created. It gives us a history of the Adamic pair and their prosperity from whom the Savior of the world was to spring. There may have been other centers of creation. Indeed it is difficult to interpret some references and declarations in the first chapters of Genesis on any other theory. This would not necessarily affect the oneness of human nature, says the learned Dr. Whedon, or the general destiny of man. It is my belief that the negro race began its existence as an independent creation, and possibly previous to the creation of Adam. The commonly received biblical chronology places the creation of the Adamic pair at a period dating back about 6,000 years. But Egyptian monuments dating back more than two-thirds of this time contain pictures of the negro which represent him exactly as he is today. The typical negro then possessed the receding forehead, crisp hair, tumacious lips, prognathus jaws, flattened nose, long femurs, etc., as that of the typical negro of the nineteenth century. Then if there has been no differentiation in the past four thousand years, there certainly could not have been in the one or two thousand preceding years, or even if we extend the creation of the white race back 10,000 years, to change him from a white man to a black man with his peculiar physiological characteristics.

We call the American Indian a red man, which is far from being correct. He undoubtedly belongs to the Mongoloid race, while the Anglo-Saxon is the red man as was our father Adam, which is signified in the name which his Creator gave him.

But in conclusion I desire to say, that while Hebrew chronology may possibly remove the origin of our race farther back by two or three thousand years than is indicated by Usher, yet in not one single instance have archæologists been able to produce human remains which they can show antedates the shortest biblical chronology. I have ever been willing to accept truth wherever found, or by whomsoever discovered, and have tried to carefully examine everything offered as evidence for a high antiquity of our race, but to this date have found nothing to establish a belief in the proposition put forth by zealous antiquarians. Turn the proposition in any way we

may and the response comes back that man began his existence upon this earth in comparatively recent times, and as a race we are in the spring-time of a vigorous youth.

The learned editor of *Les Mondes* spent nearly a whole year in studying the works of Evans, Lyell, Lubbock, Prestwick, Penngelly, Vogt, Buchan, Dessier, Marlot, De Martilet, and others, and he declares that not only has it not been proven that human remains have been found in any Tertiary formation, but that the so-called Quarternary, in which they are found, are nothing but moving deposits, moveable on declivities, as the eminent geologist Beaumont testifies; that the soils of the stalagmitic caves, which so exercised the British Association, have been overrun by water, or some other natural agent, so that the deposits of mud originally laid on the stalagmites have slipped below them, and thus afford no evidences of high antiquity.

DATE OF THE FIRST DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA

In an article published in the San Francisco "Call" of October 8, 1895, entitled, "The First Discovery of Gold in California," I stated that the date of the discovery was still a subject of controversy. Col. J. J. Warner, who visited the placers shortly after their discovery, always maintained that the discovery was made in June, 1841. Don Abel Stearns, in a letter to the California Pioneer Society, gave the date, March, 1842. The date given by Stearns has been accepted by Bancroft and other historical writers. The following letter, called forth by the publication of my article, shows conclusively that Don Abel Stearns was mistaken, and that the year 1841 is the correct date of the discovery of gold in the San Feliciano placers, near Newhall, Los Angeles county. This was the first discovery of gold in California of which we have an authentic account.

J. M. GUINN,
Secretary Historical Society of Southern California.

OAKLAND, CAL., Sept. 8, 1895.

J. M. GUINN, Secretary Historical Society of Southern California—

Dear Sir: I read in today's San Francisco "Call" a communication from your pen concerning the first discovery of gold in California in which you quote from the account on that subject written by Col. J. J. Warner, for whose accuracy in historical fact you vouch, and very properly, as I think. This account gives the date of the discovery of gold in June, 1841. And you also quote Don Abel Stearns as giving the date of the discovery in March, 1842. Now it is about the latter date that has influenced me to send you these lines.

I was one of the party, in which Roland and Workman were perhaps the best known members, who came from Santa Fè to California in 1841, arriving in Los Angeles in the fall of 1841. Shortly after our arrival, Dr. Lyman, a member of that party, and myself, were invited to dine with Don Abel, as all the natives called him, and while in his house he showed us a quart bottle of gold dust containing about 80 ounces obtained about where Colonel Warner describes the placers located. Now how could Mr. Stearns place that date a year later?

We suggested the propriety of visiting that camp and engaging in mining but Don Abel thought the gold could not be found in paying quantities.

I should like to have written you more fully, but am within a few days of 82 years old and dislike to write much.

Very respectfully yours,

I. L. GIVEN.

REPORT OF THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.

To the officers and members of the Historical Society of Southern California.

The Publication Committee reports as follows:

We have selected from the papers read before the society matter for our Publication of 1895. In our selection we have aimed to select that the subject matter of which, pertains to the history of Southern California. For want of funds, quite a number of valuable papers remain unpublished.

The following are the titles of papers read before the society during the year 1895.

JANUARY MEETING.

"Inaugural Address of President," by Edwin Baxter.

"John Charles Fremont," by A. W. Blair.

FEBRUARY MEETING.

"Overland to Los Angeles by the Salt Lake route in 1849," by Judge Walter Van Dyke.

MARCH MEETING.

"Ship Building at San Gabriel Mission," by F. J. Polley.

"John R. Wolfskill—A Pioneer of Sacramento Valley," by H. D. Barrows.

APRIL MEETING.

"The Modern Trust in Application to Agriculture," by P. W. Dooner.

MAY MEETING.

"Col. J. J. Warner," by H. D. Barrows.

JUNE MEETING.

"Public Schools in California before the Conquest," by F. J. Polley.

JULY MEETING.

"From Arizona to Los Angeles in the Early '70s," by P. W. Dooner.

SEPTEMBER MEETING.

"The Grand Cañon of the Colorado," by Mrs. Mary E. Hart.

OCTOBER MEETING.

"The History of University Town," by Mrs. M. Burton Williamson.

NOVEMBER MEETING.

"The Recent Origin of Man," by Stephen Bowers, A. M. Ph. D.

"Don Alferdo Robinson," by H. D. Barrows.

DECEMBER MEETING.

"The Plan of Old Los Angeles and the Story of its Highways and Byways," by J. M. Guinn.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN, }
H. D. BARROWS, } Committee.
P. W. DOONER. }

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

1895.

To the Officers and Members of the Historical Society of Southern California.

Your Secretary reports as follows:

Number of meetings held.....11

Number of papers read14

The meetings have been fairly well attended. The work of the Society, as usual, has been carried on by a few members.

The papers read cover a wide range of subjects, but nearly all of them treat of some phase of the history of the Pacific coast.

During the year past we have been compelled to give up our room on the fourth floor of the court house which we have had possession of since 1892. The increasing business of the county requiring more room, the supervisors could no longer allow us to occupy it. We have removed our collection to the balcony of Judge Van Dyke's court room on the third floor of the court house. On account of the limited space allowed us, we have been compelled to pack in boxes a considerable quantity of our books and papers, which renders them inaccessible for consultation or reference. Our means are too limited to secure more commodious quarters.

It is to be regretted that so many of our citizens who have become wealthy by the rapid growth of our city take so little interest in preserving its history. Our society was organized and has been built up by men of limited means. I doubt whether any other similar organization in the country has, with such limited means, done so much valuable work as ours has. During the twelve years of our existence as a society we have published nearly one thousand pages of historical matter, nearly all of it derived from original sources.

We distribute annually from three to four hundred copies of each issue of our yearly publications. These have a wide circulation in our own country. They are sent to historical, scientific and geographical societies, to public libraries, and to the leading colleges and universities. Our society has an honorable standing among the historical societies of the United States. We exchange publications with the leading historical and scientific societies in our own country, and have received applications for them from many foreign countries. Within the past year we have received requests for our publications from the Royal College of Belles-lettres of Stockholm, Sweden; from the Secretary of State, Dominion of Canada; from Sydney, New South Wales; from Auckland, New Zealand; and from Paris and London. All our publications previous to 1891 are out of print.

The work of packing and mailing our annual publications, sending notices of our monthly meetings, conducting the correspondence, receiving and labeling contributions, as well as keeping the minutes and records of the society, all devolve upon the secretary. These various duties take a great deal of time and labor for which no pecuniary remuneration is received or expected.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN, Secretary.

CURATOR'S REPORT.

1895.

LIBRARY AND COLLECTIONS OF THE SOCIETY.

Whole number of bound volumes.....	750
Number of pamphlets and paper covered books....	3500
Number of daily newspapers received and filed for binding...	6
Number of weekly newspapers.....	25
Number of monthly magazines.....	3
Number of quarterly magazines.....	5

In addition to these we have a collection of photographs, maps, manuscripts in Spanish; also files of Los Angeles newspapers, nearly complete, running back forty-two years.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN, Curator.

TREASURER'S ANNUAL REPORT.

1895.

H. D. Barrows, in account with Historical Society of Southern California.

1895.

DR.

Jan. 7	To Balance.....	\$ 90 05
Nov. 30	To admission fees new members.....	6 00
Dec. 1	Annual Publications sold.....	5 00
Dec. 31	Dues collected.....	94 20—\$195 25

1896.

CR.

Feb. 2	By cash paid printing Annual Publication 1894	101 00
Feb. 20	" " advertising " meeting.....	2 50
May 14	" " postal cards for secretary.....	3 00
June 22	" " expressage.....	1 10
June 29	" " help moving collection, boxes etc.,.....	17 50
June 29	" " " sorting and filing newspapers....	2 00
July 1	" " janitor's services.....	2 00
Dec. 2	" " postage on Annual etc.,.....	4 90
Dec. 2	" " expressage.....	80
Dec. 14	" " mailing notices of dues.....	65—\$135 45
	Balance on hand Jan. 6, 1896.....	\$59 80

Respectfully submitted,

H. D. BARROWS, Treasurer.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

LOS ANGELES, 1896.

PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

BY PROF. FRANK J. POLLEY.

[Delivered January 7, 1896.]

Members of the Historical Society of Southern California:

In conformity with custom, I present in my inaugural the outline of work for the year as an incentive to active co-operation among the members of the society.

The society has existed and justified itself in the past, in the face of many difficulties. The lack of suitable room prevents its valuable collection from being used to the best advantage. The county's needs deprived us of the large room in the court house and we now occupy a balcony of Judge VanDyke's court room by a courtesy which the society deeply appreciates, though it regrets the necessity which calls for it.

We also suffer from a lack of funds, but have the creditable record of being free from debt and limiting our expenses to the measure of our purse.

We need more people in attendance at our monthly meetings. Many of our most earnest members are those who have reached an age where it is an effort to attend an evening meeting with its subsequent discomforts of the return at a late hour.

It is hard to secure active workers since those who approach the subject with moderate enthusiasm are appalled at the chaos into which local history has apparently fallen. The lack of a popular accessible state history is severely felt, and since the bulky volumes of Bancroft require an especial

training for their use, intending students are discouraged and retire from the work.

These facts make the need for our society. Our local history is one of the most fascinating and instructive in all the Union. The work already done has been productive of much good, more in the way of leaven than in outward demonstrations. Our publications are carefully distributed, and the fact of our being here furnished a center from which many good influences radiate.

There is a lamentable ignorance among many well educated citizens as to Southern California history, and our work should be among them. The school teachers of the county and public officers of all kinds would be much benefited by an active interest in our society and it is in centers like these rather than to the people as a mass, where most good can be done.

Owing to the lack of printed history relating to our country a more generous contribution of papers from our older members would be very acceptable. It is a duty they owe, that matters of personal note should not die with them. Through their acquaintainship throughout the country, many diaries, memoirs and papers could doubtless be obtained.

The society could also do a good work by furnishing a small bibliography for use of students who desire light in dark places.

An history guide to our city is also among the possibilities that other societies like ours have realized for cities in the East.

The rarity of the Centennial pamphlet and its permanent value offer a practical example in this line. The society as a body needs to keep itself before the public in all legitimate ways upon all public occasions and show that its interest is not alone for the past.

Guests of note should be with us more frequently, and an informal reception tendered to one or more old citizens would be productive of much good.

The society can do no better work than to aid in breaking down the prejudice that makes a racial barrier between the old regime and the new.

The old Californians feel keenly the treatment formerly accorded them and it is time that such misunderstandings should vanish in the light of better times when each have grown to know the other better.

By a little care the program committee can secure the active co-operation of many members who are now dormant through diffidence, and if each member of the society will interest himself to interest others and secure them to our membership, our usefulness will be extended and prosperity proportionally increased.

The good accomplished in the past makes me hopeful in the future, especially since we begin a new year with harmony among all our members and a clean record before the country at large.

THE OLD TIME SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS OF LOS ANGELES.

BY J. M. GUINN.

[Published in the Los Angeles Daily Times, May 22, 1896.]

The recent meeting of the Southern California Teachers' Association in this city, at which 1200 educators assembled, and the prospective meeting this summer in some other city of the 12,000 or more members of the National Educational Association, whom we had hoped to welcome here, is evidence indisputable that the "schoolmaster is abroad in the land," and is evidence, too, that at times the schoolmistress is not at home.

In looking over the assemblage of teachers in the Normal Hall at a recent meeting of the association, I was led to compare this association with the first teachers' institute or association ever held in Los Angeles.

October 31, 1870, just a little over a quarter of a century ago, the writer assisted in organizing the first teachers' association held in our city. At that institute the entire teaching force of the city and county of Los Angeles, including the area now in Orange county, was just thirty-five teachers. Now in the same area there are 900. Then there were but six High Schools in the entire state, not one of which was in Southern California, now there are that many in Los Angeles county alone. If I were asked for some single standard by which to measure the rapid, but at the same time permanent growth of Los Angeles, I would answer the increase of our public schools.

The first community want the American pioneer supplies is the schoolhouse. Wherever the pioneers from the New England and the Middle states planted a settlement there at the same time they planted a schoolhouse. The first community want that the Spanish pobladores (colonists) supplied was a church. The schoolhouse was not wanted, or if wanted was the long-felt want that never was satisfied.

At the time of the acquisition of California by the Americans (1846) seventy-seven years from the date of its first settlement, there was not, to the best of my knowledge and reasearch, a public schoolhouse owned by any pueblo or city in all California. The few schools that did exist were kept in rented buildings, or the schoolmaster furnished the schoolroom as part of the contract.

The first school in California was opened in San Jose in December, 1794, seventeen years after the founding of the Pueblo.

The pioneer teacher of California was Manuel de Vargas, a retired sergeant of infantry. The school was opened in the public granary. Vargas in 1795, was offered \$250 a year to open a school in San Diego, and as this

was higher wages than he was receiving, true to the instincts of the profession, he took it, and thus became the pioneer teacher of Southern California. Josè Manuel Toca, a gamute, or ship-boy, arrived at Santa Barbara on a Spanish transport the same year, 1795, and was employed as schoolmaster at \$125 a year. Thus the army and the navy pioneered education in California. In 1797 Toca was ordered to report for duty on his ship, and José Medino, another gamute took his place as schoolmaster. Vargas, the pioneer pedagogue, seems to have been somewhat of an educational tramp. We find him in 1798-99 teaching in Santa Barbara. With the close of the century he disappears from the educational field.

Gov. Borica, the patron of the public schools, who, with such material as he could command, had made an earnest effort to establish a sytem of public education, resigned in 1800, and was succeeded by Arrillaga. Gov. Arrillaga, if not openly hostile, was indifferent to the education of the common people. He took life easy, and the schools took a vacation of fifteen years. Gov. Sola, the successor of Arrillaga, made an effort to establish public schools, but the indifference of the people discouraged him.

There seems to have been no school opened in Los Angeles during Borica's rule. Los Angeles being neither a maritime or presidial town, there were probably no soldiers or sailors out of a job who could turn their attention to school keeping. With the revival of learning under Sola, the first school in Los Angeles was opened in 1817, just thirty-six years after the founding of the Pueblo. Maximo Piña, an invalid soldier, was the pioneer schoolmaster of Los Angeles. His salary was \$140 a year. Where his schoolhouse was located, the record does not tell. Probably, like Vargas, he held forth in the public granary, which was located on the east side of the old plaza.

The Spanish and Mexican Governors made spasmodic efforts to establish public schools, but with little success. The people took but little interest in them, the school terms were short, the vacations long. There were well educated and intelligent men among the wealthy class of Californians, but the common people were ignorant of book learning. A few of the wealthier rancheros sent their sons to Mexico to be educated. The girls picked up what little education they got at home.

The old soldier schoolmasters were tyrants, and their school government a military despotism. The course of instruction in their schools and their discipline was modeled after Pete Jones' alliterative formula: "Lickin' and larnin'; no lickin' no larnin'." The following graphic description of the old-time schools and schoolmasters of California is found in a compilation by Bancroft from the writings of Gen. M. G. Vallejo, one of the ablest and most liberal-minded men California has produced. It is, no doubt, a cor-

rect portraiture of the pioneer school and schoolmaster of Los Angeles:

"The room itself was long, narrow, badly lighted; unadorned walls, save by a huge green cross or the picture of some saint generally the virgin of Gaudalupe, suspended over the master's head or to one side of his table; dirty everywhere and in places dilapidated. There was a rude platform at one end on which was placed a table, covered with a dingy black cloth. Behind this table was seated, in a greasy dress of fantastic fashion, an inviolated old soldier, of ill-tempered visage and repulsive presence.

As the scholars reluctantly entered the chilling atmosphere each walked the length of the room, kneeled before the cross or saint, recited aloud the *berdito* and crossed himself. His devotions finished, he trembling, approached the master, saying, "*La Mano, Señor Maestro*," thereupon, that grave functionary, with a sort of a grunt or bellow, gave his hand to kiss.

Here is a description of a recitation from the same source: "If learning to write, the boy placed some heavy, black lines, called a *pauta*, under the paper, which he ruled with a piece of lead, afterwards taking the paper and a pen to the master, who, sharpening the latter with his knife, set him a copy according to his grade, of which there were eight, ranging from coarse marks and pothooks to fine writing in the old-fashioned round hand. The sheet completed, the child took it to the master. 'Here is a blot, you little rascal' 'Pardon, *Senor Maestro*, tomorrow I will do better.' 'Hold out your hand, *sirrah!*' During the time devoted to the examination of copies the ferule had but little rest. But on the black cloath lay another and far more terrible implement of torture—a hempen scourge, with iron prongs—a nice invention, truly, for helping little children to keep from laughing aloud, running in the streets, playing truant, spilling ink, or failing to know the lessons in the dreaded *doctrina Christiana*—the only lesson taught, perhaps, because it was the only one the master could teach; to fail in the *doctrina* was an offense unpardonable. This very appropriate inquisitorial instrument of torture was in daily use. One by one each little guilty wretch was stripped of his poor shirt—often his only garment—stretched face downward upon a bench, with a handkerchief thrust into his mouth as a gag, and lashed with a dozen or more blows until the blood ran down from his little lacerated back."

When such brutality was practiced in them it is not strange the schools were unpopular.

School supplies were scarce in those days. The *habilitado* (paymaster) furnished the writing paper from the government stores. When it was well covered over with pothooks and choice round-hand extracts from the Catechism and *doctrina Christiana*, it was returned to the soldiers to be manufactured into cartridges. So, when poor Lo went on the warpath it sometimes happened that he was converted into a good Indian by having a choice extract of the Catechism or *doctrina* shot into him.

Maximo Piña, the pioneer pedagogue of Los Angeles, taught during the years 1817 and 1818. Then the schools took a vacation of nine years, probably to allow the pupils' backs to heal. During the vacation, the government changed from the monarchical domination of Spain to the republican rule of Mexico. In the first forty six years of its existence, if the record is correct, the Pueblo of Los Angeles enjoyed educational facilities just two years. There was no educational cramming in those days.

Mexico did better for public education in California than Spain. The school terms were increased and the vacations shortened.

Luciano Valdez, the successor of Pina, taught in 1827-28-29-30. Joaquin Botiller in 1831, Vicente Morago in 1832, Cristoval Auguilar in 1833, and Francisco Pontoja in 1834. In 1836 the ayuntamiento petitioned the governor to detail an officer of the army for a schoolmaster, as no one qualified for the position could be found in the town. Ensign Guadalupe Medina was granted leave of absence to act as perceptor. He seems to have been a very efficient teacher. In 1838 Ignacio Caronel and his daughter opened a school on the Lancasterian plan and kept it open till 1842.

Guadalupe Medina taught in 1843, and the early part of 1844. Luisa Arguella in 1844. Ensign Medina again resumed the birch in 1845, but laid it down in a few months to take up the sword. Los Angeles was having one of its periodical revolutions. The schoolhouse was needed for barracks. The pupils were given a vacation—a vacation, by the way, that lasted five years. The gringos conquered California the next year and when school took up the country was under a new government.

The first public school opened in Los Angeles after the American acquisition, and the last one taught in the Spanish language, was kept by Francisco Bustamente. There is a contract on record made June 21, 1850, between him and the president of the city council, Don Abel Stearns, in which Bustamente agrees "to teach the scholars to read and count, and so far as he is capable, to teach them orthography and good morals"—Compensation \$60. a month, and \$20 for rent of school-room to be paid out of the public funds. The pioneer English school was opened in 1850 by the Rev. Dr. Weeks and John G. Nichols. This was a private school. Between 1850 and 1854 there were several private schools. Miss Julia Dalton taught a primary school in 1852-53. T. J. Scully in 1853 and M. A. Hoyt in 1854. The genial J. Frank Burns taught a subscription school in a large tent near San Gabriel in 1853-4. Later on he was county superintendent of schools. In 1854 the erection of the first school building owned by the city was begun. This was "School-House No. 1," located on the northwest corner of Spring and Second streets; on the lot now occupied by the Bryson block and the police station. It was a modest two-room structure built of brick. (Later on it was enlarged to four rooms.) Unpre-

tentious as it was, it was the pride of the city, and the finest school building in Southern California at that time.

School was opened in it March 19, 1855. William A. Wallace in charge of the boys' department and Miss Louisa Hayes in charge of the girls' department. Coeducation of the sexes then and for many years after was not tolerated in the public schools of Los Angeles. This schoolhouse then was well out of town, the bulk of the inhabitants residing north of First street.

The Los Angeles Star of March 17, 1855, in an editorial urging the planting of trees on the school lot, says: "The ground to be enclosed is sufficiently large for play grounds, and the trees, if they flourish, will afford grateful shelter from the sun's heat. But this is not all, for when the feasibility of growing trees upon the naked plain is fairly tested the owners of lots in the neighborhood will imitate the good example and thus not only secure a great comfort to themselves but a claim to the gratitude of those who may hereafter travel our dusty streets." "Naked plain" around the corner of Spring and Second streets sounds antediluvian now.

Wallace, after a few months' teaching, laid down the birch and mounted the editorial tripod. The tripod seemed to be an uncomfortable seat for him. He got off in a short time. Of his subsequent career I know nothing. William McKee, an educated young Irishman, succeeded him in the school. McKee was a successful teacher. The school grounds had been inclosed by a Mexican picket fence—a structure made of willow poles for pickets, intertwined with rawhide thongs. The shade trees grew, but when the green feed on the plains around dried up, the innumerable ground squirrels that infested the mesa made a raid on the trees, ate the leaves and girdled the branches. McKee, to protect his trees, procured a shotgun, and when he was not teaching the young idea how to shoot he was shooting squirrels. There was one man who did not appreciate McKee's efforts to grow shade trees on the "naked plain" around the schoolhouse; and he was the "hombre" that had the contract of supplying the school with water. There was no water system then and water for domestic purposes was supplied by water carriers from carts. McKee used water from the school barrel to water the trees. The paisano who supplied the water reported to the trustees that that gringo "maestro de escuela" (schoolmaster) was wasting the public water in trying to grow trees on the mesa, where "any fool might know they wouldn't grow." The trees did survive the squirrels and the waterman's wrath. The older residents will recollect the black locusts that shaded the Spring-street front of the school lot. They were cut down in 1884. McKee long since laid down the birch. He now resides in San Francisco, a hale and hearty old bachelor. The late Thomas J. Scully was the Nestor of Los

Angeles teachers in length of service in the county. Scully was a graduate of the Toronto Normal School and was probably the first normal graduate to teach in our schools. He began teaching in the city in 1853, but soon turned his attention to the country schools. There were only three districts in the county then and the amount of public funds received by each was small. Scully would teach in one until the funds were exhausted, then move on to the next and so on until he had made the rounds. In this way he was enabled to give all the schools of the county a uniform system and no change of teachers. Scully, in his pedagogical peregrinations, reached a certain district where, not heeding the advice of the late Samuel Weller, "beware of vidders," he was captivated by the black eyes and winning smiles of a little widow. Scully laid down the birch, married and turned his attention to cultivating his wife's vineyard and making wine. He found a home market for a considerable quantity of his wine crop and domestic infelicity followed. A social eruption threw Scully outside of the family circle. He laid down the wine cup, reformed, took up the birch and waved it successfully until his death, which occurred last December. He taught in the county over thirty years. He was a genial, whole souled man and was well liked by all who knew him.

At the close of the schools in June, 1856, forty years ago, the first public school examination ever held in the city was conducted by William McKee and Miss Louisa Hayes. The boys declaimed and read compositions, and Michael Sansevain performed some feats in mental arithmetic. "The young ladies in Miss Hayes's department were elegantly dressed, and formed an assemblage as remarkable as well for beauty as for intelligence," says the bachelor editor of the *Star*. "A number of well-written compositions were read in a graceful and effective manner. Where all were excellent, it may seem invidious to mention names, but we think the following young ladies were conspicuous for general proficiency: Misses Mary Wheeler, Lucinda Macy, Margaret Brody, Louisa Hoover, Natividad Aguilar." At the close of the examinations several susceptible young gentlemen present, charmed with the proficiency of the young ladies, "chipped in" and raised a donation of \$122 to buy maps and globes for the school. Some of those susceptible young gentlemen, now gray and grizzled grandfathers, may, if they should chance to read this, recall that gala day in the schools of Los Angeles long ago.

The schoolhouse north of the Plaza, known as schoolhouse No. 2, was completed and occupied early in 1856. It was a two room building, located on Bath street, now North Main. It was demolished when the street was widened and extended. Two schoolhouses for a number of years supplied the educational needs of the city. The schoolhouse north of the Plaza was more centrally located than the Spring street building—the Plaza at the time being the center of the population of the city.

The first teachers' institute was organized in this building, October 31, 1870. It was held there because the school building on the corner of Spring and Second streets was too far out of town then. There were no hotels then south of First street, and the business center of the city was on Los Angeles street, between Arcadia and Commercial. The officers of the institute were: William M. McFadden, County Superintendent, president; J. M. Guinn and T. H. Rose, vice-presidents, and P. C. Tonner, secretary. All these have long since laid down the pedagogical birch. The entire teaching force of the city schools consisted of five teachers; of the county, thirty (which included the area now in Orange.)

The institute was pronounced a decided success by those who participated in it. One small schoolroom held the members and the audience, and still there was room for more. Hon. O. P. Fitzgerald, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, now Bishop Fitzgerald of the M. E. Church South, of California, was present. An amusing episode occurred at this institute, which I have no doubt the bishop has laughed over many a time, "for he's a jolly good fellow." A certain ex-pedagogue known as Prof. B., read an essay on "Scolding." Scarcely had he taken his seat when a lady arose and began to soundly berate the professor. Superintendent Fitzgerald, who was presiding, at first supposed she was giving an object lesson in scolding, to illustrate the subject of the essay, but when, with vehement utterances she denounced the professor as a thief—"He stole my well," Superintendent Fitzgerald, in his blindest tones, remarked: "Madame, I do not find your exercise down on the programme, and I shall have to call you to order." We all regretted that Superintendent Fitzgerald did not ask her to explain the professor's feat in physics, the carrying off of her well—a hole in the ground. The disputants have long since gone to heaven, where we hope all is "well" with them. The trouble between them had grown out of disputed land boundaries, a fruitful source then of neighborhood quarrels.

In early times the schoolmasters had the profession to themselves. As late as 1868 the male teachers were in the majority in the county, the count standing, schoolmasters, 17; schoolmistresses, 10. In all the years since then the masters have steadily gone down in relative numbers and the mistresses have gone up, until now the lords of creation in the profession are reduced to the condition foretold by the old prophet: "When seven women shall lay hold on one man," the relative numbers in the profession standing about seven female to one male teacher, outside of the high schools.

Dr. Wm. B. Osburn was the first superintendent of the Los Angeles city schools. He was appointed by the city council, June 4, 1855. Osburn was postmaster at the time of his appointment. No doubt the council selected him because he was a man of letters. In addition to the duties of

postmaster and school superintendent he conducted an auction house. He seems to have been a man of versatile genius. He was successively physician, postmaster, justice of the peace, councilman, auctioneer and horticulturist. Possibly at some subsequent period in his checkered career he may have waved the pedagogical birch. Among his duties as superintendent he was required to examine teachers, grant certificates, visit the schools monthly and hold public school examinations yearly.

All city school reports of late years give Dr. Wm. T. Lucky as the first superintendent of city schools. This is an error. Osburn filled the office nearly twenty years before Dr. Lucky's time. The Rev. Dr. Elias Birdsell also filled the office for some time. The office was abolished in 1867, and created again in 1873, when Dr. Lucky became superintendent.

The High School was organized in 1873 by Dr. William T. Lucky. It was the first, and for a number of years the only High School in Southern California. It met with considerable opposition at first, on account of the additional expense, but prospered, all the same. Times were changing. There was a "new heaven and a new earth" in Southern California, and "old things were passing away and all things were becoming new."

GOV. GASPAR DE PORTOLA;

OR THE STORY OF THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF ALTA CALIFORNIA.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

[Read Nov. 9, 1896.]

Notwithstanding the fact that California was discovered by Cabrillo, a navigator sailing under the Spanish flag, more than 350 years ago, no serious attempt was made by Spain to take possession of Upper or Alta California till 1768. It was during this year that in pursuance of orders from the King, Carlos III, a movement was set on foot in Mexico or New Spain, as the country was then known, by the Viceroy de Croix, having for its object the colonization of the territory lying between the Peninsular and the British possessions. This movement was on a somewhat extensive scale, and an account of its progress and final success, and of the more prominent actors who took part in the same, should not be without interest to the members of this society. Some of those persons were striking and unique characters. One of these was Don José de Galvez, an intendente of the royal army, Visitador General of New Spain, and member of the "Council of the Indies," who had come to Mexico from Spain in 1761.

De Galvez was a native of Malaga. Being a man of great ability and decision of character, he performed very efficient and valuable services for the crown in the new world.

Being invested with practically unlimited powers in New Spain by the king and by the viceroy, el Marques de Croix, de Galvez in order to carry out the known policy or positive directions of the Spanish government, devised and set on foot the expedition from la Baja California, having for its object the occupation of San Diego and Monterey. There were already several flourishing missions on the peninsula at that time. This expedition consisted of four divisions, two of which went by land and two by water. The latter were conveyed north from La Paz and Cape St. Lucas, on two vessels, the San Carlos and the San Antonio, which were brought, by order of de Galvez, from San Blas for the purpose, under command of Captains Vila and Perez of the royal navy, both experienced seamen.

The land divisions were respectively under Gaspar de Portolá, (at that time Governor of Baja or old California,) and Captain Rivera y Moncada, who collected such supplies at the mission of Santa Maria on the northern frontier, as could be furnished by the various missions of the peninsula. An extra military force of 25 Catalan soldiers from Guaymas, under Lieut. Pedro Fages, (the same who afterwards became governor,) was ordered to join the sea division.

Another prominent person accompanying the expedition, and who in after years became eminent in the ecclesiastical annals of the new province;

was the father president, Junípero Serra, besides whom there were several other priests, including Padre Juan Crespi, etc.

Church furniture, vestments, etc., were also taken, as missions were to be established at several points, especially at San Diego and Monterey.

By the wise forethought of Visitador de Galvez, many kinds of domestic animals, and useful seeds and plants were taken to the new province, where, until then they were wholly unknown, but where, in after years, they so multiplied, under favorable conditions of soil and climate, as to make the new missions, which were established for spiritual or religious purposes, independently rich in material wealth in spite of themselves.

The first land party under Capt. Rivera y Moncada set out from Velicatà in March 1869, for San Diego where it arrived in the following May.

The second section by land under Gov. de Portolà, arrived in the latter part of June. They found that both the San Carlos and San Antonio had been in port some time, and that a great portion of their crews were sick, or had died from the scurvy, which had broken out in violent form. Of the ninety sailors and soldiers, etc., of the two ships, more than two-thirds died. The surgeon, Dr. Pierre Prat, (a Frenchman,) attended the sick, who were moved on shore and placed under the protection of tents or other temporary shelter.

Meanwhile the first land party opportunely arrived, and greatly assisted in the care of the sick; all the well were kept busy caring for the sick until the arrival of Gov. de Portolà and president Serra, with the second land party, toward the last of June.

The Governor kept a diary of this journey, which in MS. is still extant.

After celebrating a thanksgiving mass, in which about 125 persons took part, of the 200 and upwards, who had started from la Baja, Gov. de Portolà and Capt. Vila concluded to dispatch the San Antonio to San Blas for supplies and for sailors to reman both the vessels; whilst an expedition headed by the Governor proceeded north by land to Monterey. The San Antonio sailed south July 9, and Gov. de Portolà's party started on their northern journey, July 14. There were about sixty men in the party, including besides the Governor, Captain Rivera y Moncada, and Fages, Lieut. Ortega, Friars Crespi and Gomez, engineer Costansó, etc.

This expedition went as far north as San Francisco bay, but failed to recognize Monterey bay from the data in its possession, (as described from the seaward by the early navigators,) and it returned to San Diego, January 24, 1870. Gov. de Portolà, discouraged by the many hardships and severe sickness of the colonists, was inclined to abandon San Diego. But the arrival in March of the San Antonio with abundant supplies, thus relieving

the pressing necessities of the little colony, changed the aspect of affairs for the better, very materially. Besides, fresh orders came from the Viceroy and from de Galvez to continue the occupation and settlement of the country.

Accordingly the Governor in April sent the *San Antonio* northward, and set out himself with a party of twenty-five or thirty men, including Fages and Friar Crespi, to renew the search for Monterey, which he found in May. The *San Antonio*, with the father President Serra, Costansò, Dr. Prat, etc., arrived a few days later.

On the 3rd of June, 1770, Gov. de Portolà, after the priests had said mass, took formal possession in the name of the king of Spain. A cross still standing near the edge of the waters of the bay, on which is inscribed: June 3, 1770, is supposed to mark the spot where Father Junípero Serra celebrated mass over 126 years ago, which also is supposed to be the identical spot where the Franciscan friars who accompanied Viscaino's exploring expedition in 1602 celebrated mass—almost three centuries ago. Having thus formally taken possession of the country, and established a military post or presidio, and mission, with Father Serra in charge of the latter as minister, and Father Crespi as associate minister, Gov. de Portolà turned the government of the new establishments at Monterey and San Diego over to Capt. Pedro Fages in pursuance of previous orders from de Galvez, and then embarked on the *San Antonio*, July 9, for San Blas, where he arrived August 1.

News of the occupation of Monterey reached the City of Mexico in August and caused great rejoicing at the capital. De Galvez and Viceroy de Croix received congratulations in the name of the king for their successful extension of the Spanish dominions.

Of the personality and after career of Gov. de Portolà and of his more prominent co-laborers in the occupation and colonization of Alta California, a few words should be added: Gov. de Portolà, who had been a captain of dragoons in the Spanish army, and who was the first governor of Baja as well as of Alta California, made a record as a faithful, honest official of fair ability. Nine years after he left California, he was Governor of Puebla, after which nothing is known of his career or of the date of his death.

The Viceroy de Croix, who co-operated with De Galvez, supporting all his measures, died in 1786, at an advanced age, but he was relieved as viceroy of New Spain in 1771, and was succeeded by Bucareli, whose term as viceroy continued from the latter date to 1779, and under whose wise administration the new settlements were prosperous.

It is not an easy matter for the Californian of these last years of the nineteenth century to picture to himself the California which presented itself

to those first settlers of San Diego and Monterey, a century and a quarter ago. They did not find a single white man in this hitherto unexplored region. Instead, there were scattered throughout the various valleys traversed by them in their journey northward from San Diego to the bay of San Francisco, many thousands of half-naked, degraded Indians. There was probably not a single human habitation throughout the entire territory that civilized people would dignify by the name of "a dwelling house" fit for man to live in. Neither is it probable that the new settlers found in this then utterly wild region, either ganada mayor or menor, that is to say horses, horned cattle, mules, sheep, goats or swine. Useful grains and vegetables, fruit trees and grape vines, excepting a few wild vines, were unknown to the native wild Indians till they were brought hither by the Spaniards or Mexicans.

Of the wild animals, such as deer, antelope, elk, bear, and coyotes, wolves and California lions, wild geese, ducks and quail, etc., there was an abundance.

No wonder, when the supplies brought by the two small vessels of the colonists fell short, that the scurvy should have raged virulently and with such fatal results, for where, on shore, could proper shelter or adequate remedies be found?

Of course, as soon as the vegetables and fruits and useful grains brought by the settlers, could be grown, there was abundance. But till then the deprivations of the new-comers must have been very severe.

The country was then almost treeless, presenting a very different appearance from what it does now, or has done since the introduction of the eucalyptus tree from Australia in recent years.

The colonists at first could only communicate with the aborigines whom they found here in such large numbers, by means of signs. The latter had no written language, and hardly even a history that was worth preserving, for nearly all the tribes were of a very low order of intelligence, scarcely, if at all, above the beasts of the field.

Considering the mission establishments from an economic standpoint, they may be accounted a success; for every one of them became rich. But there may be differences of opinion as to their success in civilizing the Californian Digger Indian, i. e., in developing in him even a low grade of citizenship or capacity of self-government, albeit the good fathers labored faithfully in his behalf for more than sixty years. Unlike the Aztecs and other tribes of Mexico, and Central and South America, he showed, during that long period, but little capacity for civilization, either high or low. But this phase of the question I leave for others to discuss.

MICHAEL WHITE, THE PIONEER.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

One of the earliest English-speaking settlers of the Los Angeles valley, was Michael White, or "Miguel Blanco," as he was known by the native Californians. Mr. White, whom I knew well, and from whom I obtained the data on which this sketch is based, in 1881, was born in the Kentish town of Margate, England, February 10, 1801. He left home at the age of 14, on a whaler, the "Perseverance," Wm. Mott, master, and came out to the far-away Pacific ocean. He first touched the California coast at Cape St. Lucas, in 1817. He sailed, on different vessels along the Mexican coast, etc., till 1826, when he went to the Sandwich Islands the second time, having gone there in 1816. In 1828, as captain of his own vessel, the "Dolly," he engaged in the coasting trade, visiting Bodega, then occupied by the Russians, and from thence coming to San Francisco, Monterey, Santa Barbara, San Pedro and San Diego, and then back to Santa Barbara, where he went ashore to stay. Here he bought sixty-four horses, which the "Dolly," in charge of the mate, took to the Sandwich Islands. Mr. White stayed some time in Santa Barbara, and then left for Los Angeles, arriving there the last day of the year 1829. There was a revolution that year, headed by Solis, an officer at Monterey, against Gov. Echeandia. Solis and about sixty followers, came down as far as Santa Barbara, where they were compelled to surrender to the regularly constituted authorities. The trouble was that Solis and his adherents could not get their pay for services, etc., Echeandia, they said, having gambled away the money that should have come to them.

Mr. White told me that the only English-speaking foreigners he found here when he arrived, were John Temple, George Rice and Joseph Chapman. Temple and Rice had a store then near where the Downey block now stands. Mr. White said that Los Angeles at that time was a comparatively small place. There were only a few scattered houses besides the church, near the Plaza, with a few "huerteros" or persons having gardens here and there on the lower or irrigable lands; the San Gabriel Mission being then, and for several years after, the center of population and activity.

Vicente Sanchez and José Antonio Carrillo were prominent Californians. Guillermo Cota and Alvarado each had houses north of First street, between Main and Los Angeles streets. Juan Ballesteros lived nearly opposite and west of the property formerly occupied by the Sisters of Charity, on North Alameda street. Palomares lived just below the "Toma" or dam. The bottom lands of both the Los Angeles and San Gabriel rivers at that time, were like a "Monte" or "Bosque;" and as very little water was taken out of either river for irrigation, willows extended along their channels to a much greater extent than at present. Bears and wolves, as well as coyotes, were then very plenty in the valley.

Mr. White said that he was told that the Los Angeles river changed its course a few years before he came, from Alameda street to its present channel, and that many years ago, as he was informed, it used to empty into the Cienega, and find its outlet into the ocean in winter freshets, by way of Bal-lona creek.

Mr. White informed me that at the time he came here the San Gabriel Mission was one of the richest in California, in cattle and vineyards, and in money.

There were also large numbers of Indians under its control. He said that it employed over one hundred Indian vaqueros to brand its cattle. Padre José Sanchez, a native of Spain and a very well educated friar, had charge of the mission at that period, and until his death in 1833. All accounts agree that Padre Sanchez was a very good man, and a wise manager of the extensive establishment under his charge, which had been planned and built up largely by that other historical character, Father Salvidea. The mission then had several large vineyards and orchards, and it made wine, brandy, olive oil, and many other things for the use of employ- s and neophytes. It also owned the mill, (el Molino) in after years owned and occupied by Col. Kewen, and now I believe the property of Col. Mabery. This mill was built by Antonio José Rocha, a Portuguese, for the Padres.

Mr. White thought the Padres of San Gabriel mission moved from the old to the new mission, about five years after the founding of the old, (in 1771.) But they used a chapel or "capilla" at the new location, and did not build the present church edifice till years after, or, as he thought till four or five years before he came, which would have been about 1824. But Gov. Pio Pico told me that he thought it was built in 1820.

The "capilla" or chapel was on the north side of the square. The present mission church was built on the southeast corner of this square. On the east and south sides of the square, there were rows of adobe buildings, which were used as dormitories or as store-houses for wine, oil, etc. The fathers lived in those on the south side and adjoining the church.

When Mr. White came, he said there was a half-breed Indian by the name of José Maria living at what is known as the Chino ranch. He was there in charge of the cattle belonging to the mission. As he had curly hair he was called "el Chino," and that is how his place came to be known as the place or the rancho of "el Chino," a name that it retains to this day. "Cuca-munga" was an Indian word. The ranch by that name was granted to Tiburcio Tapia. Victor Prudhomme married his daughter and became the owner. Col. Isaac Williams was the former owner, and I believe, grantee of the "Rancho del Chino;" at his death it went to his heirs, and was by them sold to Richard Gird.

Mr. White obtained a concession of 500 varas square, just north of the mission which contained inexhaustible springs of living water. This grant was just west of the Titus and Rose properties. Mr. White went there with his family in 1843, and lived there many years. He married in 1831 a daughter of Sergeant Guillem, who had been an officer under the King of Spain, stationed at San Diego, and Doña Eulalia his wife. The latter was the person who was reported to be the oldest woman in the world at the time of her death a few years ago, and about whom there was much talk in the papers. I knew Doña Eulalia very well, as I used to see her at one period almost daily, some thirty-five or forty years ago. From various data I believe she was not over one hundred years of age at the time of her death. Col. Warner, who knew her well, and also knew many persons, as I did, who had been acquainted with her when she was a comparatively young woman, agreed with me that she could not have been much if any over one hundred years old. I remember that for some years before her death she sewed without glasses. She was of a kindly genial disposition and was respected and beloved by all who knew her. There must be many of her descendants now living in Southern California. Mr. White said he did not get any letters from his people in England for about eighteen years after he left home. The Californians in those times only heard from the outside world by the occasional Boston trading ships which used to come here "hide-droughing," and by whalers that would sometimes stop at some port on the coast, on their way down from the North in the fall of the year.

Mr. White sold his vineyard and orchard several years ago to Mr. L. H. Titus, and moved to Los Angeles, where he lived with his family till his death, which occurred February 28, 1885.

THE RENEGADE INDIANS OF SAN GABRIEL.

BY FRANK J. POLLEY.

[Extracts from Unpublished MSS. of the late B. D. Wilson.]

[Read June 1, 1896.]

(Benjamin Davis Wilson was born in Nashville, Tennessee, December, 1, 1811. He came to California in 1841 by way of New Mexico. He took a prominent part in public affairs, both under Mexican and American rule. He was the first County Clerk of Los Angeles county after the organization of the State. He was Mayor of Los Angeles city, and served two terms as State Senator. He was appointed Indian agent of the southern district of California by President Fillmore and assisted Gen. Beale in forming the reservation at Fort Tejon. He died, March 11, 1878.)

J. M. G.

The fact renegade Indians existed, *prima facie* presupposes their ill-treatment by the Mission fathers. It has been so charged and denied since the time of La Perouse. The full truth is yet unknown. No rule can be given other than that of caution; many men at different times and places act differently, and so each case ought to be solved from the testimony pertinent thereto. Only a few facts are capable of proof. It is known that several of the renegade neophytes became locally celebrated. In times of excitement the priests enforced strict discipline in the exercise of judgment and ranch men were called in to assist in recapturing those who led in raiding stock.

Prior to the introduction of evidence it is well to remember the mission, presidio and pueblo governments, and how they often clashed. The soldiers and colonists were not always to the priests' choice; and there are instances of earnest remonstrances by the priests at the scandalous acts of many who came in contact with the Indians.

A converted Indian lost caste with his tribe; he was under the spell of the church and therefore to break from it and win the regard of his tribesmen required some decision of character. Such men made enemies to be feared by the white men.

Instances of Indian revolts and attacks on the missions may be easily collected from the books. Therefore no citations are given nor effort made at present towards a more graphic note and what follows is offered and is to be taken only as a contribution to the general subject. The quotations have not appeared in print and yet they were prepared by Mr. Wilson, of San Gabriel, for publication. It is not safe historic criticism to assume the Indians cowardly. The Cahuillas attacked the Irving party, maintained a

cavalry duel all day and towards evening drove the desperadoes into a blind ravine, from which only one man returned alive. Judge Benjamin Hayes took the testimony at the inquest. The verdict was: "Edward Irving and other white men, names unknown, were killed by the Cahuilla Indians, the killing was justifiable."

The particulars of this celebrated case are easily accessible. Undoubtedly the verdict was correct.

Wilson's testimony as to their bravery is similar. He was an old and experienced Indian fighter and assisted the authorities at San Gabriel in recapturing runaway and renegade Indians. He is not ashamed to recount that several times he and all the men he had in assistance between here and the present Riverside county, were badly defeated.

The first extract from his MS. is about the renowned Indian desperado Joaquin.

Wilson had been in search of the tribe harboring the renegades, when suddenly upon emerging into an open plain he discovered a small number of Indians.

"The leading man of the four happened to be the very man of all others I was seeking for. The first marauder, Joaquin, who had been raised as a page of the church in San Gabriel Mission, and for his depredations and outlawry bore on his person the mark of the mission, i. e., one of his ears cropped off and the iron brand on his hip. This is the only instance I ever saw or heard, of of that kind; and that marking had not been done at the Mission, but at one of the ranches—El Chino, by the mayor domo. While in conversation with Joaquin the command was coming on, and he then became convinced that we were on a campaign against him and his people. It was evident before that he had taken me for a traveler. Immediately that he discovered the true state of things he whipped from his quiver an arrow, strung it on his bow, and left nothing for me to do but to kill him in self-defense. We both discharged our weapons at the same time. I had no chance to raise the gun to my shoulder, but fired it from my hand. His shot took effect in my right shoulder and mine in his breast. The shock of his arrow in my shoulder caused me to involuntarily let my gun drop, my shot knocked him down disabled, but he discharged at me a tirade of abuse in the Spanish language such as I never heard surpassed..

I was on mule back, and got down to pick up my gun, by this time my command arrived at the spot. The other three Indians were making off over the plains, I ordered my men to capture them alive but the Indians resisted stoutly and refused to the last to surrender, and wounded several of our horses and two or three men, and had to be killed. Those three men actually fought eighty men in open plain till they were put to death.

During the fight Joaquin laid on the ground uttering curse and abuse against the Spanish race and people. I discovered that I was shot with a poisoned arrow and rode down some 500 yards to the river. Some of my men on returning and finding that Joaquin was not dead, finished him. I had to proceed immediately to the care of my wound. There was with me a Comanche Indian, a trusty man who had accompanied me from New Mexico to California. The only remedy we knew of was the sucking of the poison with the mouth out of the wound, indeed there is no other remedy known even now. I have frequently seen the Indians prepare the poison and it is nothing more than putrid meat or liver and blood poisoned by rattle-snake venom, which they dry in thin sticks and carry in leather sheaths.

When they went on a hunting or campaigning expedition they wetted their arrows with the sticks and when it was to dry they softened it by holding it near the fire a little while. By the time I got to the river my arm and shoulder were immensely swollen all over. My faithful Comanche applied himself to sucking the wound which was extremely painful. He soon began reducing the swelling and in the course of three or four days it had entirely disappeared and the wound was in a fair way of healing. It never gave me any trouble afterward although there was left in the flesh a small piece of flint which I still carry to this day. As I was unable to travel while the wound was healing, I kept with me five men of the command and ordered the rest to proceed down the river on the campaign till they found the Indians." * * These men after several days returned, they found the Indians fortified in the rocks and attacked them. They fought them a whole day and finally were obliged to leave them in their position, and come away with several men badly wounded. "I had to abandon the campaign as beside the wounded men the command had all their horses worn out."

This tired band arrived at Wilson's home and there some deserted; fully twenty men returning to other pursuits.

The narrative then gives the recruiting of a new force and its successful expedition.

He had met some American trappers who promised assistance. He also wrote Don Enrique Avila who promised ten men. "He came with us and we started 21 strong." Some seven or eight days' march brought them to the rendezvous near the Mohave river, Wilson says:

"We discovered an Indian village and I at once directed my men to divide in two parties to surround and attack the village. We did it successfully, but as on the former occasion the men in the place would not surrender and on my endeavoring to persuade them to give up, they shot one of my men Evan Callaghan in the back. I thought he was mortally wounded and commanded my men to fire. The fire was kept up until every Indian was slain.

I took the women and children prisoners, and we found we had to remain there over night on account of the suffering of our wounded.

Fortunately the next morning we were able to travel and we marched on our return home bringing the women and children.

We found that these women could speak Spanish very well, and had

been neophytes, and that the men we had killed had been the same who had defeated my command the first time and were likewise Mission Indians.

We turned the women and children over to the Mission San Gabriel where they remained. These campaigns left our district wholly free from Indian depredations till after the change of government.

Our march this time was through the San Gorgonio Pass where the railroad now runs. Our object being this time to capture two renegade neophytes who had taken up their residence among the Cahuillas and corrupted many of the young men of the tribe with whom they carried on constant depredations on the ranchmen of this district.

At the head of the desert in the place called Agua Caliente we were met by the chief of the Cahuillas whose name was Cabezon (big head) with about 20 picked followers, to remonstrate upon our going upon a campaign against his people for he had ever been good and friendly to the whites. I made known to him I had no desire to wage war on the Cahuillas as I knew them to be what he said of them but that I had come with the determination of seizing the two renegade Christians who were continually depredating on our people. (The chief urged there was no water or grass in the country. Wilson seized him, placed him under arrest and told him a white man who had had long experience could go wherever an Indian could.) "I then told him that there were but two ways to settle the matter. One was for me to march forward with my command looking upon the Indians I met as enemies till I got hold of the Christians, the other way was for him to detach some of his twenty men and bring the two robbers dead or alive to my camp." (He protested but finally arranged that if Wilson would release his brother and some others he and others would remain as hostages, and Adam his brother would bring the malefactors to him if Wilson would wait where he was in camp.)

"I at once accepted his petition and released Adam and the other twelve, and let them have their arms. I told them to go on their errand but asking how many days they would require to accomplish it. They asked for two days and nights. We stayed there that night and all the next day with the most oppressive heat I have ever experienced. It was so hot that we could not sit down but had to stand up and fan ourselves with our hats. The ground would burn us when we attempted to sit. Late the following night the chief called me, and asked me to put my ear to the ground, stating that he heard a noise and his men were coming. I did as he desired and heard a rumbling noise which at every moment became clearer. In the course of an hour we could begin to hear the voices and the old chief remarked to me with satisfaction that it was all right, he could tell by the singing of his men that they had been successful in the errand. I ordered

thirty men to mount their horses and go to meet them to see if it was all right as it was impossible those Indians were coming with hostile views. In due time the horsemen came back and reported that they believed all was right. I had my men under arms and waited the arrival of the party which consisted of forty or fifty warriors. Adam ordered the party to halt some 400 yards from my camp, himself and another companion advancing each one carrying the head of one of the malefactors which they threw at my feet with evident marks of pleasure at the successful results of the expedition. Adam at this same time showing me an arrow wound in one of his thighs which he had received in the skirmish that took place against those two christians and their friends.

Several others had been wounded but none killed except the two renegade christians. By this time, day was breaking and we started on our return. The campaign being at an end we left the Indians with the two heads. We took our departure from Aqua Caliente after giving them all our spare rations which were very considerable as they had been prepared in expectation of a long campaign."

Thus the old mission days passed away and many an Indian heart burned itself out with slow fires of hate. Among the thousands there it would be a miracle, were it not so and yet the strange part of it is that writers and historians seemed to have almost entirely overlooked the renegade element, or if not, they have under estimated its strength. Surely it is picturesque and dramatic enough even in the fine illustrative cases I have presented. Think of the night when the Lugos lay in wait in the dark cañon and a straying team carrying two ghastly corpses over our fertile plains, of the armed men facing each other in savage sullen silence in the court, the night ride and gathering of the Indian clans, the battle and calvary skirmish and the massacre and the carrying away of the remnant of the party thus exterminating a village, and the long homeward procession drawing near to our old Mission to deliver the remnant of the women and children within the walls that there enclosed the grounds, of a half savage Indian lying mortally wounded on the bare earth and cursing his life away in torrents of rage as his followers fight to the death against the foe, of what must have taken place on the two days' journey that resulted in the returning band of singing Indians as they bore the heads of the renegades in proof of their success and thereby to obtain the ransom of their chief who had stood and suffered in the camp of the white men during the awful heat, think of the runaways and captures, of the branding and cropping, of the plots and trials, the daring endeavors, the night raids of stock, the ambush for the travelers, the long journeys for help and organization of marauding bands, the councils and the laconic eloquence; and a picture arises of a part of the mission life that is strangely at variance from

the popular acceptance and causes the traveler who revisits these locations to pause and gaze upon the ruined structure of mission, ranch and village with feelings in which admiration, pity and regret are strangely mingled.

DON ANTONIO MARIA LUGO;

A PICTURESQUE CHARACTER OF CALIFORNIA.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

(Read May 4, 1896.)

Among the native Californians of the olden time who were of families, and who were also prominent citizens in their day, was Don Antonio Maria Lugo, who was born at the Mission of San Antonio de Padua, of Alta California, in 1775, and who died at his rancho of San Antonio, near the present town of Compton in this county, in 1860, at the age of 85 years.

He was one of the largest land-owners and stock-raisers outside of the Missionary establishments in the Californians. The writer of this knew him well; and he remembers vividly his striking appearance as he rode into town on horse back erect, with his sword strapped to his saddle beneath his left leg, he then being an octogenarian.

He told me at his rancho in 1856, that when he was still a young man, after having served as a soldier under the king of Spain, he obtained permission to settle where he then lived, in 1813.

He said he took a few head of horses and cattle there, and engaged in a small way, in the business of stock-raising, and that afterward he received a concession in legal form of, I think, seven leagues of land, which has since been known as the San Antonio rancho. The grant extended from the Dominguez or San Pedro rancho, one of the four most ancient grants in Alta California, nearly to the low range of hills separating it from the San Gabriel valley, and from the eastern Pueblo boundary to the San Gabriel river. It was one of the finest cattle ranges in the Territory; there was abundance of water on it, and on both sides of it, as the Los Angeles and San Gabriel rivers were not then taken out for irrigation, and there were lines of live willows extending along their banks to near the sea. When I was at his house in '56, there were two large spouting natural wells near by, that discharged immense quantities of water, accompanied by a roaring noise, that could be plainly heard some distance away.

No wonder that cattle and other animals thrived and increased in numbers wonderfully, and that eventually he had more stock than he knew what to do with. So, as his boys grew up, he obtained a grant in their name of the rancho of San Bernardino which included a considerable portion of the rich and fertile San Bernardino valley; and a part of their cattle and horses were moved to the new grant, where they continued to increase in numbers, as they had done on the home rancho.

The flocks and herds of the venerable Don and of his sons, like those of the patriarchs of Scripture, ranged over "a thousand hills;" and probably

their owners did not know themselves, how many cattle they had.

Don Antonio named over to me, all the governors of California, down to the coming of "Los Americanos," nearly every one of whom except of course, the first three, he knew personally.

The town home of the old gentleman, where nearly all of his large family of children were born, was on the east side of the street, afterwards known as Negro alley, situated on the eminence overlooking the valley, which was then a very desirable place of residence; it had not then been made the resort of low gamblers, nor as it is today, a vile den of heathen Chinese.

The following passage, written by Stephen C. Foster in 1876, * refers to an episode which occurred during Don Antonio's occupancy of this home, and incidentally it describes his personal appearance at that period, and also gives exquisite touches of customs that were practiced here in the good old Spanish times. "In 1818 the pirate Bouchard had alarmed the inhabitants of this coast, and "Corporal Antonio Maria Lugo received orders to proceed to Santa Barbara with all the force the little town could spare;" for it was expected that the pirates would land at or near that place, which they did, at Ortega's ranch, where several of their crew were captured, including Joseph Chapman and a negro named Fisher, for whose safe keeping, Lugo became responsible. Some two weeks afterward he started with Chapman for Los Angeles, where says Mr. Foster, "Dona Dolores Lugo, (wife of Don Antonio,) who, with other wives, was anxiously waiting, as she stood after nightfall in the door of her house, which still (1876) stands on the street now known as Negro alley, heard the welcome sound of cavalry and the jingle of their spurs as they defiled along the path north of Fort Hill. They proceeded to the guard-house, which then stood on the north side of the Plaza across upper Main street. The old church was not yet built. She heard the orders given, for the citizens still kept watch and ward; and presently she saw two horsemen mounted on one horse, advancing across the Plaza toward the house, and heard the stern but welcome greeting, "Ave Maria Purissima," upon which the children hurried to the door and kneeling, with clasped hands, uttered their childish welcome, and received their father's benediction. The two men dismounted. The one who rode the saddle was a man fully six feet high, of a spare but sinewy form, which indicated great strength and activity. He was then forty three years of age. His black hair, sprinkled with gray, and bound with a black handkerchief, reached to his shoulders. The square-cut features of his closely shaven face indicated character and decision, and their naturally stern expression was relieved by an appearance of grim humor—a purely Spanish face. He was in the uniform of a cavalry

* See Thompson & West's History of Los Angeles County, page 24.

soldier of that time, the *cura blanca*, a loose fitting surtout, reaching to below the knees, made of buckskin, doubled and quilted so as to be arrow proof; on his left arm he carried an *adarg*, an oval shield of bull's hide, and his right hand held a lance, while a high-crowned, heavy vicuna hat surmounted his head. Suspended from his saddle were a carbine and a long straight sword.

The other was a man about twenty-five years of age, perhaps a trifle taller than the first. His light hair and blue eyes indicating a different race, and he wore the garb of a sailor. The expression of his countenance seemed to say, "I am in a bad scrape; but I reckon I'll work out somehow."

The Señora politely addressed the stranger, who replied in an unknown tongue. Her curiosity made her forget her feelings of hospitality, and she turned to her husband for an explanation.

"Whom have you here, old man?" (*viejito*) "He is a prisoner we took from that buccaneer—may the devil sink her—scaring the whole coast, and taking honest men away from their homes and business. I have gone his security."

"And what is his name and country?" "None of us understand his lingo, and he don't understand ours. All I can find out is, his name is José and he speaks a language they call English. We took a negro among them but he was the only one of the rogues who showed fight, and so Corporal Ruis lassoed him, and brought him head over-heels, sword and all. I left him in Santa Barbara to repair damages. He is English, (or speaks English) too."

"Is he a Christian or a heretic?" "I neither know nor care. He is a man and a prisoner in my charge, and I have given the word of a Spaniard and a soldier, to my old *comandante* for his safe keeping and good treatment. I have brought him fifty leagues, on the crupper behind me, for he can't ride without something to hold to. He knows no more about a horse than I do about a ship, and be sure and give him the softest bed. He has the face of an honest man, if we did catch him among a set of thieves, and he is a likely looking young fellow. If he behaves himself we will look him up a wife among our pretty girls, and then, as to his religion the good Padre will settle all that. And now good wife (*esposita mia*) I have told you all I know, for you women must know everything, but we have had nothing to eat since morning; so hurry and give us the best you have.

Mr. Foster adds that Lugo's judgment turned out to be correct; his Yankee prisoner, Joseph Chapman, who was the first English speaking settler of Los Angeles, (these events occurred in the year 1818,) soon after helping Lugo to get out timber in the mountains for the construction of the church; and a few years later, after he had learned enough Spanish to make himself understood, and could ride a horse without tumbling off, Lugo

accompanied him to Santa Barbara, where he helped him to find a wife in the Señorita Guadalupe Ortega, daughter of old Sergeant Ortega, Lugo standing as sponsor at the wedding; after which the three set out on horseback on the long road from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles, Chapman and his bride riding the same horse.

In after years Señor Lugo planted a vineyard on the east side of San Pedro street, on land now bisected by Second, and at present owned in part by his grand daughter Señora Montes de Oca, formerly Mrs. Woodworth; and for some years his town home was in the long adobe house, still standing, just north of the Woodworth residence.

One of Mr. Lugo's daughters, and I believe the only one of his numerous children now living, Doña Merced, married first, José Perez, and after his death, Stephen C. Foster, formerly Alcalde, and afterwards, Mayor of this city. Mrs. Foster's great-grandchildren, namely the children of J. J. Woodworth, Mrs. Albert Rimpau and Mrs. C. E. de Camp, are the great-great-grandchildren of the deceased patriarch, Don Antonio Maria Lugo. Thus it has been the lot of the writer to know five generations of this family. Another daughter, Jesus, married Col. Isaac Williams the old time owner of the magnificent rancho of "El Chino." The descendants by this line included Mrs. Jesuron, formerly Carlisle, and Mrs. Carrillo, formerly Rains, and their children and grandchildren, also to the fifth generation. Of the sons of old Don Antonio and their numerous descendants extending to the third, fourth and fifth generation, and, by marriage acquiring other names, I cannot undertake to give an account, because I am not well enough acquainted with them to do so. Don Felipe Lugo, one of the best known of these sons lived for many years on the ranch which bore his name, near to and south of the city and east of the river.

A brother of Don Antonio was Don José Ygnacio Lugo, the grandfather of the Wolfskills on their mother's side. He died in 1846. Doña Maria Antonia, wife of old Sergeant Vallejo—"Sarjento distinguido"—mother of General M. G. Vallejo, was also a Lugo, and a sister of Don Antonio.

From all of which it would appear that there must be a good deal of Lugo blood scattered about in various parts of California. Take it all in all, as exemplified both in the earlier and later generations, it has some pretty good qualities.

In 1795, Don Antonio married Dolores Ruis, by whom he had ten children. After her death, he married as his second wife, Maria Antonia German, by whom he had several children.

Don Antonio was Alcalde of the Pueblo for some years prior to 1815. There are several portraits of him extant. I think Mrs. Foster has one;

Wallace Woodworth who married one of his granddaughters had one, and his son Vicente had another.

Mr. Stephen C. Foster has recorded some interesting incidents which reveal striking peculiarities in the character of Señor Lugo. Mr. Foster had been elected as one of the delegates to represent the Los Angeles district in the first Constitutional convention which met at Monterey in 1849; and desiring a letter of introduction to Don Antonio's sister, who lived there, he says: "I then had a consultation with my old father-in law, (Don Antonio Maria Lugo,) on the subject. He said: 'So the Mexicans have sold California to the Americans for \$15,000,000, and thrown us natives into the bargain? I don't understand how they could sell what they never had, for since the time of the king we sent back every governor they ever sent here. With the last they sent 300 soldiers to keep us in order, but we sent him with his ragamuffins back too. However, you Americans have got the country; and must have a government of your own, for the laws under which we have lived will not suit you. You must go, and you can stop with my sister, Doña Maria Antonia, the widow of old Sergeant Vallejo.' 'But you must give me a letter to her.' 'A letter?' was the quick reply; 'I can't write and she can't read, for we had no schools in California when we were young. They tell me the Americans will establish schools where all can learn. I tell you what I'll do: I will make José, (one of his sons,) loan you el Quachino;' (the name of a notable horse which had been used by Lugo's sons to lasso grizzly bears that had attacked their stock on their San Bernardino rancho, and which besides the brand had the marks of a grizzly's claws.) 'My sister knows the horse, for I rode him to Monterey three years ago, and she knows my son would lend that horse to no man in California except his old father.'

'I will tell you how I happened to ride to Monterey at my time of life: In 1845, when Don Pio Pico became governor, he established the seat of government in Los Angeles, as the Mexican government had directed in 1836; but there was no government house, so I made a trade for a house for \$5000, for which drafts were given on the custom-house in Monterey, and like an old fool I went security for their payment.' (The house stood on the lot which extends from Main to Los Angeles streets, and from Commercial street north, to and including the present St. Charles Hotel.) 'The owner was pushing me for the payment; so I had to go to Monterey to see if that hopeful grandson of my sister, Governor J. B. Alvarado, then in charge of the custom-house, would pay them.

'I found him and Castro preparing to come down and deprive Pio Pico of the governorship, and they had use for all the money they could get; so I had my ride of 300 leagues for nothing. Plague take them all! with their pronunciamientos and revolutions, using up my horses and eating up my

cattle, while my sons, instead of taking care of their old father's stock were off playing soldier.

'The Americans have put a stop to all this, and we will now have peace and quiet in the land, as in the good old days of the king.'

'When you get to Monterey, you go to my sister and tell her for me, by the memory of our last meeting, to treat you as I have ever treated her sons and grandsons, when they visited me.'

The circumstances of the "last meeting" referred to between Antonio Maria Lugo and his sister at Monterey three years before, are thus described :

"In March, 1846, Doña Maria Antonia Lugo de Vallejo was seated on the porch of her house, which commanded a full view of the town and the southern road, accompanied by one of her granddaughters. Three horsemen were seen slowly turning the point where one coming from the south can first be seen. The old lady shaded her eyes and gazed long and exclaimed: 'There comes my brother!' 'O, grandmother (abuelita,) yonder come three horsemen, but no one can tell who they are at that distance. 'But, girl,' she replied, "my old eyes are better than yours. That tall man in the middle is my brother, whom I have not seen for twenty years. I know him by his seat in the saddle. No man in California rides like him. Hurry off, girl, (hijita,) call your mother and aunts, your brothers, sisters and cousins, and let us go forth to welcome him.'

The horsemen drew near and a little group of some twenty women and children stood waiting with grandmother at their head, her eyes fixed on the tall horseman, an old, white-haired man, who flung himself from the saddle, and, mutually exclaiming, 'brother!' 'sister!' they were locked in a warm embrace.'

Don Antonio Maria Lugo was, in most respects as thoroughly a Spaniard as if he had been born and reared in Spain. He looked upon the coming of the Americans as the incursion of an alien element, bringing with them as they did, alien manners and customs, and a language of which he knew next to nothing, and desired to know less.

With 'los Yankees,' as a race, he, and the old Californians generally, had little sympathy, although individual members of that race whom from long association he came to know intimately, and who spoke his language, he learned to esteem and respect most highly, as they in turn, learned most highly to esteem and respect him, albeit, his civilization differed in some respects radically from theirs.

It is related of him that on seeing for the first time an American mowing-machining in operation, he looked on with astonishment, and, holding up one long bony finger, he exclaimed: "Los Yankees faltan un dedo de ser

el Diablo!" The Yankee only lacks one finger of being the Devil!

To rightly estimate the character of Señor Lugo, it is necessary for Americans to remember these differences of race and environment. Although he lived under three regimes, to wit: Spanish, Mexican and Anglo American, he retained to the last the essential characteristics which he inherited from his Spanish ancestors; and although as I have intimated, he had as was very natural, no liking for Americans themselves, as a rule, or for their ways, nevertheless, he and all of the better class of native Californians of the older generations did have a genial liking for individual Americans and other foreigners, who, in long and intimate, social and business intercourse, proved themselves worthy of their friendship and confidence. Indeed, I may say, and I take pleasure in saying to the members of this society, that one of the pleasantest features of my more than forty years' acquaintanceship with native Californians, not only in Los Angeles, but in San José and Monterey, has been this universal friendship and respect on their part, for those foreigners, comparatively few in numbers, who by alliance in marriage, or by sympathetic and honorable dealings have won their confidence.

How warm, how genuine, was the esteem in which native Californians of the better class held such honorable men, and ever wholly trustworthy friends as "Don Benito" (Wilson,) "Don Ricardo" (Dr. Den,) "Don Juan" (Dr. Griffin,) "Don Guillermo" (Wolfskill,) "Don David" (Alexander,) etc.; and others up country, like "Don Alfredo" (Robinson,) "Don David" (Spence,) etc., etc.

The Spanish Californians are naturally a warm-hearted race; and withal they are, and always have been, lovers of liberty. They welcomed the men I have named and others, as equals, merely conceding that these new-made but true friends, were only superior to themselves, in this, that they had traveled more than they, and had doubtless seen more of the outside world; and furthermore, that they had had, what they Californians had not had, namely the benefit of schools. For California, half or three-quarters of a century ago, was pretty effectually shut off from the rest of the world, and was without schools, or materials, to wit, teachers, wherewithal to establish them. For the rest, the Californians and Americans, both of the better class met on an equal footing, and as a consequence, the sincere friendship which grew up between them, rested upon an enduring basis.

To justly appreciate the older generations of Californians we should consider their surroundings, their almost absolute isolation, and the civilization which they as citizens of "New Spain," had inherited, and then imagine, if we can, how we would have acted if we had been placed in their stead.

A DEFENSE OF THE MISSIONARY ESTABLISHMENTS OF ALTA CALIFORNIA.

BY THE REV. J. ADAM, V. G.

(Read Nov. 9, 1896.)

There is no institution on earth, no matter how beneficent in its purpose, or how divine in its principles, that can escape the criticisms and prejudices of the multitude.

Among the sublime actions which can not and do not fail to attract the attention and commendation of mankind, surely the sacrifices of the missionary deserves to be placed in the foreground. And yet some will ask what did the natives of California gain by the labors of and the missionaries, and what service have those friars rendered to the world in general. Such a question is asked by Mr. Alexander Forbes, the historian of Upper and Lower California, on page 231 of his book. It is my purpose tonight to answer some of the objections I find in Mr. Forbes's book, and to vindicate the systems of the missions by so doing. I hope to suggest some argument by which we can defend these venerable establishments called The Missions of California.

What is civilization? According to Walker's Dictionary, to civilize, is "to reclaim from savageness and brutality," and Webster defines civilized, "to be reclaimed from savage life and manners, to be educated, to be refined." We claim that the missionaries of California did reclaim from savageness and barbarism the native inhabitants of this part of the Pacific coast. Mr. Forbes allows that the old Padres domesticated the Indians, but he can not grant to them the glory of having civilized them. On the contrary, on page 121 of his work, he declares openly "that the system of the missions frustrates all prospect of true civilization and all rational improvement." He seems to put very little trust in religious instruction and to believe that to civilize men, it is enough to teach them mechanical arts, agriculture, and that which adds to the comforts of life. We answer him that the old Padres did teach these arts to the Indians, and gave them besides religious instruction. We cannot agree with him when he asserts "that men might be more easily reclaimed from a savage, barbarous or semi-barbarous state by other means than by that of religion." I would like he would give us an example of any tribe or nation that has been rescued from barbarism by any other means than religion, first of all. He does not exclude religious instruction, but imagines that laymen ought to be the first to teach to those savages the arts and comforts of life by degrees. We would ask Mr. Forbes where could we find these wonderful laymen that

would leave the comforts of life, and wife and children, and go among savage tribes to teach the mechanical arts? Why did not he try it himself and expose his life? He replies that they would come amongst them armed to the teeth, and that they would force their submission. If this is the kind of way that Mr. Forbes would civilize the Indians, we have to thank God that the old Padres ignored such civilization and conquered the Indians not by force but by persuasion, and by enticing them through the mission system.

I must confess in justice to Mr. Forbes that he never doubts the sincerity and honesty of the religious missionaries, he only criticizes their system. In fact he has said so much in favor of the first missionaries, that from his own history of California, I borrow the arms to defend the missions.

The first inquiry to be made is, what was the condition of the savages on the arrival of the missionaries? Did they belong to those noble red men of the northern forest in whose eyes sparkle intelligence and sagacity, or did they belong to that low class, which seems to be more imbued with the groveling instincts of the brute creation, than by the noble qualities of reasonable beings?

Mr. Forbes, himself, tells us that "they are acknowledged by all to be a timid and feeble race."

Father Venegas says: "Even in the most unfrequented corners of the globe, there is not a nation so stupid, of such contracted ideas and weak both in body and mind, as the unhappy Californians." Their characteristics are stupidity and insensibility, inconstancy and blindness of appetite, and excessive sloth and abhorrence of fatigue."

Mr. Forbes allows us to know that much, and we deduce from his assertions the remainder.

We are told that the fathers used to bring the Indians to the mission by force. While I resided in Santa Cruz from 1868 to 1883, I had occasion to converse more than once with a man by the name of Ramon Rodriguez, who had served as a soldier during the time the mission system was in its vigor. He told me that the so-called "conquesta" consisted in sending during the summer a few soldiers and some christianized Indians to the Tulares to try to induce those roaming Indians to come to the mission and see what a happy life their companions were enjoying there. Some would follow them, others would refuse, but none were forced to go. It is true that after an Indian who had been once received into the mission fold, he was not free to go back to his former life. The same rule is observed in the present reservation method of the United States; and cannot be different; otherwise, one or two ringleaders would cause mutiny and a general uprising.

Enough credit cannot be given to the missionaries that in less than half a century they taught these stupid and wretched Indians to love labor, and

instructed them in the first rudiments of education. They taught the Indians how to till the soil, to capture wild animals and so on. The red men relinquished their savage customs, and having become christians they wore clothes. These were happy settlements in those days, peace and plenty, religion and morality went hand in hand.

We are grateful to Mr. Forbes, when he assures us "that there are few events in history more remarkable on the whole, or more interesting, than the transformation on the great scale wrought by the Jesuit Fathers and Franciscans in Paraguay and California." What was that transformation? According to our view, it was to recall the savage from his ignorant and degraded condition to that of a sedative life around the missions, in order to teach him how to love God and to provide for himself the necessaries of life. According to Mr. Forbes "it consisted in transforming the aborigines of a beautiful country from free savages into pusillanimous, superstitious slaves." He adds: "It is no wonder that Perouse found the resemblance painfully striking between their condition, and that of the Negro slaves of the West Indies." However, the same Perouse tells us that in 1786, ten missions had been established, and that the number of converted Indians was 5143.

It seems impossible to me, that in the short space of seventeen years so many thousands of low natives could be made to conform to the habits of industry and religion.

Let us again hear Mr. Forbes describe the kind of life at the missions, and then judge for ourselves if it is fair or not to compare the mission Indians to the Negro slaves of the West Indies.

"In the intervals of the meals and prayers," says Forbes, "the Indians are variously employed according to their trade or occupation, that is to say either in agricultural labors or in the store room, magazines and laboratories of the mission. He describes the women as being much occupied in spinning, and other little household duties, the men in combing wool, weaving, melting tallow, or as carpenters, shoemakers, bricklayers, blacksmiths, and so on. One of the principal occupations of the missions is the manufacture of a coarse sort of cloth from their own sheep, for the purpose of clothing the Indians."

The principal object of the Franciscans was the conversion of the aborigines, to instruct them in the christian religion.

The soldiers that accompanied the missionaries were few, and could not by force subject so many thousands of roaming savages, but the Indians were conquered not by force but by persuasion, by enticing them to the mission life.

There were only four soldiers and a corporal in each mission to protect the lives of the fathers. The missions were hundreds of miles apart,

one from another, and yet we do not read of any rebellion or uprising of the Indians against the Mission Fathers. The missionaries came well provided with trinkets, abundance of provisions, seeds to plant, agricultural implements, tools and machinery. By various means they endeavored to draw some of the natives to the spot selected for the mission. After gaining their confidence, the fathers and soldiers would set to work and commence to bake adobes and with the help of the yet unconverted Indians to erect spacious buildings. After their manual labor the fathers did not seek rest, but set themselves to work to teach them Spanish in order to initiate them into the rudiments of the christian religion.

The Indians were given every year two suits of clothes, each contribution amounting in all to \$60,000; besides the singers and missionaries got a neat dress for the principal feasts. This does not sound much like the life of a negro slave.

That some abuses may have been committed, I am not prepared to deny; still I maintain that the fathers were not responsible for them. The same Mr. Forbes asserts that "it would be injustice to tax the fathers with openly sanctioning much less directing the more severe of these means." Some Indians were appointed to rule over a certain number of their less intelligent companions, and some times perhaps they applied the riata or whip—here we must remember that, at all times, the worst of tyrants has been a slave set at liberty, and with some power in his hands. I have no time to describe the flourishing condition of the missions where thousands of cattle were roaming over the plains, where store rooms were filled with provisions, where beautiful orchards were attached to each mission; and all these not to enrich the fathers, but to provide for the welfare of their adopted children of the forest. If you have a chance some time to speak to any of the few old mission Indians, you can convince yourselves of this truth, that the Indians speak yet in love and respect of the old Padres, and that they cried bitterly when the missions were secularized, and the old Padres were obliged to abandon them.

"The best and most unequivocal proofs of the good conduct of these fathers," says Mr Forbes, on page 23, "is to be found in the unbounded affection and devotion invariably shown toward them by their Indian subjects. They venerate them, not merely as friends and fathers, but with a degree of devotedness approaching to adoration." Indeed if ever there existed an instance of perfect justice and propriety of the comparison of the priest and his disciples, to a shepherd and his flock, it is in the case which we are treating of. So far, Mr. Forbes and others after him will continue to criticize, and condemn that system which brought the Indians from a savage life to one of industry, and attached them so affectionately to their tutors.

History tells us what was the sad result when the mission system was abolished and a new plan tried. Captain Beechy, in 1827, after a few months trial found these people indulging freely in those excesses which it had been the endeavor of these tutors to repress, and that many having gambled away their clothes, implements and even their land, were compelled to beg or plunder in order to eke out an existence. They became so obnoxious that the padres were requested to take some of them back to the mission, while others were loaded with shackles and put to hard work; and remember that Captain Beechy was not favorable to the missionaries. I finish these few pages in the words of Mr. Bartlett, an officer of the United States sent by the government to settle the boundary line between Lower and Upper California. He expresses himself very favorable to the mission system, while he alleges that the present system of reserves causes more expense and produces less benefits. "How did the missionaries civilize the Indians," he asks, "not with sword in hand, not by treaties, not by Indian agents who, without scruple or remorse, sacrifice these poor creatures for a vile gain." "The Indians," he continues, "under the padres were taught christianity along with several of the arts of civilized life, and a desire to sustain themselves by their own work. With these simple means they did more to ameliorate the condition of the Indians than the United States Government has done since it established its agencies and with infinitely less expense than what we now pay to the agents, leaving aside the millions which annually are paid for damages, bribes," etc.

Mr. Bailey, special agent of Indian affairs in California, declared openly that the early missionaries fulfilled faithfully their task of civilizing and providing the Indians with all things necessary. He confesses that at present (this was in 1858) the reservations for Indians are only houses of beneficence of the government where a limited number of Indians are insufficiently fed, and scantily clad, and all these at an expenses far disproportionate to the benefit realized."

In 1864, I clipped from the "Visalia Delta," the following: "Last July, of this year, about 900 Indians were removed from Owens river to the ranch of 'El Obispo.' They were left alone to provide for themselves. These Indians are represented as destitute of clothes. "You could see at any time of the day," says the correspondent, "dozens of women almost naked eating the grass and clover in the field, side by side with the mules of the government, while their provisions and clothes have been stolen by the very persons paid by the government to provide them with these necessities."

I wish that Mr. Forbes, Cornise, Tuthill and others, who have criticized so much the system of the fathers, would read these facts, ponder upon them, and tell me which system was the best; that which provided amply for the Indians, or the modern one which lets them starve in the midst of plenty.

A TWO THOUSAND MILE STAGE RIDE.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

(Read at a Pasadena Meeting, Feb. 4, 1896.)

Thirty-five years ago it was the good fortune of myself and wife to ride over the Butterfield route, which was, I believe, the longest and best conducted stage route in the world. The distance from San Francisco, by way of Los Angeles, El Paso, Fort Chadbourne, Fort Smith, to St. Louis, as indicated by the schedule of stage stations, was 2881 miles, or, from Los Angeles, 2391 miles. I bought our two tickets for \$400, gold, at the overland stage office, which was located where the Roeder Block, on Spring street now stands; and we boarded the delayed stage, (delayed by heavy rains and a snow storm in the Tehachape mountains,) from San Francisco, which arrived at the Bella Union, now the St. Charles Hotel in this city, at about 10 o'clock Monday night, December 17, 1860.

We traveled day and night by stage for about eighteen days and five hours, arriving at Smithton, Missouri, the terminus of the railway, to St. Louis, on the morning of January 5, 1861; and at St. Louis, on the evening of the same day. Of course the journey was somewhat tedious, but this was more than compensated for by the incidents and variety of scenery of the vast stretch of country passed through, and really, the weariness of stage travel was less disagreeable, than sea-sickness, etc., by water, as we had occasion to realize on our return trip, by way of the Isthmus. Prior to the establishment of the overland stage route, a trip from Los Angeles to the Atlantic States usually occupied about four weeks; it could not be made in much less time, even with close connections by steamer. But by the stage and rail route, including a stop of two days at St. Louis, we were enabled to see the great tragedians, Booth and Charlotte Cushman, in Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice," at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, twenty-three days after we left Los Angeles. About twenty days traveling time across the continent, and mostly by stage, we thought then, was not bad time.

Encouraged and subsidized by the United States Government for the carrying of the mails, John Butterfield of Missouri, a veteran stage man, with others, established the overland stage line between St. Louis and Memphis, and San Francisco, via Los Angeles, in 1858, making trips at first twice weekly, each way; and subsequently six times a week, receiving, I believe, from the government, under the later contract, \$1,000,000, annually. The first stage from the East, (Memphis,) arrived in Los Angeles, October 7, 1858. A driver and conductor accompanied each stage, and they always went armed through the hostile Indian country. The

stations were usually ten to fifteen miles, and occasionally twenty to twenty-five miles apart.

A condensed summary of the itinerary of our journey may not be without interest.

Leaving Los Angeles, Monday, we reached the Colorado river on Thursday, meeting a stage from the East on the desert, and one about every two days thereafter. At first it was not easy to get much sleep, but after a couple of days out, we could sleep without difficulty, either day or night. At Fort Yuma, we took on a through passenger, Lieut. McCaul of the regular army, who went to Tennessee, and afterwards, I suppose, into the Confederate army, though we never heard from him after we parted. Friday morning at daylight we passed the locality where the Oatman massacre occurred. Near here we met a large herd of American cattle bound for California; and soon after we overtook a band of mounted Indians, who at first we thought might be Apaches, but our conductor soon recognized them as friendly Maricopas. They turned out of the road for us to pass them, and returned our greeting in a friendly manner. At Gila Bend, Sutton's ranch, we saw a dead Apache Indian, tied in a standing posture to a tree. He had been shot by Sutton's son, a lad of about fourteen. Mr. Sutton told us that he had come there with sixty head of American cattle and a lot of horses and mules. He had been obliged to send off most of his family to save their lives; the Apaches had cleaned out nearly all his stock, and had done their best to clean him out; they would come around in the night in bands of forty or fifty, and shoot arrows into his house, (which like all the stations and corrals of the stage company in the hostile Indian country were made of stockades, or posts set endwise in the ground, close together;) whilst he and his boys and hired men would pop them over with a rifle ball whenever they could get sight of them. He had expended about \$7,000, he said, in digging a canal from the Gila, in order to get in a crop. Since the Indian had been killed by his son, they had not been so bad. But the heroic old frontiersman was finally compelled to abandon the field. In after years I used to know him and his Indian-fighting son as citizens of El Monte, in this county. It took many years and cost many precious lives, before Crook and Miles made it possible, by the removal, (out of the world or, to another part of the country,) of the bloodthirsty Apaches, for white people to live in safety in any part of Arizona and New Mexico.

On the Saturday after we started, we arrived at Tucson. Here we took on two more through passengers, Mr. Hiram Stevens, afterwards delegate to Congress from Arizona, and his wife, Doña Petra, who were bound for his native place somewhere in Vermont, and they traveled with us as far as Toledo, where we parted for our several destinations. Sunday we went through Apache Pass, where we saw several Apaches about the station; they

were tall, savage looking fellows, dressed mostly in buckskin, the weather being windy and very cold. One young buck had a white woman's bonnet tied on over his head. Some distance beyond the station we saw several wagon trains which had "out-spanned." After our arrival in Philadelphia we saw in the papers that the savages had overcome the teamsters of a train in this pass, chained them to their wagon-wheels and burned them alive!

A mile or two beyond the station, as we emerged from the Pass, we saw a camp of several hundred Apaches that, we understood, had been driven in through fear of the Navajos. This was the last we saw of the Apaches, and we soon left their country behind us.

We reached Mesilla on Monday night, Christmas eve, about dark; the general illumination of the hills in the rear of the town by the miners—a local annual practice, we were told—notified us that it was "Noche Buena." We arrived at El Paso before daylight next morning, where we took an early breakfast. We traveled some distance down the Rio Grande, and then struck across northern Texas, over the greater portion of which, the Comanche Indians ranged. Between these formidable savages and the Texans, the most intense hatred at all times existed, causing that section to remain almost entirely unsettled.

Between Fort Chadbourne and the old abandoned Fort at "Phantom Hill," there is a forty-mile stretch from station to station. On this plain we saw several thousand buffaloes scattered about in squads of from three or four to as many hundreds. It was certainly a grand sight. Several large herds of these shaggy animals ran across our road a short distance ahead of the stage, so that we had a fine opportunity to see them. There were of all sizes, from calves up to the oldest patriarchs. They charged on after their leaders, in solid columns that could not be easily changed or broken. We also saw on this plain abundance of beautiful white-tailed deer, and antelope, and wild turkeys, and one or two wolves.

At Phantom Hill, which had been burned, leaving only a lot of chimneys standing, and a few stone houses, reminding one of the ruins of an ancient city, we arrived on our second Sunday out, at dark; here we were regaled with a grand supper of buffalo steak, venison, etc., and a rousing fire to warm us up for the night's travel, that made us remember the place as we would an oasis in the desert. Only a single family lived here, without neighbors for many miles around. Sunday we passed Fort Belknap, where we heard the Comanches had been committing depredations. Monday, as we drew near the bright thriving town of Sherman, Texas, we began to see cattle running at large on the hills, which was an indication that we were out of the Indian country.

We crossed Red river into the Choctaw or peaceable Indian Territory

on the last day of the year. The next morning was biting cold. We ate breakfast at a large farm house, occupied by two well to-do Choctaw farmers, who dressed and looked like Americans, and who were nearly as white. They had large families. Just as we were leaving, a number of full-boode Indians came out on to the broad veranda, with their Chief. We were told that they were to leave on the next stage after us, en route for Washington, to see their new Great Father, Lincoln, inaugurated.

The Choctaw Indians had made great progress in civilization; they had schools and churches, and we were told, were industrious and intelligent. They made their own laws, their chief officer being called a Judge. We could see signs of thrift and prosperity as we passed through their Territory.

We reached Fort Smith on the 2nd of January, fifteen and a half days from Los Angeles. I was surprised to find Fort Smith a wide-awake, progressive city, having been under the impression that it was little more than a Fort and log-built frontier settlement.

On our journey thus far we had ridden in what were called thorough-brace mud-wagons. But next morning before light, on a Concord stage coach we arrived at Springfield, a larger and handsomer city. Fayetteville was another fine city, that is, it had less of a frontier aspect than one would expect from its location. The next day, the 4th, the weather being very cold, it snowed slightly, this being the first snow we had seen on our whole continental trip, albeit, it was made in midwinter. We now had some difficulty in keeping warm, although the stages were adapted to cold weather by being padded, and they could also be closed tight. However, we wrapped our blankets and shawls and fixings about us, and didn't come any where near freezing. Late that night, or rather about 3 o'clock the next (Saturday) morning, January 5, 1861, we were glad to reach the end of our long stage journey of over 2000 miles, at Smithton, the terminus of the railway to St. Louis. As the regular daily train did not leave till 9 o'clock, a. m., we got about two hours sleep on a bed—the first in eighteen days. While this was very welcome, nevertheless it must not be supposed that we were used up, for we were not, by any means. We took the cars and reached St. Louis between 6 and 7 o'clock that night, eighteen days and twenty hours from Los Angeles. As the train passed along some distance on the bank of the Missouri river, we had an opportunity to see that stream. Next morning we got sight of the vast Mississippi, whose veins and arteries, in a grand system of net-work, extend more than thirty thousand miles. Several of us at least, then saw those two mighty rivers for the first time.

At the Planters' House we found an inn, and rest. Next day, Sunday, we took a warm bath and changed our apparel, somewhat the worse for wear and tear and dust, and we felt as good as new.

After a two days' stay in St. Louis, we went by rail, via Chicago, and Pittsburg to Philadelphia, where, for a time our journey was at an end; although we later visited various other Eastern cities. We returned to California, via the Isthmus, the following May.

To many people, doubtless, who think more of their ease than they do of robust physical health, a stage ride of a thousand or two thousand miles, may seem a very formidable undertaking. But for those who have a liking for adventure, and a desire to see something of the world, a long ride of two or three weeks, practically in the open air, not in hot, stuffy cars, possesses a wonderful charm, especially in remembrance, when by the necromancy of idealization we segregate the pleasureable from that which was merely disagreeable, and therefore irrelevant. Such a ride is one of the most effective cures for dyspepsia that can be imagined.

The "Overland Stage" was the precursor of the Continental Railroad; and the interest taken in the former by the statesmen and especially by Southern and Western statesmen of forty years ago, did them infinite credit. As we look back we see that they grasped the situation accurately; they foresaw the importance of opening up direct communication between the distant sections of our common country; and they labored wisely and patriotically, despite much opposition and innumerable obstacles, for the establishment of such direct and systematic intercommunication, first by means of a continental stage line, which they knew would soon be followed by a continental railroad.

CAPTAIN JEDEDIAH S. SMITH.

THE PATHFINDER OF THE SIERRAS.

BY J. M. GUINN.

(Read May 4, 1896.)

History furnishes few examples of daring and adventure comparable to those of the fur trappers and hunters of the tramontane regions of the Great West.

These hunters and trappers were the forerunners of advancing civilization in the far West—the pathfinders of tramontane emigration. Beginning in the first decade of the present century and continuing through a period of thirty years they explored the ulterior regions west of the Mississippi, from the confines of the Arctic Ocean on the north to the borders of Mexico on the south.

Unaided and unprotected by the government of their country, they pushed boldly out into the unexplored regions beyond the Mississippi. The country was terra incognita; they knew nothing of it beyond the verge of their horizon. In the pursuit of their perilous vocation they crossed alkaline deserts; penetrated dark and dangerous defiles, and scaled mountain ranges hitherto untrodden by foot of civilized man. They launched their frail canoes on nameless rivers, without knowing whither their swift currents would carry them, or in what rapids or whirlpools they might be engulfed. Constantly in danger from savage foes, both man and beast, their lives were spent in one long continued existence of suspense and watchfulness. Skilled in all the artifices of the wily Indian, and ever on the alert against his ambuscades and attacks, yet notwithstanding their bravery and their caution, it is said that three-fifths of the pioneer trappers who crossed the Rocky Mountains, perished by the hands of the Indians.

These hunters and trappers were, for the most part, unlettered men, and their intercourse with civilization rarely extended beyond the border settlements of the far West. Consequently, the stories of their adventures were unwritten, and the credit of their discoveries too often given to men who followed their trails years after they were first traced.

Twenty years before Fremont, the Pathfinder, made his explorations in the Great Basin and the valleys of California, Bridger had discovered Great Salt Lake; Ashley had traversed the Great Basin from the Rockies, westward to the Sierra Nevadas, had discovered Utah Lake, and built a fort and trading post on its shores, and Jedediah Smith, the pioneer trapper of California, had crossed the Sierras, had explored the valleys of the San Joaquin and the Sacramento; had followed the Cascade range from the

Klamath to Columbia; had marked out, what afterwards became the overland emigrant trail by way of the great Salt Lake, across the deserts of Nevada, down the Humboldt and over the Snowy Mountains into the valley of the Sacramento; and had traced that other emigrant trail by which, in later years, so many belated Argonauts found their way from Salt Lake across the mountains and deserts to Los Angeles.

Of the early history of Jedediah S. Smith, the first white man who crossed the Sierra Nevada Mountains we know but little. Quigly in his "Irish Race in California" claims that Smith was born in Kings County, Ireland. This is an error. Smith was of Puritan stock. He was born in Connecticut. He was the eldest of thirteen children. Early in the present century his father emigrated to the Western Reserve in Ohio, and settled in Ashtabula county. Amid the rude surroundings of pioneer life, young Smith grew to manhood. By some means he seems to have obtained a good education. A shipping manifest (now in possession of W. R. Bacon, Esq., of this city) made out by Smith in 1812 for a cargo of goods shipped on Lake Erie, is written in a hand write clear and distinct as copperplate, and is made out in good business form. We have no record of when he began the life of a trapper. We first hear of him as an employee of Gen. Ashley in 1822. He had command of a band of trappers on the waters of Snake River, in 1824. Afterward he became a partner of Ashley's, under the firm name of Ashley & Smith, and subsequently one of his successors in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. He had the reputation of being an honorable, truthful and reliable man. Col. Warner, who met him in St. Louis in 1830, after the return from Green river of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company's wagon trains with furs, gives this account of his interview with him and his impressions of the man:

"Instead of finding 'a Leather Stocking,' I met a well bred, intelligent and Christian gentlemen, who repressed my youthful ardor and fancied pleasures for the life of a trapper and mountaineer by informing me, that if I went into the Rocky Mountains, the chances were much greater in favor of meeting death than of finding a restoration of health; and that if I escaped the former and secured the latter, the probabilities were that I would be ruined for anything else, in life, than such things as would be agreeable to the passions of a semi-savage. He said that he had spent about eight years in the mountains and should not return to them."

There is a wide disparity in the accounts given by different historians of Smith's adventures, and the dates given of some of the events of his explorations vary considerably. For instance, Coloner Warner gives the date of his first entrance into California, as 1824, and his route through Walker's Pass, Cronise, McClellan and others, give the date as 1825, by the same route. Bancroft gives 1826 as the year, and the place of his

arrival, San Gabriel Mission, and from there north by the Mojave to Tulares. Our society has a copy made by H. D. Barrows from Col. Warner's MSS. of "California Fur Trappers," in which is a short sketch of Smith's adventures. In my paper I shall follow the narrative of Col. Warner, except when the preponderance of evidence shows that he is incorrect. I also supply from other sources a number of important facts and incidents which Col. Warner has omitted, or of which he was ignorant.

Smith, on his first expedition to California, started from the Rocky Mountain Fur Company's Post, near Great Salt Lake, August 22, 1826, with a band of fifteen hunters and trappers. His object was to find some new country that had not been occupied by a fur company. He moved in a southwesterly direction. He discovered a river, which he called the Adams (after the President, John Quincy Adams) now known as the Rio Virgin. This stream he followed to its junction with the Colorado. He followed down that river to the Mojave villages, where he rested fifteen days. Here he found two wandering neophytes from the California Missions, who guided his party across the desert to the San Gabriel Mission, where he arrived early in December, 1826.

Although Mexico had gained its independence of Spain and become a Republic, the proscriptive laws of Spain, against foreigners entering Mexican territory, were still in force. The Americans were arrested and compelled to give up their arms. Smith, the leader, was taken to San Diego to give an account of himself to the Commandante General, Echeandia. Smith claimed that he had been compelled to enter the territory on account of the loss of his horses and a scarcity of provisions. He was finally released upon the endorsement of several American ship captains, who were then at San Diego, in the following rather curious certificate of character, which is still in existence:

"We, the undersigned, having been requested by Capt. Jedediah S. Smith, to state our opinions regarding his entering the Province of California, do not hesitate to say that we have no doubt but that he was compelled to for want of provisions and water, having entered so far into the barren country that lies between the latitudes of forty-two and forty-three west, that he found it impossible to return by the route he came, as his horses had most of them perished for want of food and water, he was therefore under the necessity of pushing forward to California—it being the nearest place where he could procure supplies to enable him to return.

"We further state as our opinion that the account given by him is circumstantially correct, and that his sole object was the hunting and trapping of beaver and other furs. We have also examined the passports produced by him from the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the government of the

United States of America, and do not hesitate to say we believe them perfectly correct.

"We also state that, in our opinion his motives for wishing to pass by a different route to the Columbia river on his return is solely because he feels convinced that he and his companions run great risks of perishing if they return by the route they came

In testimony whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals this 20th day of December, 1826.

WM. G. DANA, Capt Schooner Waverly,

WM. A. CUNNINGHAM, Capt. Ship Courier,

WM. HENDERSON, Capt. Brig. Olive Branch,

THOMAS M. ROBINSON, Mate, Schooner Waverly,

THOS. SHAW, Supercargo Ship Courier."

On this showing, Smith was allowed to take his departure. He purchased horses and supplies at San Gabriel, but did not leave the country until February. The authorities had grown uneasy at his continued presence in the country. He had moved his camp to San Bernardino. Orders were issued to detain him, but before they could be executed, he had left by way of Cajon Pass for the Tulare regions. He trapped on the tributaries of the San Joaquin, and by May had reached a fork of the Sacramento, near the present site of the town of Folsom, on the river since called the American from that fact, where he established a summer camp. Here again his presence disturbed the Padres. Four hundred neophytes of the Mission San Jose, had escaped from their taskmasters, and joined the gentiles (as the wild Indians were called) in the Sacramento valley. Smith and his trappers were accused of decoying them away. The charge was investigated and proved to be false. Still the presence of the Americans worried Padre Duran. Smith wrote him the following conciliatory letter, which is still preserved:

Reverend Father: I understand through the medium of one of your Christian Indians that you are anxious to know who we are—as some of the Indians have been at the Mission and informed you that there were certain white people in the country. We are Americans, on our journey to the river Columbia. We were in at the Mission San Gabriel January last. I went to San Diego and saw the General and got a passport from him to pass on to that place. I have made several efforts to pass the mountains, but the snow being so deep I could not succeed in getting over. I returned to this place—it being the only point to kill meat—to wait a few weeks until the snow melts so that I can go on. The Indians here also being friendly, I consider it the most safe point for me to remain until such time as I can cross the mountains with my horses—having lost a great many in attempting to cross ten or fifteen days since. I am a long way from home and am

anxious to get there as soon as the nature of the case will admit. Our situation is quite unpleasant, being destitute of clothing and most of the necessities of life, wild meat being our principal subsistence.

I am Reverend Father, your strange but real friend and Christian,
J. S. SMITH.

May 19, 1827.

The next day, Smith with two companions, leaving the remainder of his company, started on his return journey; he followed up the American river to its source and crossed the Sierra Nevadas near the head of the Truckee river.

Of this event he writes:

"On May 20, 1827, with two men, seven horses and two mules, I started from the valley. In eight days we crossed Mount Joseph, losing two horses and one mule. (Col. Warner says his animals were frozen to death.) After a march of twenty days eastward from Mount Joseph (the Sierra Nevadas) I reached the southwesterly corner of the Great Salt Lake. The country separating it from the mountains is arid and without game. Often we had no water for two days at a time. When we reached Salt Lake we had left only one horse and one mule, so exhausted that they could hardly carry our slight baggage. We had been forced to eat the horses that had succumbed."

The route taken by Smith from the Sierras to Salt Lake was substantially that followed by the overland emigration of later years. He discovered the Humboldt, which he named the Mary river, a name it bore until changed by Fremont in 1845. (The discovery of the Humboldt is also attributed to Henry Skein Ogden, a famous trapper.)

Soon after his arrival at the Company's rendezvous, on the Green river, Smith organized another band of trappers. He followed down the Green river to where that stream bends to the west; here he left it and continued southerly over the high table lands, between that and the Grand river. He crossed the latter river and changed his course to the southwest, reached the Colorado at the Great Cañon. Finding it impossible to approach the river on account of the perpendicular bluffs, he worked his way southerly until below the cañon he reached the river at a Mojave rancheria. Here his party built rafts and prepared to cross the river. Smith and two others, Galbraith and Turner, had crossed to the western bank, and the remainder of the party were about to follow on rafts. The Indians, who had been aiding them to cross and who had hitherto manifested a most friendly disposition, suddenly, without warning, arose upon the party and treacherously massacred all except the three who had crossed over.

Language is inadequate to portray the horror of the situation that confronted Smith and his two companions. Behind them was a howling band

of savages, intent on their destruction; before them stretched two hundred miles of treeless and waterless desert." To turn back meant certain death by the hands of the savages; to go forward almost certain death by starvation and thirst. They were not men to hesitate. They pushed out boldly into the desert. The story of their hardships and sufferings has never been written, possibly never told. It was but one of many such events incident to their hazardous occupation. Col. Warner, says that late in November, they reached the Mission San Gabriel, where they were arrested by the military authorities and sent to San Diego. In this, Warner is incorrect. There is no record of Smith's arrest on this journey, nor of his arrival with two companions at the Mission. Col. Warner has confounded this journey with Smith's arrival the previous year, when he was arrested, as the records show. I am inclined to agree with Bancroft in his opinion that Warner has reversed the order of Smith's two journeys, and that it was on the last trip that he entered the Tulare valley at or near Walker's Pass. Smith probably crossed the desert and striking his old trail of the previous year, followed it across the Mojave desert into the Tulares, and thence northward to the camp of his men on the American river.

After Smith's departure the previous year, the Californians supposed they were rid of their troublesome visitors. In September they discovered the Americans were still there. Orders were at one time issued to arrest them and bring the trappers to San Jose, but whether they were taken there is not clear. On Smith's return he reported at Monterey, and Captain Cooper signed a bond for his good behavior while he remained in the country. General Echeandia gave Smith permission to purchase horses, provisions and other supplies. He was required to take his party out of the country without delay, and in future not to visit the coast south of latitude 42 degrees. To avoid the Sierra Nevadas and the desert country lying to the west and southwest of Salt Lake, Smith resolved to proceed northerly, keeping the Sierra Nevadas on his right, and by a detour around their northern limit reach the waters of Snake river, north of Salt Lake. As he followed up the Sacramento river, the country became so rough that he abandoned his proposed route and struck off toward the coast, which he reached about one hundred miles north of Ross, a port and settlement of the Russian Fur Company. Traveling northerly along the coast, he reached the Umpqua river. They encamped on a small island near the mouth of the river opposite a branch flowing in from the northeast; both island and branch were named after Smith. The party had trapped on their northward journey and secured at least \$20,000 worth of furs, and had in their train about 150 horses. The Indians who had been allowed to enter the camp appeared friendly.

"After breakfast, Smith accompanied by one of his men, left camp in

search of a ford. Scarcely were they out of sight when the camp was attacked and fifteen men were killed. Hearing the commotion, Smith turned, only to see the party annihilated and his property seized. His safety being in flight alone, he hurried across the river with his companion, and after severe suffering found his way to Vancouver, which he reached bare-headed and foot-sore, and more nearly dead than alive. Two others of the party, Arthur Black and Turner, who was acting as cook on that fatal morning, saved themselves as by a miracle. Black was a powerful fellow, as well as active and light of foot; hand to hand he fought the foe until he managed finally to elude his grasp and hide himself in the forest. Turner brained four of the savages with a firebrand, a half burned poplar stick, and so effected his escape. These two also reached Fort Vancouver in a most pitiable plight, their clothing torn to rags, and almost starved to death. They had subsisted during their journey on snails, toads, bugs and fern roots." (Bancroft's History of the North West Coast, Vol. II.)

Smith entered into an arrangement with McLaughlin, the chief factor or Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, by which it was agreed on the part of the governor that he would send a party of men to the Umpqua River Indians, with whom the company was on trading terms and endeavor to recover from them the furs and other property belonging to Smith, and bring the same to Fort Vancouver. In consideration of this friendly assistance, Smith was required to sell his furs to the company at a stipulated price, which was less than half their value in St. Louis. All other property of the Americans recovered from the Indians was to be turned over to the Hudson Bay Company at a nominal figure. Another stipulation of the contract was that Smith should send one of his men who had escaped the massacre to guide a band of the Company's trappers into California. Turner was sent with a party under the leadership of McLeod. McLeod's trappers made a most successful season's hunt, but leaving the valley too late in the year, were caught in a snow storm on a stream since known as the McLeod river. His horses and mules froze to death; he was compelled to cache his furs in the snow, and after incredible hardships and sufferings, he and his men reached Fort Vancouver. Before the furs could be recovered the next spring, the melting snow had ruined them and McLeod, for his imprudence, or from his misfortunes, was discharged from the employ of the Hudson Bay Company.

While Smith was absent with a party on the Umpqua expedition, the governor had fitted out another party of trappers, under Peter Skein Ogden. Ogden was sent up the Columbia to the Snake river, where he was to turn southward; travel until he found Smith's trail over the mountains into the California valley. Ogden crossed the mountains on Smith's trail and trapped successfully the tributaries of the San Joaquin and returned to Fort

Vancouver by McLeod's route of the previous year. Smith returned to the Shoshone country. The next year (1829) while descending the Colorado, trading and trapping, he was again attacked by Indians and lost all his outfit.

In 1830 we find him in St Louis, having just returned from the Rocky Mountain Fur Company's rendezvous on the Green river with a wagon train of furs. He sold out his interest in the company to Sublette and Jackson. In 1831, in company with his former partners, he fitted out a train for the Santa Fe trade. The party consisted of eighty five men, with twenty-three wagons, drawn by six mules each. Ten of the wagons belonged to Smith, and one, a joint partnership wagon, carried a piece of artillery. Warner entered the employ of Smith. He thus describes his death:

"Between the Arkansas and the Cimarron rivers the party suffered extremely from a hot, burning south wind and the want of water. There was neither path, trail nor guide to lead the party to water. On the morning of the second day, after leaving the Arkansas river, Smith rode on in advance of the train in search of water. He did not return. Soon after the arrival of the party at Santa Fe, (July 4th, 1831,) some New Mexican traders, who had been out near the Cimarron river, trading with the Arapahos, came into Santa Fe, bringing the rifle and holster pistols of Smith, which they said they had purchased from the Indians, who stated that they had killed the owner on the Cimarron river. The Indians said that a small party of their hunters were ambushed behind the bank of the river, waiting for buffalo to come down and drink. The bed of the river in summer is usually dry, except occasional pools, where the water comes to the surface. While the Indians were ambushed near a water hole, a horseman rode up, dismounted, and he and his horse drank from the pool. While standing by his horse, they suddenly rushed upon him, thrusting a lance through his body. He turned upon them and shot one of their number dead. The rifle and pistols were percussion locks, with which the Indians were not acquainted, so they sold them to the New Mexican traders." Thus perished by the hands of cowardly savages in the wilds of New Mexico, a man who through almost incredible dangers and sufferings had explored an unknown region, as vast in extent as that which gave fame and immortality to the African explorer, Stanley; and who marked out trails over mountains and across deserts that Fremont following years afterwards, won the title of "Pathfinder of the Great West."

Two of Captain Smith's brothers accompanied the train. The widow of Peter Smith one of these brothers, before her death, wrote the following account of the tragedy in which Smith lost his life. (A copy of the account was kindly furnished me by W. R. Bacon, Esq., nephew by marriage of Capt. Smith:) "When well out in the desert he found that his guide was

incompetent and that the way had been lost. After traveling for three days without water, Captain Smith set out alone in search of the Cimarron river, the only known water supply in that part of the country. As was afterwards ascertained he had traveled fifteen miles when he struck the Cimarron, he followed down its dry bed until he found a small water hole, dismounted and drank and let his horse drink, and was in the act of remounting when he was surrounded by Indians, the chief of whom made a thrust with a spear which Smith received in his right arm. Realizing that he must die, he determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, and with this pistol and its mate killed three of the Indians, one of them being the chief of the tribe. This pistol fell into the hands of the Indians, and for the reason that it had killed their chief, they regarded it as "evil medicine" and sold it to a party of Mexicans who were out trading at the time. From these Mexicans, Smith's brother who was with the train recovered the pistol and received the foregoing account of Captain Smith's death. A party was sent out from the train which recovered the body. It was buried at Santa Fe."

The pistol referred to above and the holsters are now in the possession of Mrs. W. R. Bacon, of No. 928 Burlington avenue, this city. Mrs. Bacon is a niece of Captain Jedediah S. Smith and the daughter of his youngest brother, Peter Smith. It is a silver mounted single barreled pistol of large caliber; Smith had carried the pistols ten years. Captain Smith kept a journal of his travels and adventures. He had prepared maps of the country that he had explored with the intention of publishing a book of his travels. His papers and maps were stored in a building in St. Louis. Just before he started on his last journey the building was burned and all his collections lost. Smith seems to have been a man whom "Unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster" through life; and yet his disasters were not the results of indiscretion but rather a concomitant of his adventurous nature, and the perilous vocation he followed.

MEMORIAL SKETCH OF GENERAL JOHN MANSFIELD.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

(Read June 1, 1896.)

Since our last stated meeting, another member of this society, and one of its honored founders, has passed away. The death—which came with startling suddenness from apoplexy, May 6, 1896, of Gen. John Mansfield, removes from our midst an eminent citizen whose services to our community, to our commonwealth and to our common country, should be writ in large letters, for the profit and edification of his fellow citizens, who survive him; but more especially because of the wholesome influence, which the record of an almost ideal public life, always exerts on the rising generation.

Whilst this sketch of Gen. Mansfield's career, must, from the necessities of the occasion, be limited to a mere skeleton outline, nevertheless, there is every reason why it should be supplemented by a fuller and more detailed account of his military services in the war of the Rebellion, and of his political and civic services to the state of California. For there are abundant materials available for such a life at his death, and in public records, as well as in the memories of living persons who knew him, more or less intimately, for many years. And if properly written, it would be full of interest, and would, as I have said above, convey an admirable moral lesson which could be commended to the young without reservation; for, as the bar association of Los Angeles county so well and justly said in their memorial resolutions: "General Mansfield was distinguished for an interest in public affairs, *which did not have for its prime object the advancement of self*, but always showed itself in actions directed toward the accomplishment of purposes designed for the public good." In this selfish world, such characters are all too rare.

General Mansfield was a native of Monroe county, New York, and was 74 years of age at the time of his death. In early life he emigrated to Wisconsin, where he took an active part in public affairs.

In the winter preceeding the breaking out of the civil war (1860-61,) he organized an independent company of infantry for military drill, etc., which was known as the Portage City Light Guard. When Fort Sumter was attacked, he and his company of 100 men, were among the very first to volunteer their services in behalf of their country, in response to the call of the president for 75,000 men. Captain Mansfield left a wife and three small children to go to the war. His company became a part of the Second Wisconsin Regiment, which left Madison in June, 1861, 1050 strong, to

join the army of the Potomac, but which returned after completing its three years of service, with but 155 men, in addition to some twenty veterans who had re-enlisted, and forty five who had been wounded and had fallen into the hands of the enemy. In other words, this splendid regiment, which left Madison thirty-five years ago this month, more than one thousand strong, (by the way, Mrs. Carr with pathetic sadness told the writer at General Mansfield's funeral the other day that she remembered as if it were but yesterday, the departure of the regiment which included Captain Mansfield's company;) had been reduced by its three years service, to 220 men, all told. It took part in many historic battles. At Gettysburg it formed a part of the First Brigade of Wadsworth's Division, 1st Corps, Army of the Potomac; and it opened the infantry fight in that memorable contest of giants which commenced on the 1st day of July, 1863.

The casualties of this regiment in that first day's fight, for the numbers engaged, were unparalleled in the history of any regiment during the war. The official figures were:

Number engaged, officers 29; men 273; total 302; officers killed, 2; men killed, 25; total 27; officers wounded, 11; men wounded 142; total 153; officers missing, 6; men missing, 47; total 53; total killed, wounded and missing, 233; left for duty, 69

Early in the engagement Colonel Fairchild was wounded, and the command devolved on Mansfield. Later in this three days battle, he was wounded and was taken prisoner, and sent to Libby prison, where he remained four months, when he was exchanged.

Gen Mansfield was several times promoted for gallant and meritorious services in battle, and was finally brevetted as brigadier general; and at the close of the war he was placed in command of the reserve forces stationed in and around Washington, remaining in the service thereafter two or three years.

Mrs. Mansfield and two sons, survive the general. The family settled permanently in Los Angeles over twenty years ago.

General Mansfield was a prominent member of the second constitutional convention of this State; and he was elected as the first Lieutenant-Governor under the new constitution formulated by that body; and as presiding officer of the Senate, he did the State valuable service. The vicious legislation which had often been made possible by the enactment of bills without reading or only reading by titles, had induced the convention to insert a provision requiring all bills to be read in full three times before final passage. But the first Senate, and probably both houses, proceeded to read proposed bills merely by title, when Lieutenant-Governor Mansfield as President of the Senate, insisted—and it became necessary for him to make a decided stand—that this provision of the Constitution must be literally

construed, otherwise all legislation under that instrument was liable to be invalidated and infinite mischief would follow. And so finally, at the commencement of the session of the Legislature, both the Senate and the Assembly adopted Lieutenant Governor Mansfield's interpretation of the Constitution, and thus the danger was avoided. In after years, Governor Mansfield recounted to me, and as I thought with justifiable pride, the stand he took in this matter, because it prevented, before it was too late, as he believed, the grave evils that would have resulted from having doubt cast on early legislation by loose and unwarranted constitutional interpretation.

General Mansfield was most highly esteemed by the community, but he never sought office after the expiration of his term as Lieutenant Governor. Nevertheless, he at various times was appointed and served as a director of the Public Library of this city, as a trustee of the State Normal School (two terms;) and as president of our Historical Society. In the latter he took a lively interest from its founding till his death. He was particularly jealous of its good name which he did much to build up. He had the true historical spirit, and believed with Macauley, that "those who take no interest in their ancestors, do not deserve to be remembered by their posterity."

General Mansfield will meet no more in the flesh with our Society; but his Memory will be cherished, not only by the living members of this Society, but by the community at large, who will miss his venerable, manly figure and fine personality, with which our people have been familiar for so many years. Peace to his ashes! and benisons to his memory!

THE VALUE OF A HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

BY MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.

(Read Oct. 12, 1896.)

Before trying to answer the question, "what is the value of a Historical Society?" it might be well to turn our attention elsewhere, to see what our Government, and the different States, are doing in the line of history. In an address before the American Historical Association, composed of several hundred members, representing some of the most learned men of the nation, Mr. A. Howard Clark, said in regard to "What the United States has done for History," that the Government had "spent more than \$2,000,000 in the acquisition and publication of records pertaining alone to our country's history. It has spent many millions more in the erection of historical memorials, in preservation of historical places, and in celebration of historical events, and, is annually expending more than \$250,000 directly in behalf of American history." No nation ever undertook such a magnificent historical work as is now approaching completion under charge of most efficient bureaus of the War and Navy Department."

What are the various States doing in sustaining historical societies? According to the latest report of the American Historical Association, there are now over 300 historical societies. These are distributed all over the United States from Maine to California. Of this number, Massachusetts claims 62, New York 57, and our own State 4, known as the California Historical Society, (San Francisco;) Pioneer Association, (of the Counties of Marin, Napa, Lake and Mendocino Petaluma;) Society of California Pioneers, (San Francisco;) and the Historical Society of Southern California, (Los Angeles.) But two of these are really Historical Societies. A brief outline of the origin of the Historical Society of Southern California may not be inappropriate here:

The idea of organizing a Historical Society in Southern California was first originated by Judge Noah Levering, in 1883. Judge Levering was at that time and had for a number of years been an active member of the Iowa State Historical Society, and fully appreciating the value of a Historical Society to a community, began an active canvass for members to found one in his adopted home. His success at first was not encouraging, but by persevering, he at length secured enough names to warrant him in making a call of a meeting for the purpose of organizing. The first meeting appointed at the State Normal Building was not a success, only four persons reporting. The next meeting held on November 1, 1883, in the City Court Room, Temple Block, was more successful. The following named

gentlemen were present and enrolled themselves members of the society: Col. J. J. Warner, Noah Levering, H. D. Barrows, Gen. John Mansfield, Prof. J. M. Guinn, Maj. C. N. Wilson, Ex-Gov. J. G. Downey, Prof. Ira M. re, J. B. Niles, A. Kohler, Don Antonio F. Coronel, George Hansen, A. J. Bradfield, Maj. E. W. Jones and Prof. Marcus Baker. Col. J. J. Warner was elected president and Maj. C. N. Wilson secretary. The society at first grew quite rapidly. It was something new—was popular—and a number of that class who are always on the lookout for something to benefit self joined, only to fall off when they found that to maintain a Historical Society required hard work, and constant outlay; and that there was no individual return except the satisfaction of having labored for the general good of the community.

The actual local value of our society to the community in which it is located can not be estimated in dollars and cents. In the thirteen years of its existence it has published nearly one thousand pages of original historical and scientific matter. Its publications have been widely circulated. They have found their way into the libraries of the leading historical, scientific and geographical societies, and into the libraries of the principal colleges and universities of the United States. In addition to these we have received requests for them from colleges and individuals in Europe, Australia and Canada.

The influence of our publications in directing attention to Southern California has no doubt been much greater than even its members are aware. This influence has been exerted upon the very best class of persons—the intelligent and educated.

Independent of any pecuniary profit that may accrue to the community or to the individual, is the educational influence that such a society exerts. Every year the value of the study of history is more and more recognized by our leading educational institutions. To the published works of the local historical societies, institutions and individual historians must look for valuable aid in historical work.

Although history is defined as the record of consecutive public events, yet, there are many departments in literature that contribute to its value—annals, chronicles, biographies, autobiographies, travels, the daily press, all furnish materials for the historian. We have passed the primitive period of mentality when printed matter is accepted as authoritative, unless verified by some other testimony, or some other than cold type authority, even if the matter does *prima facie* appear plausible. We know that many valuable facts are surrounded by an accumulation of unreliable statements, and here is where a wide awake society can help posterity by winnowing out the chaff and revealing the wheat; by eliminating fiction from truth. This should be done with much of the current printed material gathered for historical work.

This means work, and hard work, for it can only be done by comparing records, tracing events and following out sequences. Our society contains men who are qualified for such a task, and we have valuable records, but the difficulty of consulting these records holds much of this work in abeyance. Shall we wait until those are qualified to discern the true from the false, in the history of past events, are no longer with us?

There is a good deal of historical data existing in the memory of our oldest citizens and pioneers. Many valuable historical events are remembered by our Spanish and Mexican citizens and some of our members are sufficiently versed in the Spanish language to bring to us reminiscences of our oldest inhabitants; and, many of our pioneers remember the inception and early growth of events that are now culminating around us.

What a rich field for historical data is before us! Think of Massachusetts with 62 historical societies, while only one incorporated historical society exists in Southern California, and that one is allowed to suffer for want of means! Then we have abundant material for history and plenty of work for a historical society. Compare the limited amount of historical data not already written up in the older States which are able to maintain half a hundred societies, with the opportunities for collating history in Southern California!

Our local history furnishes us with unusual and interesting events. The landing of the Spanish navigators, the founding of the Missions by the fathers, the growth of Southern California during the Mexican regime, the finding of gold and the wild rush to California from all parts of the world, and finally the influx of people from all parts of the United States to California; furnish eras full of historical data. But, aside from this society, the general impression seems to prevail that the history of Southern California is of no value outside of the Missions. This shows how we, as a people, sacrifice that which is equally important, in the interest of the æsthetic. I would not be understood as disparaging the study of the Missions, no history would be complete without them, but would wish to be understood as in favor of granting to that era of our history only its due proportion of study as one of the most important subdivisions of our many sided history.

Few societies have labored under greater disadvantages, as a society, than the Historical Society of Southern California. For a time its accumulation of books, papers, letters, curios and so forth, were stored in the State Normal School Building in Los Angeles, but were eventually crowded out to make more room for the school; the County Supervisors allowed us the use of a large room in the fourth story of the Court House, but finally that room was needed by the County, and the Society's valuable accumulations were conveyed to a gallery of one of the court rooms, where they are

now stored away. I use the term "stored" advisedly, for the accumulations exceed the space and the cases necessary for any display, or for reference. This wealth of material and the interesting and valuable annuals yearly distributed by the Society show unusual activity for the size of its membership. And all this under the most discouraging circumstances, for what is there to encourage the collating of facts if their preservation is not secured? You see we need a headquarters fully equipped with suitable cases and drawers. To do this money is necessary. There is abundance of means in Southern California were we all as interested in the history of our State as we are in its prosperity commercially. The intellectual activity of any people is shown by its interest in whatever pertains to its origin and growth of events; for, every generation is a constituent part of a consecutive series of events from anterior times. The political and economic problems of to day are the developments of earlier problems, and, the issues of the present are laying the foundation for future social problems. Is history of no importance to us?

It must be said, however, that our population here is very largely made up of immigrants from other States. They have come with little, or no knowledge relative to our local history. Their interests have been centered elsewhere. Our history does not appeal to them until they have become identified with that history. It takes time to do this.

A place of meeting is, at the present, a question of vital importance. For some years the society held monthly meetings at the old City Hall on Second street, but, here the exigences of commerce and change of ownership of the buildings, have crowded us out. So we held our meetings in the office of the Police Judge, the environment was not sufficiently attractive to add to, and retain, other than historical students too much in love with the work to be critical of surroundings. A place of meeting that could also be a headquarters for our wealth of historical material is a desideratum just now.

With every cycle of time the value of the consecutive records of public events become greater, and in the light of such a fact is it not surprising that a society formed for the purpose of collating and preserving history should be hampered for means.

It may be said that an individual interested in the history of our section can work outside of a society. This is true, but, it is the exception, not the rule. As a rule we need the co-operation of others interested in the same line of work, for, collectively one dozen men and women can accomplish greater results than would be possible where individuals are not spurred on by the formation of a society and the association of others interested in the same pursuit. In the political and commercial world we find parties, clubs, and companies are formed for the accomplishment of certain objects possible only to combined efforts. For this reason, also,

clubs are formed for the discussion and advancement of economic, socialistic, educational and philanthropic aims. There is an inspiration in meeting with other workers in the same pursuit; new lines of investigation are presented and fallacies are corrected. We know this has often been proven in our Historical Society for the discussion of papers prepared and read before the Society has often brought other points to bear upon the subject and corrected fallacies that had crept in without the knowledge of the writer.

Why a Historical Society instead of some other form of literary organization, may be briefly stated; there is an inspiration in working with others, and more is accomplished. Persons not directly interested may become so by hearing papers read upon the subject, and many can help by becoming members and contributing towards the funds of the society in this way increasing historical literature. A historical society can collect and collate valuable papers that would not be offered to individuals as gifts; for the traditions and historical curios of a family are better preserved in the archives and museum of a responsible society, than if left without a custodian. Fallaces in current history can be corrected by members competent to do so.

It can be something more than a buoy, if it is a strong society; it can be like a pier or projecting wharf, a landing place for the ships of time to unload some of their cargo before they pass into the ocean of obscurity.

HISTORIC HOUSES OF LOS ANGELES.

BY J. M. GUINN.

(Read Oct. 9, 1896.)

[First Paper]

The historic houses of Old Los Angeles have long since disappeared. The perishable material (adobe or sun-dried brick) of which they were constructed, combined with the necessity, as the town grew larger, of more commodious buildings on their sites hastened their demolition. The few houses of the Mexican era that remain, date their erection well along in the first half of the present century. The Pueblo de Nuestra Señora La Reyna de Los Angeles of the last century has disappeared from the face of the earth. It is doubtful whether even a fragment of the ruins of any one of the old houses of a century ago exists. Even the exact location of the old plaza on which they fronted is unknown and the narrow streets that led out from it have long since been obliterated. The Old Los Angeles of the 18th century with its adobe wall that fenced out alike the hostile Indian and the lowing herds has disappeared as completely as have the mud walls of the town that Romulus and Remus built by the Tiber three thousand years ago.

THE "CUARTEL VIEJO,"

The oldest house of historic note built in Los Angeles was the cuartel or guard house. Its erection was begun shortly after the founding of the pueblo; and it was completed about 1786. It was used as quarters for the guard of the king's soldiers stationed here to assist the colonists in defense against attacks of hostile Indians. The Old Cuartel was a square adobe structure with thick walls, small iron barred windows and a heavy tiled roof. It stood on the southeasterly side of the old plaza, nearly on the line of Marchessault street north of the Church, near Upper Main street. Its ruins were still extant at the time of the American conquest (1846.) After it ceased to be used for a cuartel it was turned into a carcél or prison. Its inmates in the later years of its history were not always malefactors. Sometimes it happened, in the political upheavals so frequent during the Mexican regime, that the victors in the revolution sent the leaders of the vanquished faction to jail. At such times the old cuartel became headquarters for statesmen out of a job. During the military despotism of Governor Victoria, in 1831, it is said that more than half a hundred of the leading citizens of Los Angeles, at one time or another, were incarcerated in the Pueblo Bastile. Alcalde Vicente Sanchez was the petty despot of the

Pueblo who carried out the tyrannical decrees of his master, Victoria. Among others who were imprisoned in the cuartel was Jose Maria Abila. Abila was proud, haughty and overbearing. He had incurred the hatred of both Victoria and Sanchez. Sanchez, under orders from Victoria, placed Abila in prison; and to humiliate him put him in irons. Abila brooded over the indignities inflicted upon him and meditated revenge. An insurrection begun at San Diego by Jose Antonio Carrillo, Stearns and others, who had been either imprisoned or exiled by Victoria, resulted in the capture of Los Angeles and the release of Victoria's prisoners. Alcalde Sanchez was chained up in the old cuartel.

Abila and some of the other released prisoners joined the revolutionists and marched out to meet Victoria, who was moving southward with an armed force to suppress the insurrection. The two forces met on the plains of Cahuenga, west of the Pueblo, at a place known as the Lomitas de la Cañada de Breita (Little hills of the Brea Cañon.) A combat ensued in which Abila of the Revolutionary party and Pacheco of the Governor's force were killed, and the Governor himself dangerously wounded. He was carried to the Mission San Gabriel, where next day he surrendered his office and was deported to Mexico. And thus an insurrection that had its inception among the prisoners of the old cuartel ended in revolution, bloodshed and the downfall of a military despot.

The Old Cuartel in the later '30s became too dilapidated for prison purposes and was allowed to go to ruins. Possibly the hateful memories of it that still cling to the minds of some of its former occupants may have hastened its decay. The Pueblo authorities were at times sorely perplexed to find safe quarters for the criminals and the politicians whom some suppressed revolution had thrown out of a job. At one time the Curate's house was taken for a jail, at another the excess was sent to San Gabriel for confinement; and later on, an assorted batch of criminals and politicians was shipped to Santa Barbara to be placed in durance vile.

THE "NUEVO CUARTEL."

The New Cuartel was built about 1841 on the hill in the rear of what is now the St. Elmo Hotel. It was used by the Americans after the conquest for a guard house, while the troops were stationed at Old Fort Moore on Fort Hill. During the flush days of gold mining the Loma Cuartel was kept well filled with a hard lot of criminals. The building was a one roomed flat roofed adobe, without cells. Its soft adobe walls would not long have confined the desperadoes of the early '50s incarcerated in it, but for a simple yet very effective device that was quite efficacious in curbing their jail breaking proclivities. Across the long room extending from wall to wall was placed a heavy pine log. Into this at intervals of three or four feet were driven iron staples. To each of these a short chain was

attached. The chains were fastened to the shackles on the prisoners' legs. Thus each criminal was picketed out like a coopless chicken designed for the ax; and it might be added that the culprit like the chicken sometimes got it in the neck, when some vigilance committee delegated to itself the authority to regulate the morals of the town. There was caste among the criminals of the early '50s. Only the "gente de razon," (people of reason) Americans and Spanish—were allowed to occupy the "Loma Cuartel." The pariahs of Los Angeles society—the Indians and Mexican half breeds, were chained to logs outside, where unprotected by roof or wall, they were, through sunshine and storm—left to enjoy the glorious climate of California.

(The pioneer jail of Klamath County in 1855, was a huge live oak tree. Staples driven into the trunk with chains attached, secured the prisoners. Sentence to solitary confinement under the circumstances was not imposed in that county.)

In 1853 a new jail was built on what is now the site of the Phillips Block, northwest corner of North Spring and Franklin streets. The Cuartel on the hill was changed into a dwelling house. It was demolished when Beaudry graded down the hill on New High street.

THE "NUEVA IGLESIA."

The oldest building now occupied or used in our city is the Church of Our Lady of the Angels. It is probably the only building now in use that dates its erection in the Spanish era of our city's history. Its corner stone was laid in 1814, but just where is not known. Its location was changed to higher ground—its present site—in 1818. The great flood of 1815, when the waters of the river came up to the lower side of the old plaza probably necessitated the change. Although it is rather a modest and unpretentious structure it took four years to build it. The builders seemed to have been more willing to wait than to labor. The Pueblo colonists were poor in purse and chary of physical exertion. When their own means were exhausted they asked the Missions for aid. The contributions to the building fund were various in kind and somewhat incongruous in character.

San Miguel contributed 500 cattle, San Luis Obispo 200, Santa Barbara one barrel of brandy, San Diego two barrels of white wine, Purisima six mules and 200 cattle, San Gabriel two barrels of brandy, and San Fernando one. Bancroft says that "the citizens promptly converted the brandy into money, some of them drinking immense quantities in their zeal for the spiritual welfare of the town." The church was completed and formally dedicated, December 8, 1822. The church building was remodeled in 1861. The front which projected out into the street was by order of the City Council, cut back to the line of the side walk. The tiled roof was changed to a shingled one, and the tower altered. The Curatès house,

which was a small adobe building, was torn down and the present brick structure erected. The grounds on the north were enclosed and ornamented. The present building and its surroundings bear but little resemblance to the "Nueva Iglesia" (new church) that Padre Payeras labored so earnestly to complete seventy-five years ago. It was called the "New Church" to distinguish it from the first church or chapel built shortly after the founding of the Pueblo, which was located at the foot of the hill on what is now Buena Vista street.

THE CARRILLO HOUSE.

Of the historic dwelling houses of Los Angeles, the Carrillo house, that stood where the Pico House or National Hotel now stands, was the most noted in early days. June 21, 1821, Jose Antonio Carrillo petitioned the Comisionado for a house lot near the "new Temple which is being built for the benefit of our holy religion." The lot 40x60 varas (114x170 feet) was granted next day. This is the only record of a grant of a house lot made between 1786 and 1836—just one real estate transfer in fifty years.

When Lieut. Ord made his plan of the City of Los Angeles in 1849, he took as the initial point of his survey the northwest corner of Carrillo's house that stood on this lot. And his bearings from a point opposite that corner gave direction to the lines of our streets, and virtually to the plan of the city. The building was begun in 1822 and completed in 1825. It was the most pretentious and aristocratic residence in the Pueblo at that time. It fronted on the plaza and had wings extending back on Main street, and from its eastern end, to an adobe wall in the rear, thus inclosing a patio or inner court. Although but a one-story building its height gave it the appearance of a two story house. Its high gabled roof of red tiles and its white walls were a pleasing contrast to the prevailing clay colored fronts and the flat asphaltum roofs of the neighboring houses. For nearly half a century it stood a historic landmark of old Los Angeles. It was torn down in September 1869, and the Pico house erected on its site. Within the Old Carrillo house was held many a royal feast and revel, and within its walls too, was concocted many a political plot and intrigue; for its owner was a scheming politician as well as a right royal entertainer. In its spacious ball room many a gay assemblage gathered—the beauty and the chivalry of the Pueblo, and the tallow dips "shone o'er fair women and brave men" as they whirled through the giddy mazes of the dance. In this old historic house was held one of the most sumptuous and prolonged marriage feasts ever celebrated in Alta California. It was the celebration of the marriage of Pio Pico to Mariâ Ignacia Alvarado in 1834. Carrillo was a brother-in-law of Pico's (being married to Pico's sister.) The feasting and the dancing continued for eight days. All the aristocracy of the Southern country, and all the retainers of the houses of Pico and Carrillo from San Diego to Monterey, gathered to do honor to the nuptials.

Its builder, Jose Antonio Carrillo, during the Mexican era was the Warwick of California politics. He was not a king maker, but he did make and unmake governors. He was the leader in the revolution that deposed Governor Victoria. While representing California in the Mexican Congress he had his brother Carlos made Governor of the Territory. He plotted against Alvarado and was mainly instrumental in the overthrow of Micheltorena, which made his brother-in-law Pico, Governor. He was a man of great natural ability but wasted his talents in artifices and intrigues. He was never happier than when he was fomenting a plot or leading a revolution. He filled many civil offices in the department and was a military commander of no mean ability. With an inferior force poorly armed, he defeated Mervine at the battle of Dominguez Ranch, and by a well contrived stratagem frightened Stockton's forces away from San Pedro. He commanded a squadron of cavalry in the battles of Paso de Bartolo and La Mesa, and was one of the commissioners that negotiated the treaty of Cahuenga, which gave California to the United States. He was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention in 1849. He was the ablest of the native born statesmen of California during the Mexican period. Many of the leading men of that era were born in Mexico or in Spain. Carrillo was born in San Diego, April 11, 1794. He died at Santa Barbara, April 25, 1862, aged 68 years.

THE DON ABEL STEARNS HOUSE.

Another house of historic note was the home of Don Abel Stearns. It stood on the site now occupied by the Baker Block. Stearns bought the lot in 1834. The house was erected between 1835 and 1838. It was probably several years in the course of erection, for in the days of poco tiempo, a house was not built in a day, nor yet in a year. It was a flat roofed one-story structure covering quite a considerable area. At the corner of Arcadia and Main streets, a wing extended out to the line of the sidewalk. At the southern end was a similar projection. The central part of the building stood back from the street twenty five or thirty feet and the space between it and the sidewalk was paved with cobble stones. In the rear was a large patio or court yard partially inclosed by projecting wings from the main building. The patio was an appurtenance of all the better class of California houses of early days. The lot extended through to Los Angeles street. The Arcadia Block covering the Los Angeles street front was erected in 1858. It was then the largest business block in the town and for fifteen years after was the business center of the city. Stearns' Hall in the second story of this block, was for many years the principal assembly room for social and political gatherings.

Stearns, although a man of quick temper and strong prejudices, was withal hospitable and generous to those he liked. He was a convivial and

genial entertainer. Within the walls of his rambling old adobe home the elite of the Angel City as well as the foreign guest were often right royally entertained. Here Commodore Ap. Catesby Jones of the United States Navy and his officers were lodged and entertained when the Commodore came to Los Angeles to meet Governor Micheltorena and apologize to him for capturing Monterey. Commodore Jones, under the impression that war had been declared between the United States and Mexico, sailed into Monterey and captured the Capital City, Oct 19, 1842. Finding he was mistaken he restored the city to the local authorities with an apology. Micheltorena the newly appointed Governor after a protracted stay in San Diego and Los Angeles, had taken up his line of march northward with his army of 300 cholos. He had reached a point near San Buenaventura when he heard of the capture of the capital. He fled back so precipitately that his camp equipage was scattered over the plains from Ventura to Los Angeles. After waiting three months for the Governor to come to Monterey, the Commodore was compelled to go to Los Angeles to find him and offer him his apologies in person. Peace and harmony restored, the civilities closed with a grand ball which was held in the only two-story building at that time in Los Angeles—a building on the east side of the plaza in what is now Chinatown. This was probably Sanchez Hall which is thus described in the diary of an old pioneer writing in 1842. "We arrived in the Pueblo at 8 p. m. We had a couple of dances. There was one in Sanchez Hall, and the other in Stearns. Sanchez Hall is painted out in the most comical style with priests, bishops, saints, horses and other animals—the effect is really astonishing." Governor Micheltorena took the oath of office in the Sanchez Hall Dec. 31, 1842.

At the Stearns house occurred the famous flag episode of 1839, which came near precipitating a revolution. Prefect Cosme Peña, appointed by Governor Alvarado to keep the turbulent Angeleños in subjection, had established his headquarters in the house of Don Abel. In front of the house he had raised the flag of his prefecture and planted a cannon. Stearns with but little respect for the Mexican flag (he hated Mexico) used the flagstaff for a post to tie cattle to, that were designed for slaughter.

This desecration the patriotic young Angeleños resented; and while Peña was absent at San Pedro, a number of them gathered to pull down the flag; or as another account say, to sacrifice a bullock that was picketed to the flag pole as a peace offering to the outraged dignity of the cactus perched eagle of the Mexican flag. Peña on his return had the leaders arrested for sedition and obtained a guard of ten soldiers to protect his flag. The citizens petitioned the Ayuntamiento to ask him to remove the flag to the public building where it would be treated with more respect. Peña in a

rage resigned his office and left breathing vengeance against the Pueblo de Los Diablos—town of the devils. He reported his grievancies to Governor Alvarado at Monterey. The twenty patriotic citizens who signed the petition were fined \$5.00 each, and the members of the Ayuntamiento \$10 00 each, for their attempts to secure respect for the flag. Such were the uncertain rewards of patriotism in the turbulent days of '39. The Stearns house was demolished in 1876, and the Baker Block erected on its site.

HALL OF THE "AMIGOS DEL PAIS."

The first social hall or club house ever built on the Pacific Coast, was erected in Los Angeles in 1844. It was the hall of the Amigos del Pais. The Amigos del Pais (Friends of the Country) was a society or club made up of the leading citizens of the town, both native and foreign born. A lot 100 varas square, free of taxes, was granted the society by the Ayuntamiento. An adobe building was erected and fitted up with a dancing hall, reading room and card tables. The hall was dedicated by a grand ball and a number of social entertainments were held. The Amigos for a time enjoyed their social privileges, and the society flourished. But it was a time of revolutions and political disturbances. In time social amenities gave place to political animosities. Although the members were "Friends of the Country," they became enemies to one another. The society ran in debt. Its membership fell off. The building was finally put up at a lottery. Andres Pico drew the lucky number. The Amigos del Pais disbanded. Their sala (hall) in course of time became a vinateria (saloon) and afterwards it was "Los dos Amigos," the two friends—the friend behind the bar and the one in front of it.

THE ROUND HOUSE.

The old Round House was one of the landmarks of the city that for many years was pointed out to visitors, and the story of the purpose for which it was constructed varied with each narrator. There are but few historic associations connected with it and no mystery about the purpose for which it was built. It was built for a dwelling house in the later '40s by Roman Alexander, a French sailor, after a model he claimed to have seen on the coast of Africa. He married a native Californian woman, and for a time they lived in the house. It passed through various hands until it came into the possession of George Lehman who fitted up the grounds for a pleasure resort, and the building for a saloon. Of late years writers refer to the grounds as the Garden of Eden. Lehman named the resort the Garden of Paradise. The following extract from the Los Angeles Star of Oct. 2, 1858, gives an account of the opening of the resort:

THE GARDEN OF PARADISE.

"The handsome grounds of the Round House in the south part of

Main street have lately been fitted up as a public garden under the above rather high sounding title. In it are to be seen elegantly portrayed the primeval family—Adam and Eve—Cain and Abel, also the old serpent and the golden apples all according to the record. There is besides a frame work containing what are called flying horses for the amusement of children. A band of music stationed on the balcony of the house plays at intervals. The garden is tastefully laid out and is much frequented by citizens especially on Sundays "

The modern proprietor (Lehman) of the Garden of Paradise like Adam of old sinned, not however, by eating forbidden fruit, but by contracting debts he could not pay. He was driven out of Paradise, and with him went the primeval family, the old serpent and the golden apples, all of which is not "according to the record."

The Round House stood on the west side of Main street, below Third. The Main street front of the Garden is now occupied by the Pinney Block, the Pridham Block and new Turnverein Hall. The grounds extended through to Spring street. On the Spring street front, now covered by the Henne, Breed and Lankersheim Blocks, was a thick cactus hedge which barred entrance to the grounds from that street; and was more effective than a flaming sword in keeping bad boys away from the golden apples of the tree of knowledge. The original Round House was built of adobe, and was circular in form. Lehman, or some subsequent owner, inclosed it in a frame and weather-boarded it; and in so doing changed it to an octagonal building.

In the arbors and under the shade trees, and possibly beneath the spreading branches of the tree of knowledge itself in the Garden of Paradise, assembled the patriots of Los Angeles to celebrate the Centennial of our Nation's Independence, July 4, 1876. Hon. J. G. Eastman, then in his prime, delivered the oration—one of the most eloquent addresses ever delivered in the city. Twenty years ago, the Garden was well out in the suburbs and was classed as a suburban resort. The Round House was torn down in 1889, the Garden of Paradise had disappeared several years before.

There are other houses of historic note that have been the scenes of events in the history of our city and of our State—such as the Government House—the juzgado, the Abila House, Don Louis Vignes's Castle of Refuge, the First Court House, and others, but space forbids their description in this paper. These houses of the olden time are forgotten landmarks to all but a few old residents; and even in their memories they have the dim and uncertain outlines of something dreamed of but not seen.

THE CAPTURE OF MONTEREY, OCT. 19, 1842.

BY J. M. GUINN.

The capture of Monterey, the capital of Alta California, Oct. 19, 1842, is an event that from an American standpoint has but little importance beyond the fact that it was a blunder of the Commodore of the United States Squadron in the Pacific. From the standpoint of the Californian of that day it was an event of vast importance—not so much in immediate results as it was a premonition or prophesy of greater events surely coming. For ten years preceding the capture, California had been in an almost continual state of revolution. There had been an average of a new Governor for each year between 1831 and 1841. The Territory had been blessed (or cursed) with two Governors at a time and once with triplets. The fault did not altogether lie with California. The home government was largely to blame. Mexico, herself, was in a chronic state of revolution. The government appointees sent to the Territory from Mexico were often mere adventurers in search of gain or position, and unfit for office. The intelligent leaders among the Californians had begun to realize that a territory so rich in possibilities must ultimately fall into the hands of some foreign power. Mexico could not hold it in case of war with a stronger nation; and the Territory could not maintain its independence even if allowed to peaceably separate itself from the mother country. The future of California hung upon the question of which nation, England, France, or the United States could first pick a quarrel with Mexico, or which could secure it by purchase. The United States had the advantage in proximity to the coveted territory; and among the alien population it had the greatest number. Some of these were nominally Mexican citizens, but every Californian knew that in event of war between Mexico and the United States, these naturalized citizens would quickly renounce their allegiance to their adopted country.

The capture of Monterey revealed to the Californians that the “manifest destiny” of the Territory, was to fall into the hands of the Americans.

To intelligent, broad minded and progressive native statesmen like Bandini and Vallejo, this was a much desired consummation. But to men like Pico, Castro and Carrillo, who had been most active in fomenting revolutions, and who disliked Americans, it would be the bitterness of disappointed ambition, and the loss of power and prestige.

This was bugun with no intention of writing an historical essay on this subject; although a most interesting and original paper might be written on it, if the author would view the subject from the native Californian standpoint and not from the American standpoint, from which

all Californian history is written. It was written partly to introduce an extract from the diary of a pioneer who was an eye witness to the capture and whose account has the merit of having been written on the date of the occurrence; and partly to give some facts not generally known in regard to the conference between Governor Micheltorena and Commodore Jones at the Stearns House in Los Angeles. Commodore Jones and his officers were the first official representatives of our government who visited Los Angeles.

"Monterey, Oct. 19, 1842. At 2 p. m. the United States man of war "United States," Commodore Ap Catesby Jones, came to anchor close along-side and inshore of all the ships in port. About 3 p. m. Captain Armstrong came ashore accompanied by an interpreter and went direct to the Governor's house where he had a private conversation with him, which proved to be a demand for the surrender of the entire coast of California, Upper and Lower, to the United States government. When he was about to go on board he gave three or four copies of a proclamation to the inhabitants of the two Californias, assuring them of the protection of their lives, persons and property. In his notice to the Governor (Alvarado) he gave him only until the following morning at 9 a. m. to decide. If he received no answer then he would fire upon the town.

I remained on shore that night and went down to the Governor's with Mr. Larkin and Mr. Eagle. The Governor had had some idea of running away and leaving Monterey to its fate but was told by Mr. Spence that he should not go, and finally he resolved to await the result. At twelve at night some persons were sent on board the United States, who had been appointed by the Governor to meet the Commodore and arrange the terms of the surrender. Next morning, at half past ten o'clock, about 100 sailors and 50 marines disembarked. The sailors marched up from the shore and took possession of the fort; the American colors were hoisted. The United States fired a salute of thirteen guns, it was returned by the fort which fired twenty-six guns.

The marines in the meantime had marched up to the Government House. The officers and soldiers of the California government were discharged and their guns and other arms taken possession of, and carried to the fort. The stars and stripes now wave over us. Long may they wave here in California." "October 21st, 4 p. m. Flags were again changed, the vessels were released and all was quiet again. The Commodore had received later news by some Mexican newspapers."

The author of this extract states it as a fact of which he was cognizant, that Governor Alvarado seriously contemplated running away and leaving Monterey to its fate. It is not fair to impute this to the Governor's cowardice. It is more than probable that it arose from a desire to avoid the

responsibility of surrendering the city. He had already been superceded as governor. His successor, Micheltorena, had been nearly two months in California and was daily expected at the Capital to take charge of affairs. There was no good feeling between the two; and Alvarado would no doubt have been glad to have shouldered the odium of the surrender on his successor.

Governor Micheltorena after a stay in Los Angeles of several weeks had taken up his line of march for the Capital with his army of 300 cholos. The cholos (half-breeds) were most incorrigible thieves, and had robbed the hen roosts at Los Angeles of their last chicken. Micheltorena had reached a point about twenty miles north of San Fernando, when on the night of the 24th of October, a messenger aroused him from his slumbers with the news that the Capital had been captured. Micheltorena seized the occasion to make political capital for himself with the home government. He spent the remainder of the night in fulminating proclamations fiercer than the thunderbolts of Jove, copies of which were dispatched post-haste to Mexico. He even wished himself a thunderbolt "that he might fly over the intervening space and annihilate the invaders." To Vallejo he wrote, "Triumph is certain; with my present force I should not hesitate to attack; but it is just that all share in the pleasure of victory. Are their Mexican bosoms which do not feel themselves boil with valor at seeing this effort to rob us of our Territory. Invite, then excite, move the patriotism of all able to bear arms." (Bancrofts History of California, Vov. IV.) Then with his own courage and doubtless that of his brave cholos aroused to the highest pitch the next day he fled back to San Fernando, where afraid to advance or retreat he halted until news reached him that Commodore Jones had restored the Capital to the Californians. Then his valor reached the boiling point. He boldly marched to Los Angeles, established his headquarters in the city and awaited the coming of the Commodore and his officers.

At the famous conference in the Stearns House, Micheltorena presented his "Articles of Convention" to the Commodore. Among other ridiculous demands were the following: "Article VI. Mr. Thos. Ap C. Jones will deliver 1500 complete infantry uniforms to replace those of nearly one-half of the Mexican force which have been ruined in the violent march and the continued rains while they were on their way to recover the port thus invaded." "Article VII. Jones to pay \$15,000 into the national treasury for expenses incurred from the general alarm; also a complete set of musical instruments in place of those ruined on this occasion."

Gov. Micheltorena had only 300 men in his force and these were mostly convicts released from the prisons to enlist and were of the lowest

class of half-breeds, it was not probable that any one of them had ever possessed an entire suit at one time in his life.

One of the Commodore's staff, writing of this interview says: "The requirements of the articles were so preposterous as to excite for the moment feelings of disgust mingled with commiseration, and to make it a matter of serious reflection, and consultation between the Commodore and Captain Stribling as to the course most proper to pursue. The Commodore's first impulse was to return the papers without comment and to refuse further communication with a man who could have the effrontery to trump up such charges as those for which indemnification was claimed." The Commodore on reflection put aside his personal feelings, met the Governor at the grand ball in Sanchez Hall held in honor of the occasion. The ball was a brilliant affair, "the dancing ceased only with the rising of the sun next morning." The Commodore returned the articles without his signature. The Governor did not again refer to his demands. He evidently had been making a little by-play at diplomacy in order to make himself solid with the home government. The articles had been officially published in Mexico nearly a month before Commodore Jones had either seen or heard of them, as part of the correspondence between Commodore Jones and Governor Micheltorena.

Micheltorena had the audacity to claim that the fear of his army of cholos and their valiant general, had impelled the Commodore to restore the Capital.

General Micheltorena had attained some military reputation in Mexico and probably was not wanting in courage, but he was so accustomed to the exaggerated expressions and bombastic proclamations so common in Mexican diplomacy that he would no doubt have considered that he was not doing his whole duty to his country, had he used simpler forms of expression.

On January 21, 1843, Jones and his officers took their departure from the city "amidst the beating of drums, the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells, saluted by the General and his wife from the door of their quarters." A military escort accompanied the Commodore and his staff to San Pedro. And thus was sped the parting guest. Nearly four years later there was another military procession with beating of drums and booming of cannon moving through the streets of Los Angeles; it was Stockton's army taking final possession in the name of the United States of America of the last Mexican stronghold in California.

REPORT OF THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.

1896.

To the officers and members of the Historical Society of Southern California.

During the year your committee has endeavored to provide for the different meetings of the society as varied a program as possible. With the limited number of writers presenting papers it has not always been possible to present as diversified or as attractive a program as your committee would have desired.

In selecting papers for publication, your committee has endeavored to choose those that contained historical matter pertaining to different phases of Pacific coast history. In this, as well as in all previous publications of the society, it is understood the authors and not the society are responsible for the statements made in their papers and for the opinions and views expressed.

Your committee would respectfully call the attention of members reading papers before the society to that section of our by-laws which requires every member reading a paper to file a copy of the same with our secretary. This requirement has not been complied with in several cases and valuable papers have thus been lost to the society.

The issue for 1896 concludes the third volume of the society's annual publications. The committee would recommend that hereafter the publications be paged consecutively beginning with next year's issue and continuing to the close of the volume; also that the quality of the paper be changed from antique to 60lb laid book. A plainer impression can be obtained on the last named paper.

The following are the titles of papers read before the society during the year 1896.

JANUARY MEETING.

Inaugural Address of the President, by Frank J. Polley.

What can be seen at San Jaun Capistrano to day, by F. J. Polley.

FEBRUARY MEETING.

A Two Thousand Mile Stage Ride, by H. D. Barrows.

To California via Panama in the early '60s, by J. M. Guinn.

APRIL MEETING.

A Southern California Alcibiades, by F. J. Polley.

Life of Michael White, by H. D. Barrows.

MAY MEETING.

The Sociology of the Native Californian, F. J. Polley.

Capt. Jedediah S. Smith—The Pathfinder of the Sierras, by J. M. Guinn.

Antonio Maria Lugo—A characteristic Californian, by H. D. Barrows.

JUNE MEETING.

Renegade Indians of San Gabriel, by F. J. Polley.

General John Mansfield, by H. D. Barrows.

Pioneer Life in California, by F. D. Shaw.

Patriarchial Age of the Mission, by F. D. Shaw.

OCTOBER MEETING.

The Value of a Historical Society, by Mrs. M Burton Williamson.

Historic Houses of Los Angeles, by J. M. Guinn.

NOVEMBER MEETING.

A Defense of the Missionary Establishments of Alta California, by Rev. J. Adam.

Governor Gaspar de Portolà, by H. D. Barrows.

DECEMBER MEETING.

The Foundering of the Steamer Central America, by H. D. Barrows.

CURATOR'S REPORT.

1896.

LIBRARY AND COLLECTIONS OF THE SOCIETY.

Whole number of bound volumes.....	812
Number of pamphlets and paper covered books.....	3675
Number of daily newspapers received and filed for binding	5
Number of weekly newspapers.....	15
Number of monthly magazines.....	5
Number of quarterlies.....	6

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN, Curator.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY.

To the officers and members of the Historical Society of Southern California.

Your Secretary reports as follows:

Number of meetings held..... 8

Number of papers read..... 18

For nearly twelve years the Society has held its meetings in the City Court room—Old City Hall, west Second street. The city sold the building the early part of the present year. The last meeting of the Society held there was in April. The experiment of holding meetings at private

residences was begun by holding the February meeting at the residence of Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr, Kensington Place, Pasadena. The attendance was quite large and considerable interest was manifested in historical work. The May meeting was also held at the residence of Mrs. Carr. The June meeting was held at the residence of the Secretary, 115 South Grand Avenue. There was a good attendance of members and visitors. The Society adjourned to September. At the time for the September meeting the Secretary was absent in Minnesota and no meeting was held. The October meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. Margaret Hughes, St. James Park. There was a good attendance of interested visitors.

The November meeting was held at the parochial residence of Bishop Montgomery, 118 East Second Street. The attendance was good and considerable interest manifested in the work of the Society. The annual meeting was held in the Occidental College Hall, 614 South Hill street. Thus it will be seen that the Society has not stood still so far as a place of meeting is concerned. It greatly needs a permanent place of meeting. While the holding of its meetings in different localities may arouse a transitory interest, it is very evident from the experience of the present year that continued changing of meeting places will not add to the permanent growth of the Society.

The Society has made some advancement in the collection of historical material. In addition to the newspapers, magazines and quarterlies received and filed for binding, it has enlarged its list of exchanges with other historical societies.

Among the valuable manuscript collections received this year is the "Narrative of a California Volunteer." This is a bound manuscript volume of 138 pages, foolscap size in the form of a diary. It was written by Walter Murray, late Judge of the Judicial District of Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo Counties. He died at San Luis Obispo in 1875.

He came to the coast as a member of Col. Stevenson's regiment of New York Volunteers. His company was stationed for a short time at Santa Barbara and from there was sent to Lower California where it saw considerable hard service, and took part in several engagements. His diary gives a very full account of the voyage of the *Loo Choo*, the vessel on which his company sailed from New York around Cape Horn to California; also a description of the customs of the California people, and an account of the company's military service on the peninsula. The diary was obtained for the Society by Prof. Le Roy D. Brown of San Luis Obispo from the Judge's daughter, Miss Frances Murray; to both of whom the Society returns its sincere thanks.

Mr. H D. Barrows presented to the society a manuscript copy of Col. Warner's reminiscences of early days in California. In the present

issue are printed some extracts from the unpublished papers of B. D. Wilson, which contain original historical matter. We have received through Mr. H. D. Barrows an enlarged photograph framed, of Dr. Wm. B. Osburn, the first Postmaster of Los Angeles, and the first Superintendent of the city schools, (appointed in June 1855.) P. W. Dooner, Esq., donated to the Society a large photograph of the pioneer locomotive of Southern California. It was named "San Gabriel" and was landed at Wilmington, December, 1868, and used on the Los Angeles and San Pedro Railroad.

Notwithstanding the financial depression that has borne so heavily upon all institutions supported by voluntary contributions, our Society has made commendable progress during the year, and has promptly met all its financial obligations. The value of our Society as a conservatory of local historical and statistical information is becoming recognized more and more each year. This is evident from the increased number of letters of inquiry for information and data received by the Secretary. Such inquiries are cheerfully answered, although to give satisfactory answers sometimes requires a considerable expenditure of time and labor on the part of the Secretary. The demand for our publications from Eastern historical societies, from public and college libraries and from private individuals has exhausted the supply of our earlier publications. We can not supply any of our previous issues to 1891.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN, Secretary.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand received from last Treasurer.....	\$ 59 80
Received membership fees.. .. .	8 00
Received membership dues... ..	97 30—165 10

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid for printing Annual, 1895.....	\$ 64 00
" " " Letter heads.....	3 00
" " postage and express etc.....	11 65
" rent of room for annual meeting.....	1 00
	<u>79 65</u>
	85 45

Respectfully submitted,

E. BAXTER, Treasurer.

ERRATA.

Page 10,	line 16,	read Coronel; for Caronel
" 28,	" 1,	read: who were founders of families.
" 30,	" 1,	" cuera blanca.
" 30, 31	" —	" Ruiz for Ruis.
" 36,	" 34,	" conquista for conquesta.
" 49,	" 34,	" rancheria for rancharia.
" 59,	" 5,	" those who are qualified, etc.
" 60,	" 12,	" part for past.
" 61,	" 18,	" fallacies for follaces.
" 62,	" 6,	" Señora for Soñora.
" 63,	" 24,	" clung for cling.
" 67,	" 37,	" says for say.



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